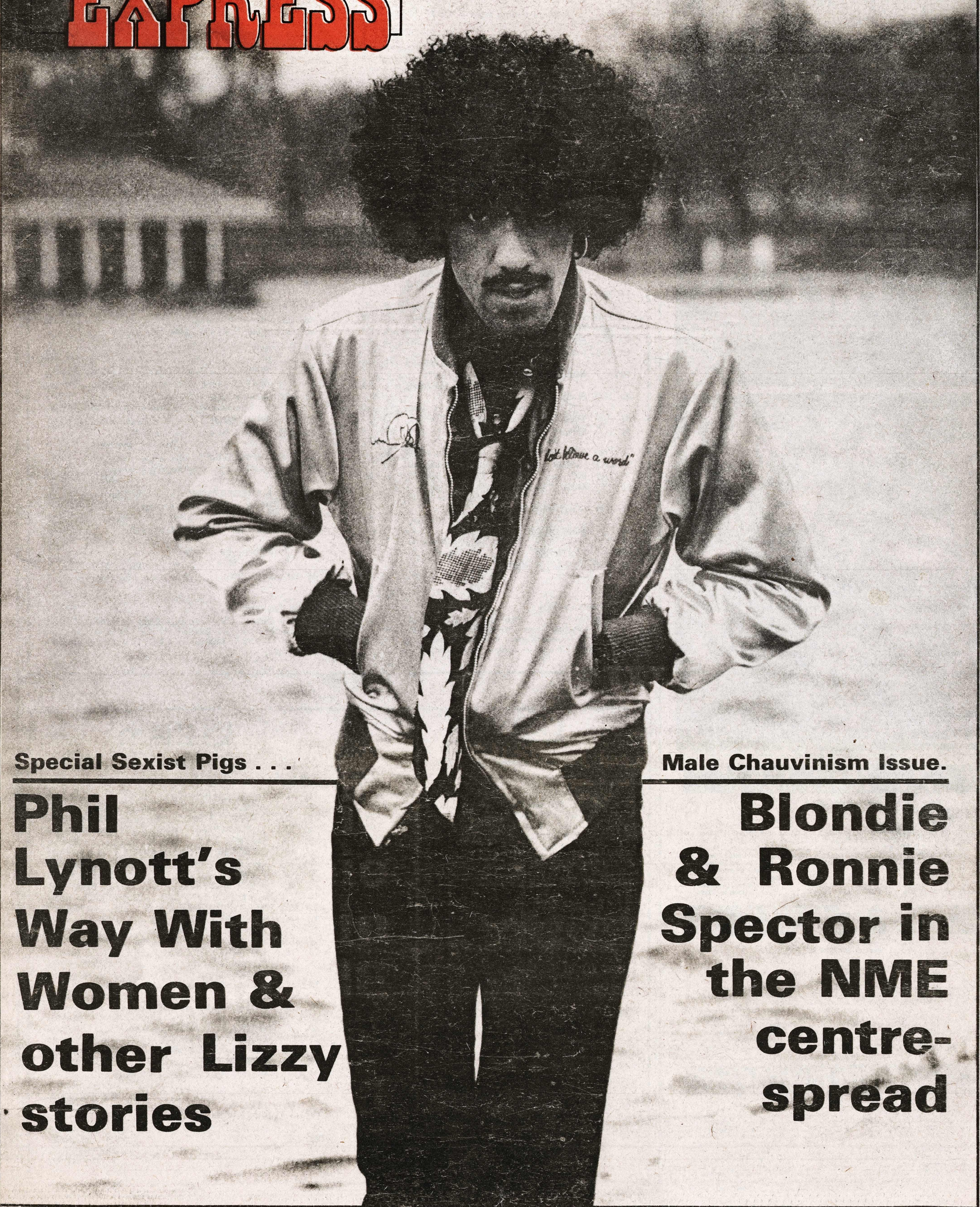
April 9, 1977 U.S. 95c/Canada 55c 15p

new MUSICAL EXPRESS

WILKO EXITS FEELGOODS

Sacked, or did he sack himself! Pages 3 & 11



Special Sexist Pigs . . . Male Chauvinism Issue.

Phil Lynott's Way With Women & other Lizzy stories

Blondie & Ronnie Spector in the NME centre-spread

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending April 9, 1977

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU — Abba (Epic)	6	1
2	(2)	GOING IN WITH MY EYES OPEN — David Soul (Private Stock)	3	2
3	(3)	CHANSON D'AMOUR — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	9	1
4	(6)	I DON'T WANT TO PUT A HOLD ON YOU — Bernie Flint (EMI)	3	4
5	(4)	WHEN — Showaddywaddy (Arista)	5	3
6	(8)	MOODY BLUE — Elvis Presley (RCA)	5	5
7	(9)	SUNNY — Boney M (Atlantic)	4	7
8	(5)	SOUND AND VISION — David Bowie (RCA)	8	4
9	(10)	OH BOY — Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	4	9
10	(12)	RED SPELLS DANGER — Billy Ocean (GTO)	3	12
11	(7)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS — Mary MacGregor (Ariola)	7	4
12	(16)	LAY BACK IN THE ARMS OF SOMEONE — Smokie (Rak)	4	12
13	(14)	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR — Marilyn McCoo/Billy Davis (ABC)	3	13
14	(15)	LOVE HIT ME — Maxine Nightingale (United Artists)	4	14
15	(11)	BOOGIE NIGHTS — Heatwave (GTO)	10	2
16	(22)	MY KINDA LIFE — Cliff Richard (EMI)	5	11
17	(—)	FREE — Deniece Williams (CBS)	1	17
18	(—)	I WANNA GET NEXT TO YOU — Rose Royce (MCA)	1	18
19	(—)	ROCKBOTTOM — Lynsey De Paul/Mike Moran (Polydor)	1	19
20	(13)	ROCKARIA — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	7	9
21	(24)	TOGETHER — O. C. Smith (Caribou)	2	21
22	(17)	HOLD BACK THE NIGHT — Graham Parker & The Rumour (Vertigo)	3	17
23	(18)	ROMEO — Mr.Big (EMI)	8	4
24	(23)	GIMME SOME — Brendon (Magnet)	2	23
25	(28)	RIO — Michael Nesmith (Island)	2	25
26	(27)	MORE THAN A LOVER — Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	3	26
27	(—)	SOUTHERN NIGHTS — Glen Campbell (Capitol)	1	27
28	(—)	HOW MUCH LOVE — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	1	28
29	(—)	WHITE RIOT — The Clash (CBS)	1	29
30	(—)	PEARL'S A SINGER — Elkie Brooks (A&M)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
SOLSBURY HILL — Peter Gabriel (Charisma); EVERGREEN — Barbra Streisand (CBS); REACHING FOR THE WORLD — Harold Melvin & The Bluenotes (ABC); 5th ANNIVERSARY E.P. — Judge Dread (Cactus).

ALBUMS

Week ending April 9, 1977

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(2)	PORTRAIT OF SINATRA — Frank Sinatra (Reprise)	5	1
2	(3)	ARRIVAL — Abba (Epic)	20	1
3	(1)	THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS (EMI)	10	1
4	(5)	ENDLESS FLIGHT — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	13	2
5	(8)	STATUS QUO LIVE — (Phonogram)	6	5
6	(4)	ANIMALS — Pink Floyd (Harvest)	9	2
7	(7)	HOLLIES LIVE HITS — (Polydor)	3	7
8	(12)	ABBA GREATEST HITS — (Epic)	53	1
9	(6)	COMING OUT — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	4	6
10	(13)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	7	8
11	(11)	EVITA — Various Artists (MCA)	13	1
12	(18)	EVERY FACE TELLS A STORY — Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	12
13	(10)	20 GREAT HEARTBREAKERS — (K-Tel)	9	3
14	(15)	A NEW WORLD RECORD — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	18	8
15	(16)	PETER GABRIEL — (Charisma)	4	14
16	(9)	IN YOUR MIND — Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	7	8
17	(14)	LOW — David Bowie (RCA)	12	7
18	(24)	THE BEST OF JOHN DENVER II (RCA)	4	18
19	(19)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA — Eagles (Asylum)	15	4
20	(21)	BEST OF LENA MARTELL — (Pye)	6	20
21	(28)	WORKS VOL. 1 — Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	2	21
22	(17)	DAVID SOUL — (Private Stock)	18	2
23	(22)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE — Stevie Wonder (Motown)	25	1
24	(20)	BURNING SKY — Bad Company (Island)	3	20
25	(—)	THE UNFORGETTABLE GLENN MILLER (RCA)	1	25
26	(30)	MARQUEE MOON — Television (Elektra)	2	26
27	(25)	SONGS FROM THE WOOD — Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)	7	18
28	(—)	DAMNED DAMNED DAMNED — The Damned (Stiff)	2	21
29	(23)	RED RIVER VALLEY — Slim Whitman (United Artists)	13	1
30	(26)	BOSTON — (Epic)	9	12

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
GOLDEN DELICIOUS — Wurzels (EMI); MAKIN MAGIC — Pat Travers (Polydor); DANDY IN THE UNDERWORLD — Marc Bolan and T. Rex (EMI); STAR IS BORN — Soundtrack (CBS).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending April 9, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	RICH GIRL	Daryl Hall & John Oates
2	(3)	DON'T GIVE UP ON US	David Soul
3	(4)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY	Thelma Houston
4	(5)	THE THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE	10cc
5	(1)	DANCING QUEEN	Abba
6	(7)	I'VE GOT LOVE ON MY MIND	Natalie Cole
7	(8)	SO IN TO YOU	Atlanta Rhythm Section
8	(9)	SOUTHERN NIGHTS	Glen Campbell
9	(12)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
10	(6)	LOVE THEME FROM "A STAR IS BORN"	Barbra Streisand
11	(14)	RIGHT TIME OF THE NIGHT	Jennifer Warnes
12	(11)	CARRY ON WAYWARD SON	Kansas
13	(20)	TRYIN' TO LOVE TWO	William Bell
14	(21)	LIDO SHUFFLE	Boz Scaggs
15	(22)	WHEN I NEED YOU	Leo Sayer
16	(10)	MAYBE I'M AMAZED	Wings
17	(25)	I WANNA GET NEXT TO YOU	Rose Royce
18	(26)	COULDN'T GET IT RIGHT	Climax Blues Band
19	(19)	DISCO LUCY (I LOVE LUCY THEME)	Wilton Place Street Band
20	(18)	HERE COMES THOSE TEARS AGAIN	Jackson Browne
21	(13)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS	Mary McGregor
22	(—)	ANGEL IN YOUR ARMS	Hot
23	(—)	I'M YOUR BOOGIE MAN	K.C. & The Sunshine Band
24	(16)	DO YA	Electric Light Orchestra
25	(—)	CAN'T STOP DANCING	Captain & Tennille
26	(15)	I LIKE DREAMIN	Kenny Nolan
27	(—)	YOUR LOVE	McCoo & Davis
28	(29)	WEEKEND IN NEW ENGLAND	Barry Manilow
29	(—)	CALLING DR. LOVE	Kiss
30	(30)	AT MIDNIGHT (MY LOVE WILL LIFT YOU UP)	Rufus featuring Chaka Khan

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending April 9, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
2	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
3	(3)	A STAR IS BORN	Streisand, Kristofferson
4	(4)	THIS ONE'S FOR YOU	Barry Manilow
5	(5)	BOSTON	Boston
6	(6)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
7	(8)	LEFTOVERTURE	Kansas
8	(9)	ANIMALS	Pink Floyd
9	(10)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
10	(7)	LOVE AT THE GREEK	Neil Diamond
11	(11)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart
12	(14)	UNPREDICTABLE	Natalie Cole
13	(15)	SONGS FROM THE WOOD	Jethro Tull
14	(13)	ASK RUFUS	Rufus featuring Chaka Khan
15	(12)	IN FLIGHT	George Benson
16	(16)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller Band
17	(18)	GREATEST HITS	Linda Ronstadt
18	(17)	JOHN DENVER'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2	John Denver
19	(19)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra
20	(20)	WINGS OVER AMERICA	Wings
21	(21)	FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE	Peter Frampton
22	(23)	BEST OF THE DOOBIES	Doobie Brothers
23	(—)	BURNIN' SKY	Bad Company
24	(29)	A ROCK AND ROLL ALTERNATIVE	Atlanta Rhythm Section
25	(26)	THE PRETENDER	Jackson Browne
26	(28)	SLEEPWALKER	Kinks
27	(—)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs
28	(30)	HARBOR	America
29	(22)	ROOTS	Quincy Jones
30	(—)	CHANGES IN LATITUDES — CHANGES IN ATTITUDES	Jimmy Buffett

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending April 8th, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	WITHOUT YOU	Nilsson (RCA)
2	2	BEG, STEAL OR BORROW	New Seekers (Polydor)
3	3	ALONE AGAIN (NATURALLY)	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
6	4	HOLD YOUR HEAD UP	Argent (Epic)
4	5	AMERICAN PIE	Don McLean (United Artists)
5	6	MEET ME ON THE CORNER	Lindisfarne (Charisma)
9	7	DESIDERATA	Les Crane (Warner Bros)
8	8	FLOY JOY	Supremes (Tamla Motown)
13	9	SWEET TALKIN' GUY	Chiffons (London)
7	10	MOTHER AND CHILD REUNION	Paul Simon (CBS)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending April 8th, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	RELEASE ME	Engelbert Humperdink (Decca)
2	2	THIS IS MY SONG	Harry Secombe (Philips)
7	3	SOMETHIN' STUPID	Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
3	4	PUPPET ON A STRING	Sandie Shaw (Pye)
6	5	SIMON SMITH AND HIS AMAZING DANCING BEAR	Alan Price Set (Decca)
4	6	EDELWEISS	Vince Hill (Columbia)
5	7	I WAS KAISER BILL'S BATMAN	Whistling Jack Smith (Deram)
14	8	IT'S ALL OVER	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
-	8	A LITTLE BIT ME, A LITTLE BIT YOU	Monkees (RCA)
8	10	THIS IS MY SONG	Petula Clark (Pye)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 6th, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	WONDERFUL LAND	Shadows (Columbia)
5	2	HEY! BABY	Bruce Channel (Mercury)
2	3	TELL ME WHAT HE SAID	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
6	4	DREAM BABY	Roy Orbison (Columbia)
7	5	TWISTIN' THE NIGHT AWAY	Sam Cooke (RCA)
3	6	CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE	Elvis Presley (RCA)
9	7	WIMOWEH	Karl Denver (Decca)
7	8	LET'S TWIST AGAIN	Chubby Checker (Columbia)
23	9	WHEN MY LITTLE GIRL IS SMILING	Jimmy Justice (Pye)
4	10	MARCH OF THE SIAMESE CHILDREN	Kenny Ball (Pye)

News Desk **Edited: Derek Johnson**

LOFGREN RETURNS

NILS LOFGREN is now confirmed for a return British concert tour next month. He plays 13 dates, including two major London shows, and headlines an *Old Grey Whistle Test* special for BBC-2 on May 10. The title track from his album "I Came To Dance" will be issued as a single by A&M to coincide.

Dates are: Cardiff Capitol (May 8), Birmingham Odeon (11), Brighton Dome (12), London Hammersmith Odeon (14 and 15), Bristol Hippodrome (17), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (19), Sheffield City Hall (20), Leeds University (21), Stoke Trentham Gardens (22), Newcastle City Hall (24), Edinburgh Playhouse (25) and Glasgow Apollo (26).

Hammersmith ticket prices are £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2. At Leeds they are all at the one price of £1.75, and at Stoke all at £2. At all other venues, prices are £2.75, £2.25, £1.75 and £1.25. Box-offices are open now.

Since his last visit, Lofgren's band has undergone drastic changes, with only brother Tommy remaining from the previous line-up. Current members are Wornell Jones (bass), Tommy Lofgren (guitar), Reverend Patrick Henderson (keyboards) and David Platschon (drums).

U.K. GIGS FOR ACE

ACE open their first British tour for more than a year at Dundee University on April 28, other confirmed dates being Edinburgh University (29), Glasgow Strathclyde University (30), Redcar Coatham Bowl (May 1), Sheffield University (3), Nottingham University (7), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (8) and Dunstable Civic Hall (26).

Still to be finalised are gigs at Southampton (May 14) and Maidenhead Skindles (15), plus a four-day Irish tour from May 17. Further dates are expected to be added.

This is Ace's first tour here since guitarist Jon Woodhead replaced Phil Harris in the line-up. Material from their third Anchor album, "No Strings", released in January, will feature heavily in their act.

Based in California for the past 12 months, the band are now returning for an extended period.

A new Ace single "Found Out The Hard Way" is issued by Anchor on April 22.

New Ace guitarist JON WOODHEAD

Diamond: London prices hit ceiling

NEIL DIAMOND'S concerts at the London Palladium, exclusively forecast in *NME* five weeks ago, have now been confirmed. But the hundreds of readers who've been calling us for details will have to pay through the nose to see him. Prices are a minimum £5, with £12.50 for a front stall.

The reason we've been given is that Diamond's bringing his full "Love At The Greek" show to Britain, complete with expensive sets and his own sound system. Moss Empires, who control the Palladium, argue also that Diamond "is now virtually in the Sinatra category, in terms of international appeal".

FIVE JUNE SHOWS AT PALLADIUM

Diamond plays the Palladium during the period June 23-26. He'll do two shows on June 25, and one on each of the other nights — a total of five concerts. Tickets are available *by post only* from the Palladium box-office, limited to four per applicant (enclose s.a.e.). Prices are £5, £7.50, £10 and £12.50.

This will be Diamond's first British visit since he made his comeback in Australia last year, following his two-year sabbatical. He last appeared here early in 1974.

There is a chance of Diamond also doing one or two provincial concerts, possibly at open-air venues. But plans for these would not be confirmed or announced until after Easter, when his British representative Robert Paterson has returned from the States.

JUBILEE BINGE: MORE EVENTS

YET ANOTHER rock'n'roll spectacular is being staged to coincide with the Silver Jubilee celebrations. It takes place at Hasting Pier Pavilion on Saturday, June 4 (3-11pm), and among confirmed acts are Crazy Cavan 'n' the Rhythm Rockers, Matchbox, Cadillac, C.S.A. and Woody and the Splinters.

Advance tickets priced £1.25 are available from Rockability Management, 278 Seven Sisters Road, London N.4 (please enclose s.a.e.). Admission on the night is £1.50.

● The big open-air rock event at Charnock Richard Arena One (near Chorley in Lancashire), scene of last year's July Wakes Festival, is now likely to be extended to two days. It was originally planned for the Saturday of Jubilee weekend, June 4, but Ed Bicknell of the Nems Agency — who is booking the show told *NME*: "I am negotiating for a top international name as headliner, and I am hoping to persuade him to remain over here to play another show on the Sunday."

Wilko leaves Feelgoods

SPRING GIGS WITHOUT HIM

DR. FEELGOOD and lead guitarist Wilko Johnson have parted company. But the band are continuing to function with a replacement guitarist, and the new-look line-up headline a ten-venue tour next month, including a major London concert.

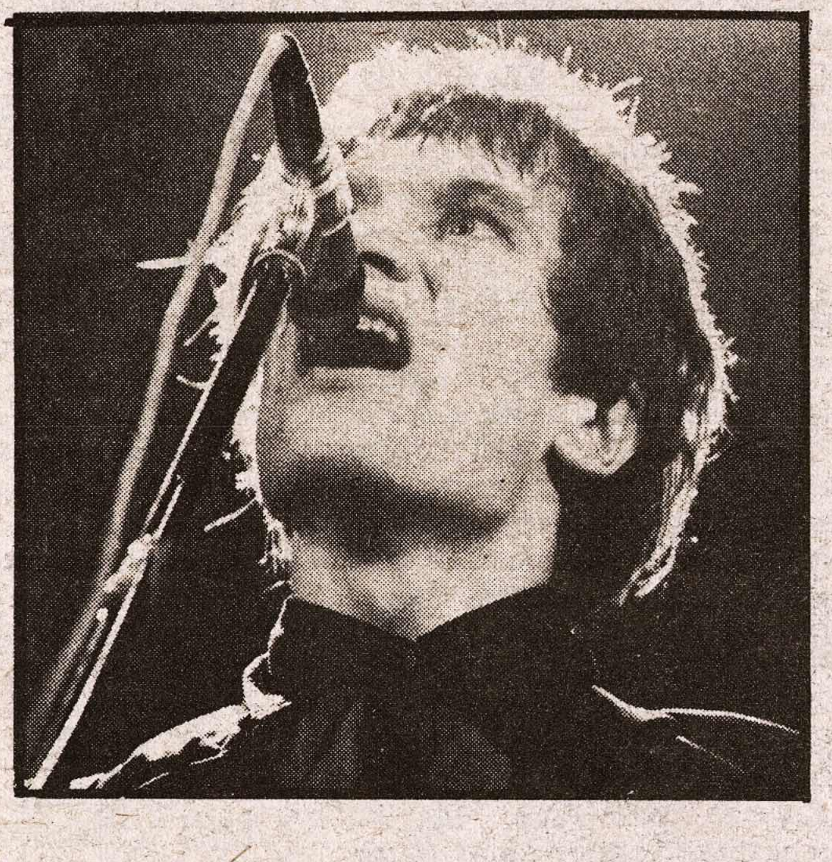
The band were not prepared to elaborate on the reasons for the split but, on hearing Wilko's claim that he has been sacked (see Thrills, page 11), their spokesman volunteered that he "had sacked himself". It is understood that he has no immediate plans.

The Feelgoods say they cannot yet announce the name of their new guitarist, but he is from the Southend area and is considered "the perfect replacement".

Wilko appears throughout the band's new album and contributes several of his own songs. It was completed last month at Rockfield Studios, and is due for release next month to coincide with their British dates.

The Lew Lewis Band support the Feelgoods at Exeter University (May 12), Bracknell Sports Centre (13), Crawley Sports Centre (14), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (15), Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (17), Ipswich Gaumont (18), London Hammersmith Odeon (19), Malvern Winter Gardens (20), Salford University (21) and Coventry Theatre (22).

They spend much of the summer touring America, and a full British concert tour is being lined up for September.



Clapton, Small Faces: Rainbow extra

ERIC CLAPTON has added another London date to his British tour itinerary, reported two weeks ago — at the Rainbow on Friday, April 29, at 8 pm. His other two London shows, at Hammersmith Odeon the two previous nights, have now virtually sold out. Tickets for the extra gig are on sale now at the Rainbow box-office and leading agencies, priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and standing at £2. Support act is again Ronnie Lane's Slim Chance.

THE SMALL FACES are also confirmed for another London gig at the Rainbow, and their extra date is on the night before Clapton's. Their concert at this venue on April 27 was to have been the closing night of their reunion tour, but it has already sold out, so a second Rainbow show has been added the next day (28) and tickets are on sale now. P. P. Arnold is joining the Faces as back-up vocalist for the duration of their British tour.

SPLIT ENZ ON TOUR

NEW ZEALAND band Split Enz are back in Britain after spending the last three months touring Australasia and America. At the end of this month they start their first headlining tour of this country, including a major London concert at the Victoria Palace. And in June they will record their second Chrysalis album.

Confirmed dates are St. Alban's City Hall (April 29), Liverpool University (30), Middlesbrough Town Hall (May 1), Aberystwyth University (6), Doncaster Outlook (9), Birmingham Barbarella's (10), Huddersfield Polytechnic (12), Reading University (14), London Victoria Palace (15), Canterbury Kent University (20), Aylesbury Friars (21) and Plymouth Fiesta Suite (22).

SPLIT ENZ: headlining

Rod recording

ROD STEWART has returned to America after completing the Australasian leg of his world tour. He starts recording a new album at Los Angeles Burbank Studios on April 20 with producer Tom Dowd (who worked on Stewart's "A Night On The Town" and "Atlantic Crossing").

The new elpee will be the first to feature Stewart's touring band — Gary Grainger, Carmine Appice, Phil Chen, Jim Cregan, John Jarvis and Billy Peek. They resume touring in North America in September, soon after the album's release.

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NME Book of Rock	95p	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.25
Jackson Browne/21 Songs	£5.50	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.95	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£3.95	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£3.95
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.50	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Paul McCartney 13 New Songs	£1.60	Yessongs/Yes	£2.95
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Mike Oldfield/Tubular Bells	£2.50	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
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News Desk **Edited: Derek Johnson**

Latest London Venue

LONDON'S NEWEST venue, The Music Machine, opening on April 20, claims to be the capital's largest rock-dance club. Formerly the BBC's Camden Theatre studio, it has a 1,500 capacity and an open licence, with food and drink until 2 am.

The management hope to operate it on the lines of the Roxy in Los Angeles. Bookings so far are Sassafras and Raymond Froggatt (April 20), FBI (21), Liverpool Express (22), Alan Price (23), Jenny Haan's Lion (25), Trapeze (26), Nutz (27), Bandit (28), Stretch (29) and Georgie Fame (30).

Roxy saved

THE ROXY CLUB, the new-wave venue in London Covent Garden which had been threatened with closure, is saved! Bookings have been taken over by Carousel Artists but, in order to remain viable, the club is changing its policy. From May 5, Thursday nights will be devoted to rock'n'roll, Fridays to heavy rock, Saturdays to funk and soul, and Mondays only to new-wave. In the immediate future, latest bookings include High Mileage (April 16), Ozo (21), Crazy Cavan (25) and Downliners Sect (28).

ALICE: A FAIR COP

IN HIS MOST unlikely role so far, Alice Cooper emerges as a police inspector in his latest stage creation. He is at present preparing for a lengthy American tour due to begin later in the spring in which all the music and songs are centred around his self-created character of Inspector Maurice Escargot — said to resemble a cross between Peter Sellers and Humphrey Bogart . . . .

There is as yet no clue to the nature of the music or sets he has conceived, although an album is expected in due course.

A WEA Records spokesman commented: "We really don't know what he's up to, though we did hear he wants to tone down his image."

U.S. sources report that Cooper wants to bring the show to Britain at the end of the year. Meanwhile, his new album "Lace And Whiskey" is released on April 15.

FRAMPTON PLANS SUMMER DATES

PETER FRAMPTON plans a midsummer visit to Britain to headline a few selected dates. But reports elsewhere that he is to headline the Silver Jubilee concert at London Earls Court on June 4 were said, by his record company, to be "extremely unlikely".

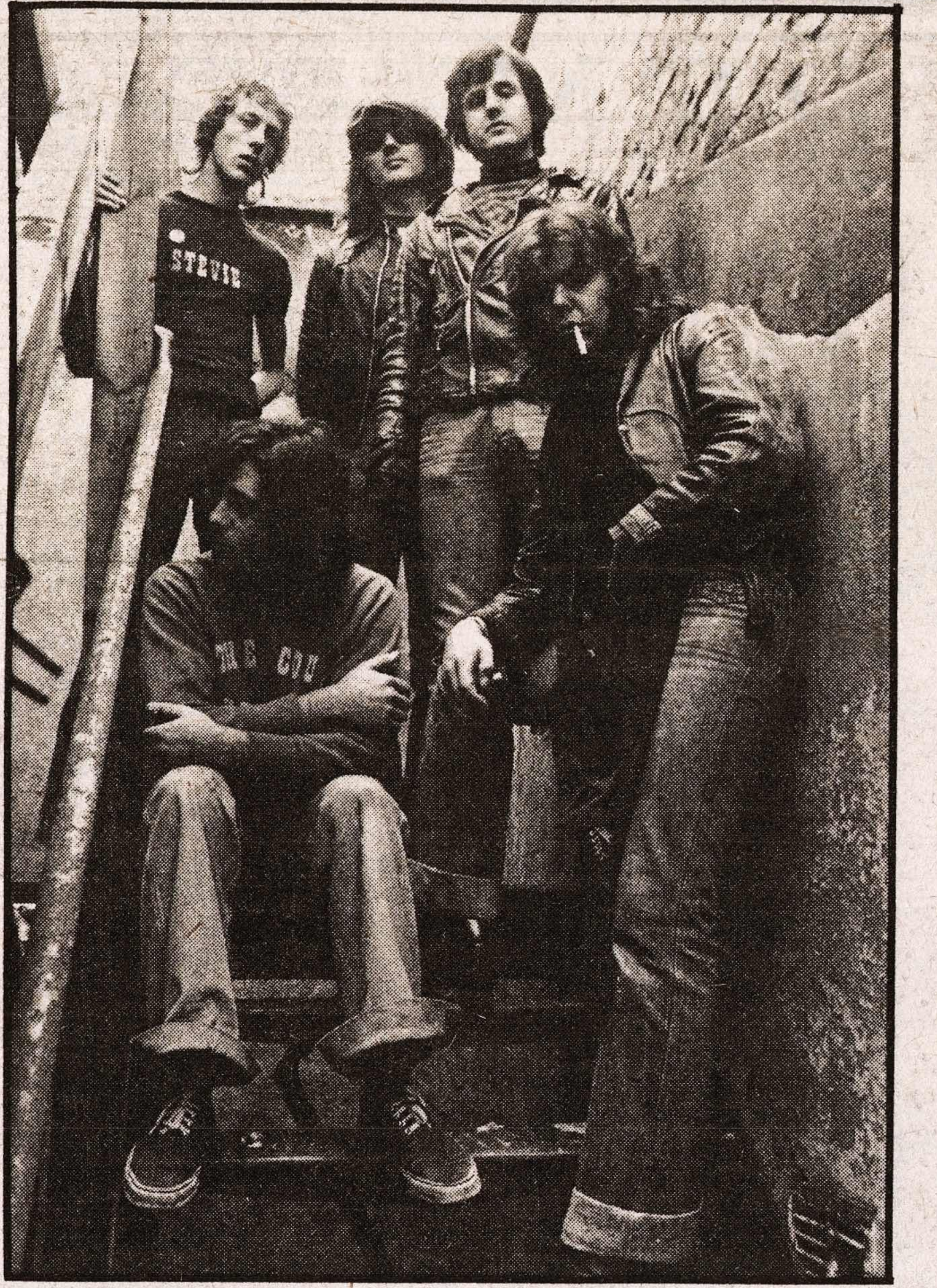
A spokesman for A&M Records told *NME:* "At this moment his manager Dee Anthony has not even been approached about the Earls Court show. I suppose if they come to him at this late stage, he might consider it, but I know there are alternative plans for Peter in Britain this summer."

Frampton is now putting the finishing touches to his new album, the follow-up to "Frampton Comes Alive", for world release in May.

CHI-LITES BACK

THE CHI-LITES return to Britain at the end of next week for a cabaret and one-nighter tour — including a concert at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, April 24, supported by Jesse Green, which will be recorded by Capital Radio for subsequent transmission.

Other dates includes Cromer West Runton Pavilion (April 16), Burnley Cats Whisker (17), Leicester Bailey's (18 week) doubling Derby Bailey's (21-23), Watford Bailey's (25 week) and Maesteg Four Sevens (May 1). Further gigs are being set by co-promoters Ember Concerts and Henry Sellers Presentations.



COUNT BISHOPS with new singer DAVE TICE (front right)

Bishops augment; new record deal

COUNT BISHOPS have been joined by Australian singer Dave Tice, who arrived in Britain two weeks ago and went straight to work with the band in order to finish off their new album before setting out on their nationwide tour with John Cale — which opens in Cromer tonight (Thursday).

Tice previously worked with leading Australian band Buffalo, who have two Gold Albums for sales Down Under.

The Bishops have cemented their relationship with Chiswick Records by signing a three-year contract carrying a £25,000 guarantee. Their previous releases have been one-off deals.

Chiswick expect to have the new album ready for release early next month, but a single will be taken from it and rushed out during the Cale tour.

Shakti dates set

TEN U.K. CONCERTS were confirmed this week for John McLaughlin's Shakti. They are Oxford Polytechnic (May 7), London New Victoria (8), Birmingham Town Hall (11), Manchester Free Trade Hall (15), Bradford St. George's Hall (16), Newcastle City Hall (17), Glasgow Apollo (19), Edinburgh Usher Hall (20), Sheffield University (21) and Norwich Theatre Royal (22).

Kevin Coyne is booked on all dates as special guest artist.

The gigs come at the tail end of an extensive European tour by the six-piece Shakti. A short series of concerts in Ireland are being lined up to slot in immediately after the London concert.

UPCOMING SINGLES

DEEP PURPLE: "Smoke On The Water" (Purple). Out this week. Maxi-single featuring two tracks on "B" side, "Woman From Tokyo" and "Child In Time".

KLAATU: "Sub-Rosa Subway" (Capitol). Debut single from band claimed in some quarters to be the Beatles in disguise . . . Out April 15.

MR. BIG: "Feel Like Calling Home" (EMI): Out April 15. Follow-up to their No. 2 hit "Romeo".

URIAH HEEP: "Wise Man" (Bronze). Out April 15. Penned by Ken Hensley.

WISHBONE ASH: "Phoenix" (MCA). Out April 15. Maxi-single featuring two tracks on "B" side, "Blowin' Free" and "Jail Bait".

KIKI DEE: "Night Hours" (Rocket). Self-penned, out April 15.

MARVIN GAYE: "Got To Give It Up" — Parts I and II (Motown). From his London Palladium live album.

CARL PERKINS: "The Monkeyshine" (MCA). Released this weekend.

THE JAM: "In The City" (Polydor). Out April 15.

SLADE: "Burning In The Heat Of Love" (Barn). A new track, not included on their current album. Issued this weekend.

BONNIE BRAMLETT: "Let's Go, Let's Go" (Capricorn). Out April 15.

RAY DORSET & MUNGO JERRY: "Heavy Foot Stomp" (Polydor). Out April 15.

HEATWAVE: "Too Hot To Handle" (GTO). Title track from new album and follow-up to "Boogie Nights" hit. Out April 22.

MUD: "Slow Talking Boy". First release under the band's new long-term deal with RCA, penned by John Kongos and issued April 29. First RCA album follows midsummer.

DOBIE GRAY: "Find 'Em, Fool 'Em And Forget 'Em" (Capricorn). Out April 15.

OZO: "Anambra" (DJM). Out this weekend. Band are currently on tour supporting Frankie Miller's Full House.

BARBARA DICKSON: "Lover's Serenade" (RSO). Out April 22. Followed in May by her Nashville-recorded album "Morning Comes Quickly".

LOU REED: "Rock And Roll Heart" (Arista). Title track from his album, released April 22 to coincide with his London concerts.

HEART: "Dreamboat Annie" (Arista). Out April 22.

ON THE ROAD

FAIRPORT CONVENTION have delayed the opening of their British tour until May 7 at **Bangor** University, due to the extension of European dates. This means their projected gig at **Coventry** Top Rank on May 5 is now cancelled. Newly confirmed gigs are at **Belfast** Queen's University (May 15) and **Oxford** Polytechnic (June 4).

PETE BROWN'S Back To The Front begin a new series of club and college gigs at **Chelmsford** Tramps (May 3), **St. Alban's** Francis Bacon School (5) and **Hereford** College (6). Also set is **High Wycombe** Nag's Head on May 20.

THE DARTS have been forced to re-schedule their April tour, because singer Griff Fender is undergoing a minor shoulder operation. The itinerary now opens at **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (April 19), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (21), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (22), **Leicester** Polytechnic (23), **Plymouth** Top Rank (27), **Swansea** Circles Club (28), **London** Royal College of Art (29) and **Reading** Bulmershe College (30).

AFTER THE FIRE have May gigs at **Accrington** Lakeland Lounge (1), **Warrington** Lion Hotel (2), **Bradford** University (4), **Gosport** John Peel (6), **London Camden** Dingwalls (7), **Matlock** Pavilion (13), **Grantham** Kesteven College (14), **Swindon** Brunel Rooms (17), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (19), **London Holloway** Lord Nelson (23) and **Norwich** City College (27).

FLYING ACES have been augmented by Phil Ryan, former Man keyboards player and previously co-leader of The Neutrons. He now joins another ex-Man member, Martin Ace, in the line-up. Latest bookings are at **Barrow** Maxim's (this Sunday), **Retford** Porterhouse (April 22), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (23), **Brighton** Top Rank (26), **Birmingham** Bogart's (27), **Manchester** Electric Circus (29), **London City** Polytechnic (30), **Chester** Quaintways (May 9) and **Petersfield** Mercury Club (11).

REAL THING have extra gigs at **Northallerton** Community Centre (this Saturday) and **Rotherham** Montegomery Hall (18). Their gig at **St. Ives** St. Ivo Centre is put back 24 hours to April 16.

BERNI FLINT, high in the *NME* Chart with his single "I Don't Want To Put A Hold On You", is special guest artist on the previously-reported tour by country singer Bill Anderson. Opening in **Belfast** on May 3, it includes a **London** show at Drury Lane Theatre Royal on May 8. Also on the bill are Mary Lou Turner, Jed Ford and Frank Jennings & Syndicate.

BRIAN PROTHEROE, supported by a four-piece backing band, plays his first-ever concert at **London Stratford** East Theatre on Sunday, April 17. Tickets are now on sale priced £1.50, £1 and 75p.

HEATWAVE support Tavares in their previously-reported British concerts, opening April 24. Prior to this they have dates in their own right at **Sheffield** Bailey's (currently until Saturday), **Douglas I.o.M.** Palace Lido (this Sunday), **Saltburn** Philmore Disco (April 13), **Blackburn** Bailey's (14—16) and **Oldham** Bailey's (18 week).

GEORGES MOUSTAKI, tipped to follow in the footsteps of Demis Roussos, plays his debut British concert at **London** Royal Albert Hall on May 23.

MEDICINE HEAD have extra gigs at **Northampton** County Ground (April 16), **Luton** Technical College (22), **Jacksdale** Grey Topper (23), **Bristol** Granary (28) and **Burton** 76 Club (29).

NEW SEEKERS, whose previously-reported concert tour opens this Friday (8), have now been booked for a string of May dates — at **Great Yarmouth** Racecourse (6), **Colchester** ABC Theatre (7), **Bury St. Edmunds** Focus Cinema (8), **Caerphilly** Double Diamond (19—21), **Manchester** Fagin's (23—28) and **Warrington** Parr Hall (29).

KICKS featuring (left to right) PAUL RUDOLPH, STEVE YORK, CAL BATCHELOR and ALAN POWELL

KICKS, the new band fronted by two former members of Hawkwind, have new bookings at **London Kensington** Nashville (this Sunday), **Ewell** Technical College (April 23), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (May 6), **Manchester** Electric Circus (7), **Barrow** Maxim's (8) and **London Camden** Dingwalls (13).

THE YETTIES play **Chelmsford** Civic Theatre (tonight, Thursday), **Guildford** Civic Hall (Saturday), **Weymouth** Pavilion (Easter Monday), **Barnstaple** Queen's Hall (April 16), **Brighton** Dome (21), **Loughborough** Town Hall (22), **Eastbourne** Winter Gardens (29) and **Bognor** Esplanade Theatre (May 1).

BERT JANSCH is being lined up for a nationwide tour to coincide with the April 29 release of his Charisma album "A Rare Conundrum". Dates expected next week.

DEAD END KIDS have April gigs at **Cumnock** Town Hall (Good Friday), **Stranraer** Lochrans (this Saturday), **Dalry** The Inn (Sunday), **Dundee** Samantha's (Monday), **Renfrew** YMCA (April 12), **Newcastle** La Dolce Vita (13), **Perth** Salutation Hotel (14), **Castle Douglas** (15), **Burton** Eve's Disco (27), **Manchester Middleton** Civic Hall (28), **Bath** Viaduct Hotel (29) and **Coventry** Mr. George's (30). They tour Ireland for 11 days from April 16.

Supremes due here

THE SUPREMES fly in next month for a short tour devoted mainly to club engagements. Their only concert is a major London appearance on Sunday, May 29, at an as-yet unnamed venue that could well prove to be the Palladium.

Cabaret stints are at Batley Variety Club (May 23 week), Leicester Bailey's (30 week) amd Watford Bailey's (June 5 week).

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McTELL VENUES

MOST OF THE dates and venues for Ralph McTell's spring concert tour have been confirmed. This is the second leg of his 1977 tour, following his round of the colleges in February, and it climaxes in a show at the London Festival Hall.

He plays Brighton Dome (May 10), Portsmouth Guildhall (12), Leicester De Montfort Hall (14), Bristol Colston Hall (16), Liverpool Empire (17), Birmingham Town Hall (18), Manchester Free Trade Hall (21), Sheffield City Hall (23), Edinburgh Usher Hall (25), Glasgow City Hall (28), Newcastle City Hall (29), Croydon Fairfield Hall (June 3) and London Festival Hall (6).

Concerts in Aberdeen, Ashford and Stratford-upon-Avon will be announced shortly.

McTell has spent March gigging in Australia. He leaves Sydney on April 16 for a short U.S. tour before returning to Britain.

Widowmaker extend tour

WIDOWMAKER, who began a lengthy British tour last weekend, have added a dozen May gigs to their itinerary — including a major London concert. And their new album "Too Late To Cry" is released by Jet today (Thursday). Extra dates are:

Leeds Polytechnic (May 1), Stafford Top Of The World (2), Loughborough Town Hall (3), Southampton University (4), Plymouth Woods Centre (5), Bath University (6), Birmingham University (7), Uxbridge Brunel University (10), Leicester Polytechnic (11), Lincoln Bishop Grosseteste College (12), London Kingsway Sound Circus (13) and St. Alban's City Hall (14).

Radiator gigs

DRUMMER Terry Popple has joined Radiator, replacing Jeff Seopardie. He is reunited in the line-up with former Snafu colleague, , bassist Colin Gibson. Personnel is completed by keyboards player Ken Craddock (ex-Lindisfarne) and guitarist and vocalist Pete Kirtley (ex-Global Village). They are at present working with Alan Hull on his new solo album and, between session, playing gigs at:

London Camden Dingwalls (April 16), **Leicester** Polytechnic (20), **Bradford** Princeville Club (21), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (22), **Scunthorpe** Priory Hotel (23), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (24), **Doncaster** Outlook (25), **Bristol** Polytechnic (28), **Nottingham** Boat Club (30), **Uckfield** New Centre (May 2), **Worthing** Carioca Club (3), **Swindon** Affair (4), **Bath** Viaduct Hotel (5), **Thatcham** Hamilton's (7), **Penzance** The Garden (12), **Wigan** Casino (14) and **Accrington** Lakeland Lounge (15).

UPCOMING ALBUMS

NEIL INNES has signed a long-term contract with the Arista label. His debut album **"Taking Off"** is released this weekend.

TED NUGENT has started work on a new album, titled **"Cat Scratch Fever"**. He plans a return British visit in the autumn.

DAVE MASON has his album "**Let It Flow"** issued by CBS on May 6. Featured guests on the set include Stephen Stills and Yvonne Elliman.

WOODY GUTHRIE is the subject of a new film called **"Bound For Glory"**, with David Carradine starring as Guthrie. The soundtrack album is issued by U-A this weekend.

ROLLIN' ROCK, the California-based rockabilly label, is being distributed in Britain from this month. New album product is available by **Ray Campi, Mac Curtis** and **Jackie Lee Cochran**.

NODICE, a new four-piece North London band, are recording their debut album with American producer Steve Smith — whose past credits include Bob Marley and Rough Diamond.

BILLIE JO SPEARS: "If You Want Me" (U-A). Out this weekend.

Los Rios dead

SPANISH orchestra leader Waldo de los Rios has committed suicide in Madrid, aged 42. He was noted for his rhythmic arrangements of well-known classics, and scored an *NME* Chart hit in 1971 with his version of Mozart's Symphony No. 40.

British bash by Blondie

NEW YORK band Blondie, who have been attracting rave reviews on the U.S. circuit, are coming to Britain for their debut tour. The exact date is still being negotiated, but it is expected to be very soon — with the tour probably opening in four weeks' time.

Private Stock Records, who recently issued the band's "Blondie" album, told NME: "We have sent them a provisional date sheet, opening May 5, and are now awaiting their acceptance."

It is understood that there are plans for Blondie to join The Ramones in their two London Roundhouse concerts on June 5 and 6.

● *See Blondie feature, pages 22, 23.*

Laser concerts at Planetarium

THE LONDON Planetarium is introducing cosmic laser presentation concerts to Britain in a series of evening shows starting at the end of June. This follows the success of the recent laser displays at the Royal Academy, although it will be the first time lasers have been used as the focal point of concerts.

Staged in association with Laser Images of Los Angeles, they will be presented under the title of "Laserium". Creator of the concept Ivan Dryer describes the concerts as "music, visual exploration and cosmic awareness."

● The Planetarium makes its bow as a music venue next Tuesday and Wednesday (12 and 13) with two solo shows by German synthesiser player Klaus Schulze.

'SUPERSONIC' BOWS OUT

MIKE MANSFIELD's controversial "Supersonic" series ended its run last Saturday, and London Weekend say there are no plans to bring it back. An all-star jam session marked the passing of the show, and taking part in the wake were (left to right) JOHN LODGE, MILLER ANDERSON, ALVIN STARDUST, MARC BOLAN, TONY NEWMAN, GLORIA JONES and DAVE EDMUNDS.

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Kursaals flying again; live album

KURSAAL FLYERS begin a new British tour at the end of this month, and their schedule includes two nights at London Marquee Club which are being recorded for subsequent release by CBS.

Confirmed dates so far are Newcastle Polytechnic (April 29), Sheffield University (30), London Marquee (May 3 and 4), Leicester Polytechnic (7), Middlesbrough Town Hall (8), St. Albans City Hall (9) and Salford University (13).

The band are in the studios this week with producer Mike Batt recording a new single for rush-release in late April to coincide with the tour. Next week they leave for a tour of Norway, Sweden and Finland — their first live dates with new guitarist Barry Martin.

They intend touring Britain and Europe extensively until July. More dates in this country have still to be set.

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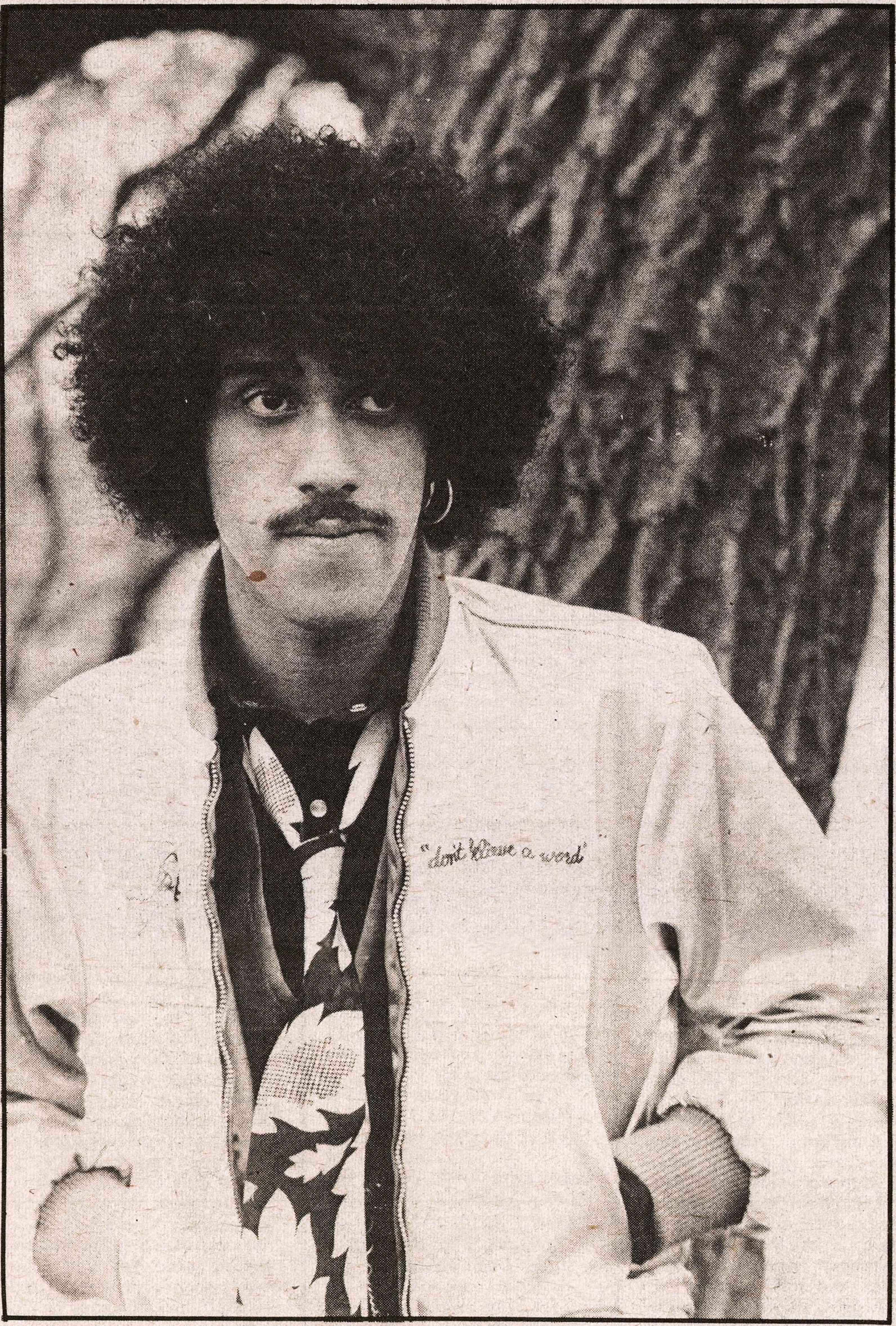


PHIL LYNOTT, a man well used to dealing with amorous advances

SPECIAL BATTLE OF THE SEXES ISSUE

THIN LIZZY: By ROY CARR

A FLASH OF clear white light suddenly ricochets like a laser off the highly polished scratch-plate on Phil Lynott's black Fender bass, out into the audience silhouetting the hundreds of tightly clenched fists that shoot out of the darkness to punch the refraction.

By picking up the glare from an arc-lamp and artfully aiming this incandescent beam, Lynott is able to establish personal contact with anyone in the audience he chooses.

As he crouches forward to proudly exchange a clenched-fist salute a deafening roar of spontaneous cheering all but obliterates the might of four amplified musicians.

The Boys Are In Town and taking it by storm.

It's the second night of Thin Lizzy's appearance at the 18,000 seater L.A. Forum and the lads are more than compensating for having been compelled — due to ill-health — to pull out of their American gigs at the end of last year.

Thin Lizzy may well be playing support to Queen, but they're sure as hell giving The Leaping White Leotard a run for his money. Backstage, members of the Royal Entourage make no secret of the fact that Kermit — the monicker the roadcrew has bestowed upon Fast Freddie — is Not Amused.

On paper, the pairing of Thin Lizzy and Queen seems a good crowd-puller, a supposition which is confirmed by the fact that the entire tour is a sell-out. However, it should be remembered that the purpose of any support band — no matter what they tell you to the contrary — is to kill time, warm up the audience and make the headliner look real good.

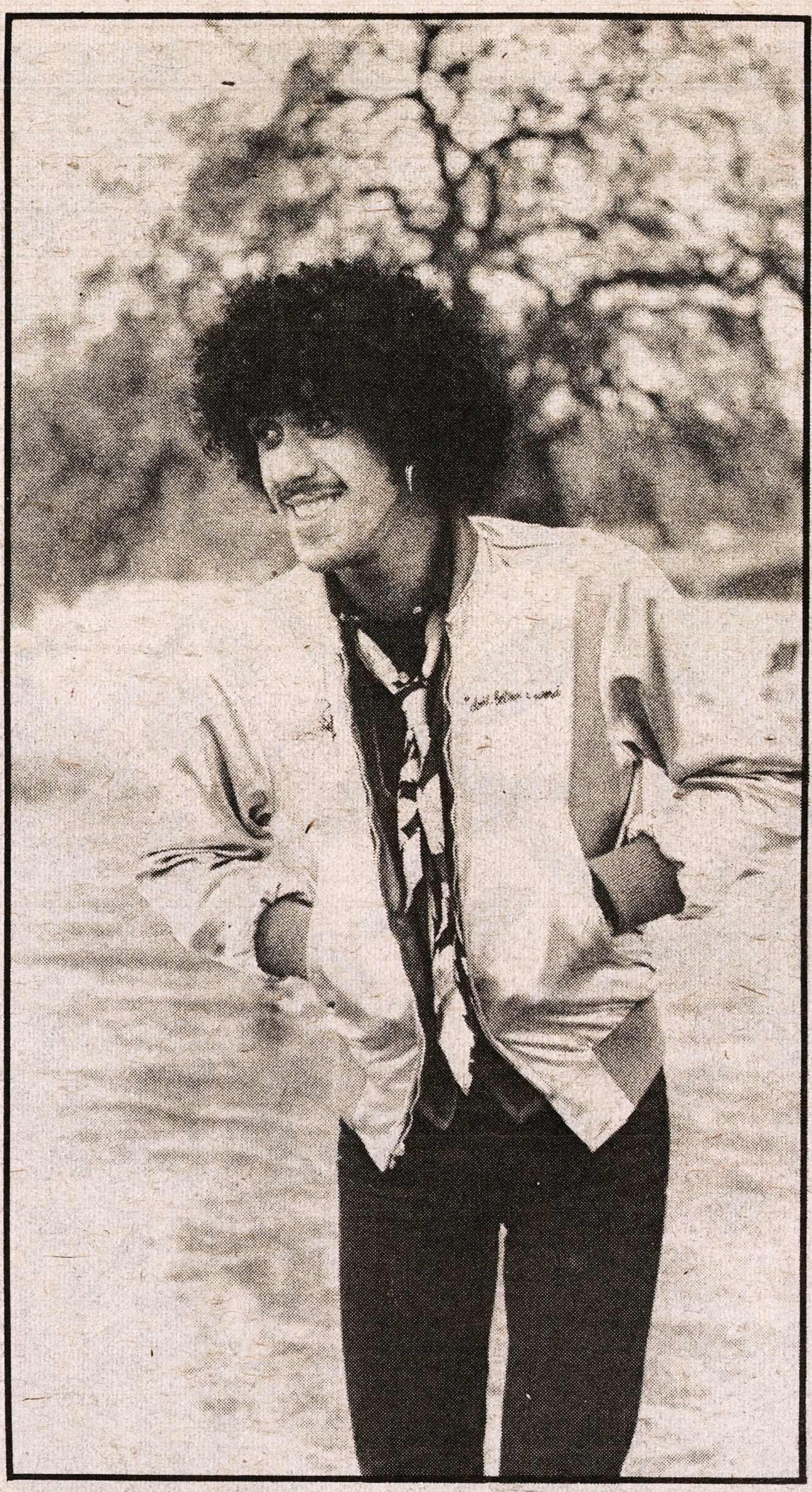
Things haven't worked out as planned.

Thin Lizzy have been going down far too well for comfort.

Queen have grabbed their fair share of ravings and droolings from the American press, but so have Lizzy. To the extent that many respected reviewers have suggested that the billing should be the other way round.

Remarks like that can cut to the quick, with the result that certain stage privileges usually afforded to the support act have been withdrawn from Lizzy. Not, however, that the three extrovert Irishmen and their American sidekicks are deterred by such professional fouls.

From the outset, they have made the most of this opportunity to perform before America's premier concert crowds.



"Black is international. I'm an Irishman"

Main pix: PENNIE SMITH

On the evenings that I saw them, Phil Lynott, Gary Moore, Scott Gorham and Brian Downey took the stage as if they were the star attraction and within the mere 45 minutes allotted them presented one of the most deftly-paced high-energy rock shows currently on tour.

Nothing is left to chance. The sound mix is crystal clear, the voices and instruments perfectly balanced and free from the lethal distortion that can often ruin a showcase performance.

With this kind of technical back-up, Lizzy ain't pulling any punches.

Tonight, they wouldn't have gone down better if they'd been joined on stage by the ghosts of Buddy Holly and Jimi Hendrix.

They left the audience on their knees and on their feet, on their seats and hollering for another action re-play. The fact that Lizzy were only allowed a solitary encore left the natives restless.

The house lights had to be ignited less than ten seconds after Lizzy vacated the stage and a tape of Chopin piano music pumped through the speakers in an attempt to cool out the insatiable appetite of 18,000 clamouring Californians.

NO WAY could Lizzy be considered a record company hype. In fact, they've had to fight tooth and nail for every piece of ground they've captured.

It hasn't been easy. There have been casualties.

At the beginning on '73, Thin Lizzy became somewhat type-cast due to the single success of the revamped traditional tune "Whiskey In The Jar", and after their follow-up failed, went through changes in the guitar department.

Founder-member Eric Bell quit and was replaced by Gary

● Continued page 8

Pic: ERICA ECHENBERG

ROY HARPER
and
BLACK SHEEP
ON TOUR
Tues 19 April DUBLIN Stadium
Wed 20 April BELFAST University
Thur 21 April MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall
Fri 22 April LONDON New Victoria
Sat 23 April GUILDFORD Surrey University
Sun 24 April BRISTOL Colston Hall
Mon 25 April LIVERPOOL Empire
Tues 26 April SHEFFIELD City Hall
Wed 27 April GLASGOW Apollo
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HARVEST

THIN LIZZY

From previous page

Moore who in turn split after a short stint.

The following year, Los Anglican Scott Gorham and Brian Robertson were introduced to the line-up and weathered it for two traumatic years.

Last year, "The Boys Are Back In Town" did the trick for them on both sides of the Atlantic.

The single scored a double-top as Best Single in the *NME* Critics and Readers Poll, but the acid test came when the Readers placed Thin Lizzy firmly behind Zeppelin, Genesis and The Who in the group stakes.

You don't win that kind of accolade on the strength of a single. That kind of recognition is earned in front of an audience.

So I put to Lynott that a live album seems a natural step for the band. Lynott, however, avers that another studio album will take priority. He considers that live albums can be a mistake because they impose the attitudes and responses of the fans of one country on audiences the world over.

"Even if we did record a live album for our British fans," says Lynott, "they'd only import the bloody thing into America and I don't want that.

"It would only come across as if we were being aloof and trying to infer, look this is how we go down in Europe and this is how we want you to react the next time we tour America.

"That's not on. That's not what it's all about.

"But, after Peter Frampton's phenomenal success with his live album that's precisely what so many bands are attempting to do.

"I don't feel that you should try and force that kind of pressure on an audience.

"If it's going to happen, I want America or for that matter any other country to develop the same way as it did in Britain. The fans should have the choice to accept or reject us. Let them pick the numbers they want to hear or don't pick any at all.

"The worst thing I could think of is for Thin Lizzy to have stereotyped fans the world over."

"COME ROCK With Us!!" proclaim the badges of the Continental Hyatt House, a notorious Sunset Strip caravanserai, which has been irreverently, though accurately, renamed the 'Riot House'. It has long been regarded as the stomping ground for itinerant rock bands, and carries the scars to prove it.

Thin Lizzy are holed-up on the seventh floor and the human traffic is extremely heavy; everyone is looking for an excuse to party with the New Kids In Town.

This particular evening, Phil Lynott prefers the role of observer to that of participant as he carefully studies the endless manoeuverings for his undivided attention.

Last year, too much of the good life laid him low with hepatitis and resulted in the cancellation of a whole string of American dates.

Once hospitalised, twice shy.

In any case, this tour lasts a strength-sapping ten weeks and means appearing in front of not only 750,000 paying customers, but also every major promoter across the nation. It's no time to run that body down.

With rock once again going through one of its seven-year cycles Thin Lizzy are one of the few bands comfortably bridging the third and fourth generations.

They are also on the threshold of establishing themselves as one of the major new concert attractions of the late '70s.

The band sensibly eschew all forms of self-indulgence. They've harnessed their instrumental prowess into concentrated bursts lasting no more than four to five minutes. Their tight dynamic arrangements are an exercise in controlled tension, their songs amongst the best being written at the moment.

"Thin Lizzy," explains Lynott as he squats on his unmade hotel bed so as to allow a lady to sketch his profile, "has always been directed towards songs as opposed to jamming."

Although inevitably the focal point of the band, Lynott is very quick to stress that Lizzy are by no means a one man show.

"Thin Lizzy is a band. I'd really hate to get into the position that confronted Rod Stewart and the Faces. But, I'd dearly love to get into the position of say, The Who — whereby, Scott, Gary, Brian or myself could do solo projects without detracting from the band as a unit.

"As far as we're all concerned, no one individual is bigger than the group and that's the way it's gonna stay.

"As it is, I do most of the interviews because the rest of the band are lazy buggers, but our musical policy is definitely democratic."

"The big thing that impressed me about the big rock stars of the '60s, was that almost everyone was an accomplished songwriter — the Stones, Beatles, Kinks, Who, Small Faces, what-have-you . . .

"Those other groups who relied upon other people to write their material proved to be short-lived. As soon as their source of material dried up, they were finished. It was as simple as that.

"From the outset the idea behind Thin Lizzy has been to take these principles of the '60s into the '70s and give the kids a band and songs that hopefully they can relate to.

"Because no matter how much integrity '60s bands had, they can't stay there for ever. Each new generation wants its own bands. So we try and give the kids an identity that they can easily relate to, while at the same time preserving the same degree of musical integrity as those bands in the '60s.

"Though some people have accused them of perhaps being past it, artists like Jagger and Townshend never sold out. Neither did John Lennon.

"Alright, they had decisions to make that some people might consider to be very commercial, but in truth they never sold out. The thing that I've got against selling out," says Lynott, "is if you do it once, or worse still, do it twice, you'll lose your integrity and the respect of your supporters.

"Once you do that, you're well on the way to becoming washed up."

As far as Lynott is concerned, "The Boys Are Back In Town" is an update of Townshend's "The Kids Are Alright."

THIN LIZZY'S escalating success in the Americas has as much to do with Phil Lynott's physical appeal as it has with the work of the three other musicians.

Though a number of bands carry black sidemen, Lynott is the first black front man. Furthermore he's neither decked out in pimp alpacca and alligator shoes, nor suffering from terminal disco fever.

He comes in natural heavy-duty macho; black skin, tight black threads, silver studs and a tiger in his trousers.

Most Americans haven't seen anything like him since Hendrix; and for those concertgoers who never saw Hendrix in action, Mr. Lynott comes across as being the epitome of bad-ass braggadoccio.

However, neither Lynott or the media has attempted to push either a black identity or draw comparisons with Hendrix. Until I mentioned it , it had never entered his mind.

"First and foremost," he says toying with a t-shirt emblazoned with a detailed map of the Emerald Isle (a St. Patrick's Day present from his mother), "I'm an Irishman. Anyway, black is international and I'm half-caste." As an afterthought, he added, "As far as I'm concerned, the benefit of being a black Irishman is that I pull more chicks".

THE LADY finishes up her portrait and receives the endorsement of her patient subject whilst her extremely attractive and lithe girlfriend hands round truly delightful Polaroids of herself dressed in scanty briefs.

She declines offers of overnight stardom, so Lynott summons room service and orders his daily rations.

"I'm quite sure that if I wasn't in a group," he says without prompting, "I'd be locked up. Probably be in the nick for doin' sump'thin' I shouldn't!"

Precisely what for, he's not sure, "but for doin' sump'thin'."

Unlike groups who've lost their heads in the first wave of readily-available female flesh, Lynott has learned to deal with the amorous advances of the ladies of the road.

"Don't Believe A Word" is a reflection of rock's bedroom battle of the sexes, he explains as he watches a number of ladies drift in and out of the room to check out the action.

"DON'T BELIEVE me if I tell you, not a word of this is true; Don't believe me if I tell you, especially if I tell you, I'm in love with you; Don't believe me if I tell you, that I wrote this song for you, there might just be some other silly pretty girl I'm singing to; Don't believe a word, for words are so easily spoken and your heart is just like that promise, there to be broken".

(Lyrics copyright)

"You go through the whole process of chattin' up the chicks . . . . and playing the game . . . . giving 'em the old line . . . . and I reckon most fellas will say just about anything to get a girl into bed.

"So that's how I came to write 'Don't Believe A Word'. It's just to say, if you believe every line a fella hands you, you'll only get hurt. I didn't wanna disguise the message. I'd much prefer to say something serious simple, than say something simple all artsy-fartsy.

"Yer know, 'Through a wanderlust of transparent dreams we walked on a carpet of clouds', when all you're really saying is, I fancy you . . . . howzabout it then!"

Many rock musicians claim to be in close contact with the street, many make a career of it, but in the final reckoning virtually all are deceiving themselves. They just romanticise it in verse and song without ever encapsulating the true ethos. Thin Lizzy's "The Boys Are Back In Town" proved the exception. It was one of the few classic street songs. It was 1976's summer record.

Lynott is proud of this achievement. It was inspired, he says, by both Manchester United's supporters and a bunch of Mancunian tearaways called the Quality Street Gang. He reckons the message is pretty universal.

"Every street gang in the whole western world can identify with 'The Boys Are Back In Town'," he claims.

"It's a song where there's no chicks involved, just the lads out for a night on the town. Getting wrecked on a Friday night and going to the match the next day."

All that's a little bit hard to understand, but as far as fellas are concerned, it's not so much a question of actually pulling and getting what you want, but being seen with a real good-lookin' chick hanging on yer arm.

"The trouble is, chicks say, well we can pull fellas, but the truth is, most guys don't rate chicks that come on too strong."

He casts an experienced eye around the room.

"I'd ideally like to think that when the chicks see the fellas getting off at our gigs, they'd say to themselves, so that's what they get up to when they're on their own."

"Half the advertising in Britain," Lynott insists, "is sold on this very principle. The boys having a night out on the town, chicks turning up and the lads nudging and winking amongst themselves. Now, I know that some chicks find all that a little bit hard to understand, but as far as fellas are concerned, it's not so much a question of actually pulling and getting what you want, but being seen with a real good-lookin' chick hanging on yer arm.

"The trouble is, chicks say, well we can pull fellas, but the truth is, most guys don't rate chicks that come on too strong."

When it comes to the serious problem of pulling, Lynott has got the matter well and truly sussed, to the extent of writing a song for Lizzy's next album which says it all in the title. "Me And The Boys Were Wondering How You And The Girls Are Getting Home From Here Tonight".

Room service arrives, the lady puts away her sketch pad and her friend, her Polaroids. As they're about to leave, Lynott and I have the same thought: Me and the boys were wondering how you and the girls are getting home from here tonight!

You know where they're going.
Find out where they've been.
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FLEETWOOD MAC
THEN PLAY ON
THEN PLAY ON
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A HYPE IS BORN

People will do anything to survive. Some of them will even call misleading press-receptions to push their product. This week's BEATLE story is by ROY CARR . . .

(Left): PAUL MURPHY — the man who wanted to cut the tape up — and ALAN WILLIAMS, who wanted to retail the LP at £14 a throw.

ON WEDNESDAY March 30, 1977, three Securicor Guards arrived at *NME's* editorial offices and delivered ripe green apples attached to a printed invitation which claimed:

"Join a select group of people at 54 St. James Street, London W.1. on Monday 4th. April at 12.30 pm. to witness the most important announcement in British Pop History . . . and take a piece of it away with you."

The address immediately rang a bell. The old address of The Apple Corp.

Jeez, we mused, The Fab Four are going to *announce their re-union*. However, a phone call to the *new* Apple office elicted the information that they had absolutely no knowledge of such a reception.

Monday April 4: at noon Chalkie Davies and your intrepid reporter arrived on the steps of No. 54. A handwritten notice stuck on the plate-glass door emphatically denied that there was going to be a knees-up on *their* premises.

Suddenly, a short American-spoken gent shuffled up and in a whisper asked if we were there for the Apple reception. Yes, we mumbled. He then handed us yet another card stating that it was being reconvened at Richoux At The Caprice behind the Ritz Hotel in Arlington Street.

We ankled round the corner. Gained entrance. Had a drink thrust in one hand, a press handout in the other, and gazed at the framed platinum albums that festooned the walls.

The purple label was familiar. The German-based Bellophone Company.

The legend: Lingasong Records presents The Beatles Live At The Star Club in Hamburg, Germany, 1962".

I'd like you to meet Paul Murphy", said PR-man Les Perrin, and I shook hands with a stocky fair-haired gent in a well-tailored suit.

What's it all about then?

The story went like this . . . .

ONE EVENING, in '61 or '62 singer Ted "Kingsize" Taylor lugged a domestic tape recorder down to Manfred Weissleder's Star Club in the heart of the notorious St. Pauli-Reeperbahn red light district of Hamburg and not only recorded his own band The Dominoes, but also Cliff Bennett & The Rebel Rousers and four Liverpool hooligans called The Beatles.

Stuart Sutcliffe had long since left The Beatles, but drummer Pete Best had yet to be given the elbow. By coincidence, the night Taylor decided to record a little personal momento of his residency, Ringo Star was depping for Best. Of the three hours of music Taylor captured on tape, there were 26 songs featuring The Beatles.

The late Brian Epstein once offered Taylor 20 quid for the spools but other than that little was heard of the tape until The Beatles ceased to exist as a band.

Over the last few years the tape has come to be regarded as something of a rock Holy Grail.

Last year, Allan Williams and Ted Taylor claimed that the tape was now in the hands of Lingasong Records' Paul Murphy who, it was stated, intended to release it through BUK Records, whilst a dude by the name of Larry Halpern would make them available Sateside through Double H.

Murphy then issued a statement alleging that, as he couldn't obtain sufficient clearence, he was going to cut it up into small pieces and market them as keychains and other items of Beatle memorabilia.

Everyone construed this to be a publicity hype and that was the last anyone heard of the tape.

Until this week.

THE INDIVIDUAL Beatles and The Apple Corp have just slapped a writ on Murphy to appear in the High Court at 9.15 am. on Tuesday April 5, 1977.

The writ claims that The Fabs and Apple wish to restrain both Lingasong and Paul Murphy from "making, selling, letting for hire, distributing for the purpose of trade or by the way of trade, exposing for sale or hire gramophone records or tapes reproducing the sounds of the performance of musical works rendered by the first, second, third, fourth and fifth plaintifs who are George Harrison, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Richard Starkey and The Apple Corporation."

Because of this, Murphy's lips are sealed concerning certain lines of questioning. However, this double-album is being released in Germany and depending upon the outcome of the High Court hearing, it could be in your local record shops a month to the day.

Do you feel you have a strong case?

"I have my opinions," says Murphy, who once worked for Polydor as producer to Kingsize Taylor and Tony Sheridan, "but I'd rather reserve them for the hearing". He casts an eye out for his legal eagle who hovers "professionally" in the background.

Have The Beatles heard the tapes?

"The Beatles *have* heard the tapes and I think you'll admit that they've had quite a long time to make their minds up."

I'm asking the questions, squire.

Murphy then opines that perhaps the writs have been served because next month EMI are planning their biggest-ever media blitzkreig to support the release of a double album recorded "live" in America at the zenith of Beatlemania. And, two "live" double British albums in the shops could confuse the buyer and cause split sales.

Wasn't the invitation and the way it was worded a cheap hype?

Murphy takes great pains to claim that it was never his intention to mislead anyone to believe that it was an Apple Corp blowout.

"It was just the early days of April — and anyway haven't The Beatles pulled a few stunts in their lives?"

Oh, let it pass.

AT THE ill-starred Christmas Beatles Convention at Alexandra Palace, Allan Williams' suggested that this double-album would retail at somewhere between £10 — £14. Murphy states he wasn't involved at that time (!) and that if no injunction is served to restrain its release, he intends to retail at £4.99. But he won't say on which label.

As far as you can tell, are the objections purely ones of copyright or is it because The Beatles and Apple are unhappy with the quality?

"We'll just have to wait and see."

Weren't The Beatles under contract to EMI at the time these unofficial recordings were made?

"I can't comment at this time."

How many copies have your had pressed up?

"Again", says Murphy, "I can't comment."

Do you think you've got a good case?

"I think we've got a fighting chance and we've demonstrated that by going as far as we've gone."

Was the tape ever offered to EMI for legitimate release?

"Yes. EMI's comment had nothing to do with the technical quality of the recording. It's obvious why they declined, because they've got their own Beatles album which they're backing up with a £200,000 advertising campaign."

How much — in the way of royalties — have you offered The Beatles?

"We have made offers to The Beatles' attorney about paying them royalties and they said they would get back to us. So far, we have spent over £50,000 preparing the album for commercial release. The money was spent on technical improvements to the existing tape and legal advice."

Do you feel it ethical to release a recording without the artists' approval?

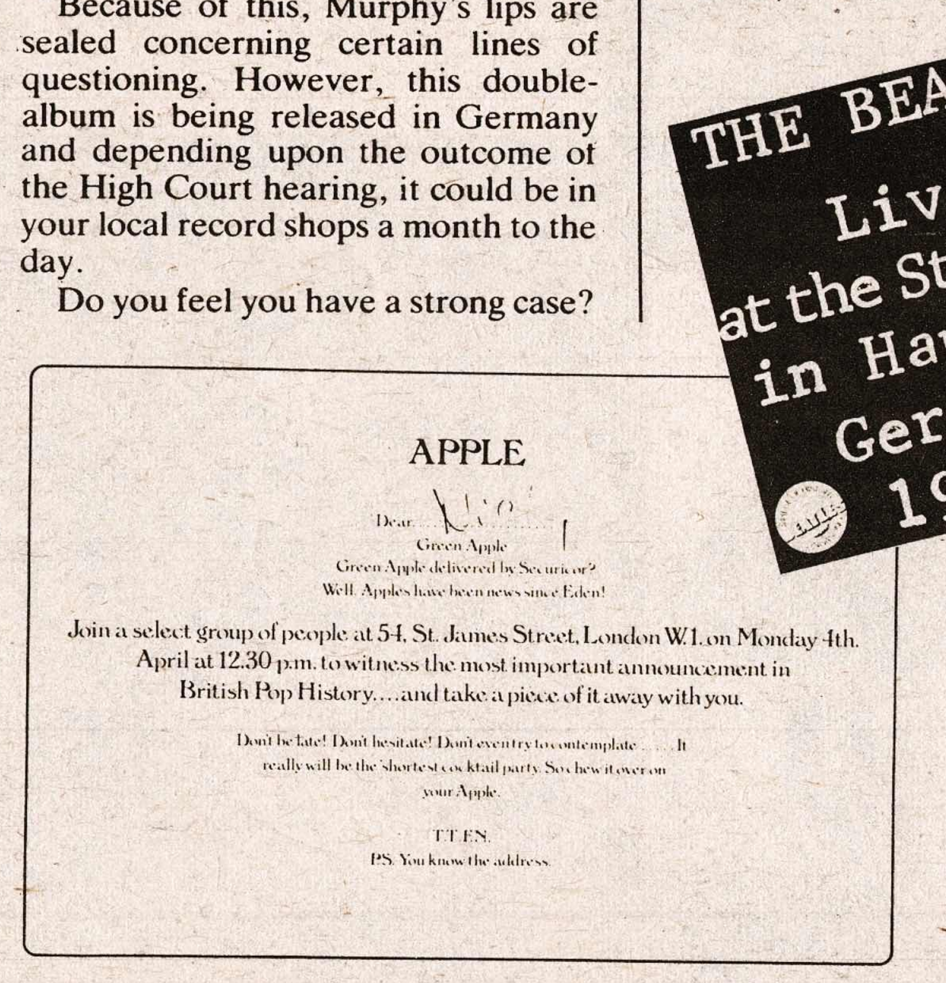
"We believe that what we have done with this record is correct and we believe we've given everybody due notice of our intentions and it is our hope that this record is going to be a tremendous success."

But is it ethical?

"Yes. We feel that it is ethical to release the record and again I've been asked a point of law and I don't want to discuss that today. But, shall I answer you back by saying, I'm sure that you've seen a lot of publicity about this record and have you ever heard The Beatles deny that they didn't give their permission?"

I haven't heard that they *had* given their permission. There is a difference. But we'll let the Good Judge sort that one out.

I've got my copy. I ain't disappointed and I'm hanging on to it.


APPLE

Dear ...

Green Apple

Green Apple delivered by Securicor?

Well, Apples have been news since Eden!

Join a select group of people at 54, St. James Street, London W.1. on Monday 4th April at 12.30 p.m. to witness the most important announcement in British Pop History....and take a piece of it away with you.

Don't be late! Don't hesitate! Don't even try to contemplate ...... It really will be the shortest cocktail party. So chew it over on your Apple.

T.T.F.N.

P.S. You know the address.

The album and The Invitation.

THE BUDGET: THOSE POOR TAX EXILES

THE BUDGET?

Road tax, petrol and fags up, so what else is new? Well, *NME* has been going through the small print to see if the Chancellor has found it in his heart to forgive the tax exiles, and get them back to live in the UK.

What Healey actually said was that he was "Looking to improve the tax treatment of employees living in Britain and working abroad", which means that Rod and Mick can hold their tickets for the UK in abeyance for the time being.

Healey's out to help "any employee who works abroad for a total of 30 days in a tax year (which need not be continuous) and should qualify for tax relief . . . This means he will pay no tax on 25% of his earnings from work overseas."

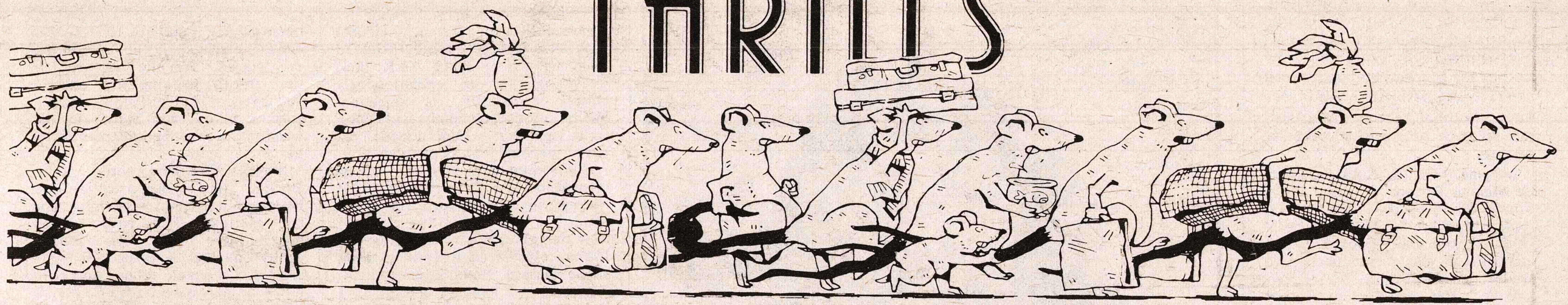
Mm, so if the Stones do a two-month tour of the States and bring back, say, £100,000, the first £25,000 would be tax free, but to cop the exemption you either have to be resident in the UK or employed by a British company.

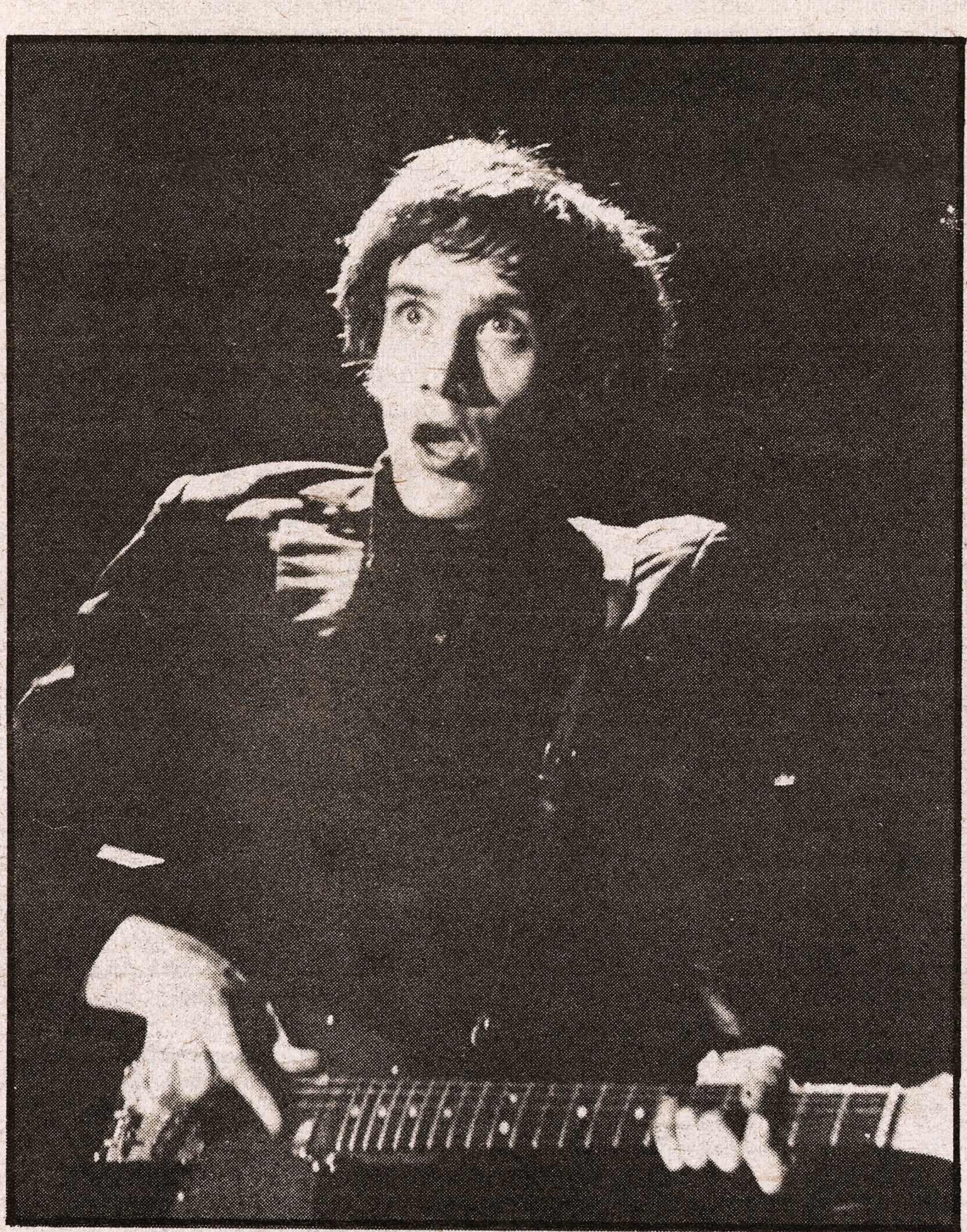
It'll probably help someone like Elton John, who'd get the first £25,000 tax free and would end up paying supertax on the remaining £75,000, but the ceiling on super tax has been raised by £1,000 to £21,000, which should help Elton get another pair of glasses.

So it looks as though Mick and the boys are liable merely to be visitors for the standard 90 days every financial year, and they'll have to suffer the life of exiles paying American or Canadian tax on their earnings.

□ PATRICK HUMPHRIES

THRILLS





COME IN, WILKO JOHNSON— YOUR TIME IS UP.

The truth behind the break-up . . .

AS REPORTED IN THE NEWS PAGES Dr. Feelgood have come apart at the seams, with Wilko Johnson going one way and the rest of the band going another. At first glance, it looked as though it was the usual "irreconcilable musical differences, etc, etc." A second -harder-look, however, showed that the bust-up went a little deeper.

For some two weeks or more, rumours had been drifting round London that all was not well in the Feelgood camp. The majority of these were dismissed out of hand, working on the principle of "show me a band without rumours, and I'll show you a band that's dead."

A somewhat more solid base for the gossip emerged ten days ago. I met Lee Brilleaux in the bar at the Marquee. His general demeanour was a long way from that of the musician who's got a successful album in the can, a short movie on the cinema circuits, and is looking forward to a new tour.

So what was the trouble?

"Things aren't good, you know what I mean?"

Not quite.

"You can swallow so much. I can't say any more than that."

Manager Chris Fenwick also in the same hard-drinking Heartbreakers' crowd, was even more closed-mouthed than his lead-singer.

"The album's great."

That was as far as he was going, but the atmosphere of trouble at the Feelgood mill was now impossible to shake.

BY THE FOLLOWING Friday, the gossip had become, to say the least, substantial, Sources close to the band were coming out with the bald statement that Wilko had definitely quit. Then, on Sunday, the story came first hand.

I talked to a far-from-happy Wilko Johnson.

"I was put in a position where I either had to accept something or get out. I don't want to get into any kind of 'Who quit or who got fired?' slagging match, but it became pretty plain that the other three didn't want to work with me. Nobody works on an album and then immediately quits the band. It was an argument over a matter of principle.

"I really wasn't left with any choice. I'm the one who ends up with nothing. The others have got an album, and they've got a band. All my latest songs are on the album. I'm just sad I won't be going out and playing them."

On Monday, some more facts emerged. A Feelgood spokesman, speaking as ex-cathedra as you can in rock 'n' roll, suggested that things came to a head when, during the Rockfield session, a song by Lew Lewis and Bert Coteaux was put forward for inclusion on the new album without Wilko's knowledge.

While Johnson was out of the studio working on what he thought was the final song, a backing track was put down and, on his return, he was presented with a virtual *fait accompli*.

Both Lee Brilleaux and Chris Fenwick were said to be in the U.S.A. at press time, and were certainly unavailable for comment.

As to the future, Dr. Feelgood will continue.

A new guitar-player, as yet unnamed, will start rehearsals shortly and will be unveiled on the forthcoming tour. The album will be released according to previous schedule.

As for Wilko, it is a little early for him to come up with any definite plans. Talking to him he sounded shocked, depressed, but a long way from totally down.

"I can't say anything right now. I just don't know what my next move is. If I find something I believe in as much as I believed in the Feelgoods, I'll carry on."

□ MICK FARREN

CLASH OFFER -FREE E.P.

A RIOT OF YOUR OWN!

1977 is the Year Of The Clash — Hideous Bill Gangrene says so — and this is a chance to obtain some of The Sound Of The Westway X-CLUSIVE for those NME readers shrewd enough to buy, borrow or steal ***(Cool it, Hideous old fellow! — Ed)*** *a copy of the band's first album which is going into the record shops now. What we're giving away (yeah,* ***giving away****) is a genuine collector's item — a 14-minute EP which contains two new Clash songs, "Listen" and the UTTERLY INCREDIBLE "Capital Radio", plus an extended burst of our very own gunslinger Tony Parsons interviewing the band about Clash Philosophy 1977. This is the stuff you read in last week's NME. Hear it from their own lips (if you don't believe us) on this FREE 45. To get this contemporary classic here's what you gotta do. On the inner bag of the first 10,000 copies of The Clash album you'll find a red sticker. Attach this to the announcement that you're now reading, legibly scrawl your name and address across the shaded area of the photo above and mail the lot to the following address: The Clash Offer, Pembroke House, Campsbourne Road, London N8 7PT. That's all. You don't need to enclose stamped addressed envelopes; we don't want any money. The whole deal (including postage and packing of the single) is FREE. A gift from NME and The Sound Of Westway to anyone who's interested enough in getting hold of a copy of the new Clash elpee. Got it? Right! Can you think of a better way to spend Easter?*

N.B. This offer is open to readers in the U.K. only, and closes at the end of April '77.

'YOUNG WOMAN 'LOST IN ERROR' SHOCK

"Lost?! I was at Sparrowpit all the time!"

IN THE world of rock and roll, the barometer of fame and public acknowledgement is a fickle and ever-shifting one. Each week new heroes are hatched and wide-eyed aspirants are launched. And faces once familiar are forgotten; passed over in the brittle tide of success.

Imagine then, the Rock Directory Of Missing Persons; it would surely contain files headed — 'The Case Of Jeremy Spencer And The Children Of God', or, 'Where Is Wynder K. Frog', and perhaps 'Whatever Happened To Bridget St. John.'

Well, at this very moment, Bridget St. John is alive and well and living in New York. Writing and performing songs with a stark assurance and fire. Her move to the U.S. of A. is a recent one, following two years living high in the northern hills at Sparrowpit, a tiny Derbyshire village.

Since the release of her latest album, "Jumblequeen", in the summer of '74, Bridget has been lost, label-less, and very much out of the public eye. Out, yes, but never down. The past two years have been a period of considerable musical growth and creeping commercial disillusion for Ms St. John. Before she took a steel crow across the Atlantic, I asked her if it was true that she'd been 'lost to the world'.

"I think that's probably true. In two years nobody has been writing anything about me. I haven't *really* been lost. I've been finding myself. But when there's nothing in the papers, people begin to wonder what's happened to you.

"Well, I've been writing, doing gigs, learning and growing. Most people have this idea that if you've done four albums and haven't made it, then that's it. Instead of looking at the music as part of your whole life. Maybe I'll get to make 20 albums when I'm 60."

Bridget smiles. She does that a lot. A long, winning smile. These days, she bears little resemblance to the droopy, waif-maiden image depicted by her album covers. Now, she looks more resilient and compact, imbued with a gentle air of natural humility.

Bridget laughs, and smiles again.

"I've also probably had the worst manager in the world."

Why's that?

"I fell in love, didn't I." Another smile.

Back in 1967, after a three-year stint at Sheffield University, Bridget Hobbs became Bridget St. John, and with the encouragement of the philanthropic John Peel she began to play short sets between the latter's discos.

It was a start, and since then, Ms St. John's subsequent recorded output numbers four albums: "Ask Me No Questions", "Songs For The Gentle Man", "Thank You For" (all on Dandelion), "Jumblequeen" (for Chrysalis), plus several fine singles, including one for MCA, a treatment of the Leonard Cohen ditty, "Passing Thru"", plus collaborations with Kevin Ayers, and Mike Oldfield.

Mr Ayers gigged awhile with Bridget around '71, and an album of children's songs was dreamt about. Oldfield had the lady singing on his "Ommadawn" opus, and contributed guitar to a never-released St. John song.

Over the past two years, then, what attempts has Bridget made to procure an album deal?

"I tried here to get a record deal and the only thing I've been offered didn't seem very satisfactory to me. In Britain, it seems everything is related to hit singles. And it's not that I'm against hit singles in any way. I just think there's a place for albums too."

Mind you, contact with record companies brought some noteable moments. Bridget recalls Richard Williams (then Island A&R bod) delivering her an embarrassingly sincere monologue of rejection. Whilst another company said "Yes, we'll sign you", then added "but we've no money till September".

Confronted with such, um, lack of interest in her music, Bridget decided to make an exploratory foray to the States.

"I thought it was worth going and seeing, even though I knew little about doing it. Nothing was happening here, so I took off and did it. I found enthusiasm and interest there."

Besides generating a healthy response to her music business-wise, Bridget got down to a spot of recording in New York too. She put down a potential single in the shape of a song called "Moody", with a couple of respected British exiles-on-Main-Street, Alan Spenner (formerly Kokomo) and Dick Morrissey (formerly If).

Bridget activates the Revox, and wham, a throbbing bass run bounces from out of the lefthand speaker; eagerly pursued by Spenner's dribbling electric guitar. When Bridget sings "*Give Me A Smile/Give Me A Break/I've Had Just About All I Can Take*", Morrissey's low, punching sax rips into action. Both instruments belt out a riff that zips straight round the head before locking into the brain's non-erasible zone.

Listening to the song, it becomes strikingly clear how much Bridget St. John benefits from playing with other musicians. In terms of effective performance, her present material demands much more than the standard troubador settings which predominate upon her earlier records.

She's also begun to play electric guitar on gigs too. Coaxing swarms of amplified electrickery through the guitar to convey a particular mood or atmosphere. It's a style that owes more than a little to John Martyn, but which remains an original construction.

"I've changed a good deal musically, in two years. I've written a lot of different things. I've got about 20 songs that I'd want to put down. And 20 is a lot to hold in your head. I've been gigging regularly too. So I'm actually playing much better than I've ever played. Over the past year I've been mostly working with another guitarist, people like Pete Berryman, Isaac Guillory, and Steve Hayton, which has also helped me play better too."

Maybe 1977 will be a better year for Bridget. The lady has much to offer. Her music has style, wisdom, passion and maturity. Her lyrics remain penetratingly direct, her melodies gently enticing. A Bridget St. John song is a complete affair. And right now, she may have traded innocence for sophisticated ease, but she's got the often nebulous art of communication down to a taste of something very fine.

"There are two levels of music, people creating it from a need within themselves and people creating it from a need to make money. For instance, the whole hit single deal — churn out song after song and hope that one of them will be lucky. You're not thinking of communicating to people. I am."

□ MALCOLM HEYHOE

CARE TO MAJOR IN 'TED STUDIES'?

"HAIL, HAIL, rock and roll — deliver me from days of old!"

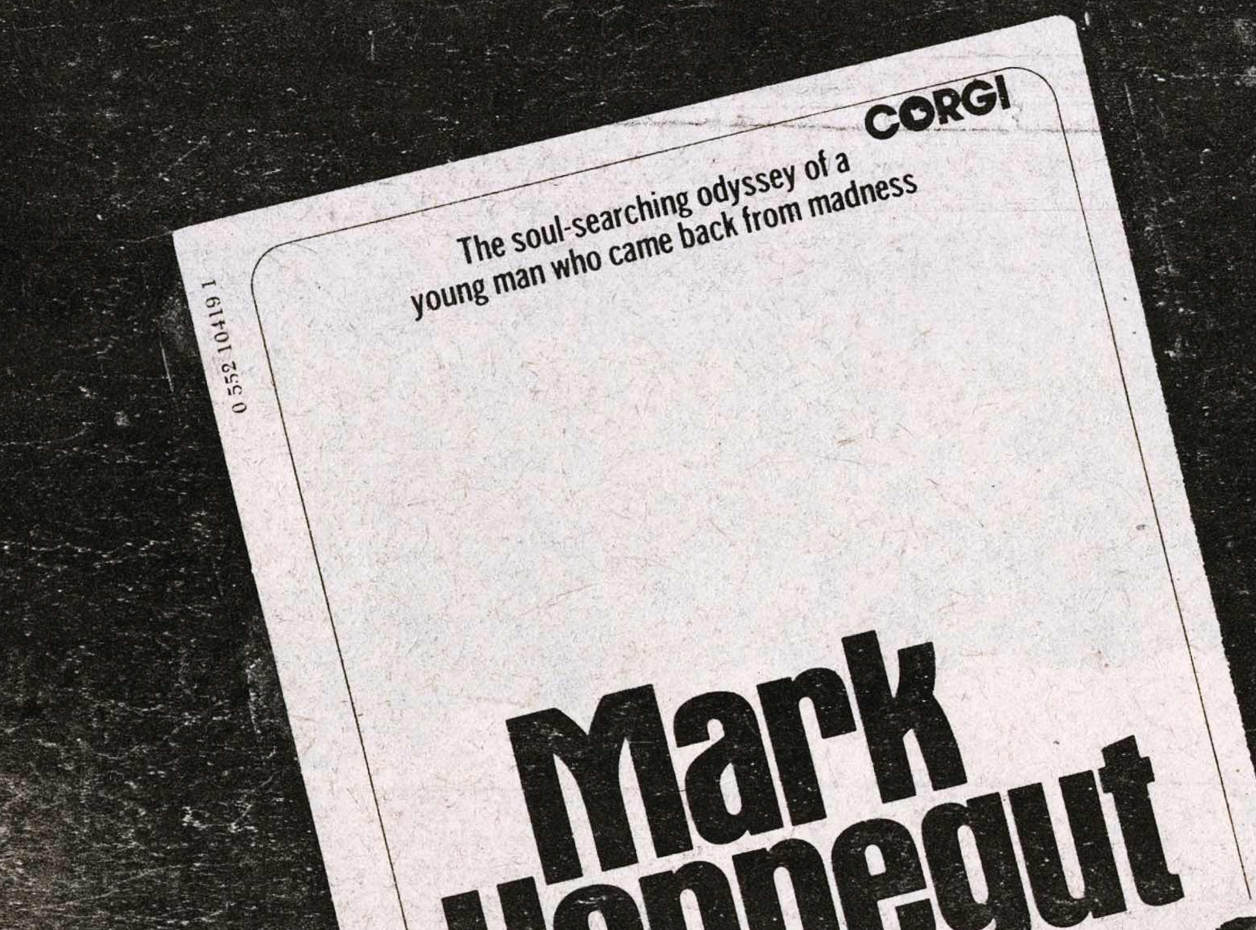
Ah, but they were halcyon days!

You knew which side of the barricades your bread was buttered on then; now the National Front smoke dope and girls play guitars . . . and the inmates of Scarborough Technical College are drilled in Little Richard while ogling *The Girl Can't Help It.*

When he wrote "School Days", I bet Chuck never guessed that in February 1977 a 36-year-old

SANE OR INSANE..?

"Realizing I was crazy didn't make the crazy stuff stop happening"
— Mark Vonnegut



OUT NOW IN CORGI PAPERBACK

Mark Vonnegut
the Eden Express

Mark Vonnegut's gripping autobiography — an astonishing memory of the 60's — his voyage to madness and his precarious trip back.

IT WILL STUN YOU AND IRREVOCABLY CHANGE YOUR CONCEPT OF SANITY AND INSANITY.

HURT EGO SHOW REFORMS

NEAL SMITH was a star that burnt out in its prime. By the time he was 25 his career seemed finito. "I once sat down and figured out that I had enough money to last me till Oct. 3, 1983," he says. Not bad, but . . .

Smith once shared equal partnership with Mike Bruce, Dennis Dunaway, and a singer named Vince Furnier in one of the biggest rock-'n'roll aggragations in el globo — the Alice Cooper group.

In a fixed orbit, they lived in a glass bubble of fur-lined limos for two years till the bubble burst. In one swift stroke, it was all taken away from Smith, Bruce and Dunaway — but not from Furnier.

Vince Furnier has taken the Alice Cooper name legally for publicity reasons.

"As the years went on", Alice has said, "the public became interested in me, not the whole band. The others never dreamed that Alice's personality would become bigger than the rest of them — that the press weren't interested in talking to them, but to me.

"The unvelievable money we were making didn't compensate for their hurt egos."

With Alice as the focal point the tension in the group became outright destructive.

"We had the same fights we had when we were poor," Alice says, "except 'that's my tomato your eating' became 'that's my limousine, get your ass out'."

In '77 Cooper made a neat move. He sacked the group and went solo. The band's weekly expense checks were stopped, leaving them with just their apartment buildings, shopping centres, and the record royalties.

All was A-OK with Dennis Dunnaway, now a lethargic 29-year-old. "We worked so hard that, at first, I was ready for the rest. Sometimes I wanted to get on a plane and disappear anyway. But I never wanted it to end completely."

Michael Bruce, who wrote many of their hits, didn't want to let go. "Nobody would come out and say what was happening to us, but we knew it was over. At first we thought it was a vacation and that the change would be good. But when we had a vacation with the band, we'd need another vacation to recover from the vacation. Everybody always thought we were living the American Dream, but a rock star doesn't have the time to get into the fruits of the labour."

And there was plenty to enjoy: They each bought homes, Smith, now 29, who already owned two Rolls', a Bentley and a Jaguar, bought a 25-room mansion in Connecticut. Bruce moved to a mansion in Nevada and spent 100,000 dollars recording a solo album that's never seen the light of day. Dunaway took up painting and opened a clothing store.

But now, after three years of watching the bank balance, and picking their collective noses, they've finally had enough. Smith puts it simply; "There's nothing else in the world I like to do better than play rock and roll."

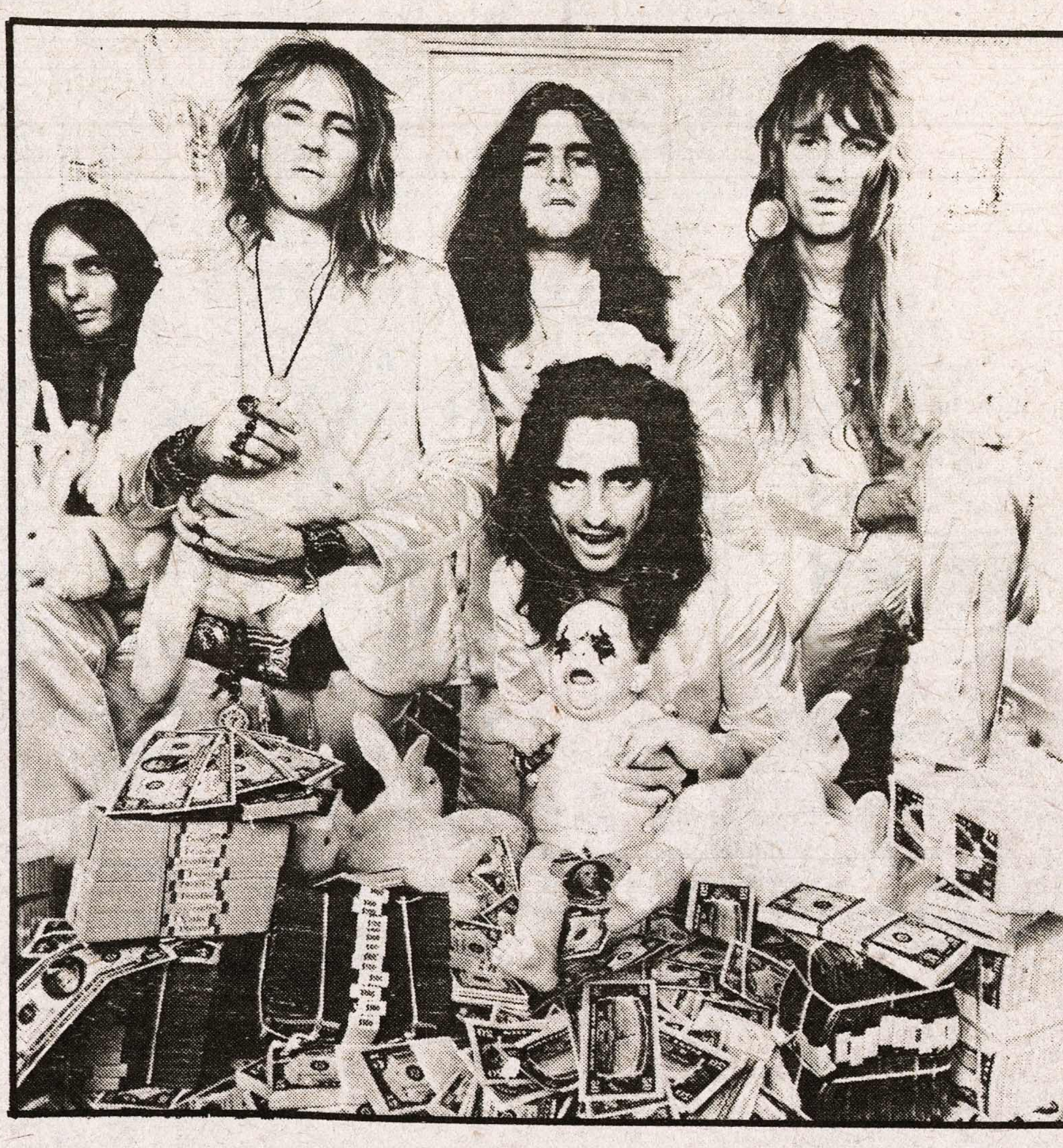
Confident that they'll be just as big the second time around, the three chipped in 100,000 dollars apiece and have re-formed — with the addition of guitarist Mike Marconi and Bob Dollins on Keyboards — as the Billion Dollar Babies.

The Babies are presently recording their first work, titled "Battle Axe," which will be released in the U.S. next month, with a tour planned for the fall.

The stage and lighting gear used in B.$. Babies concerts will be augmented by a pneumatically operated fight ring rising out of the stage in which they'll perform a guitar battle right out of *Roller-ball* and *Rocky*.

Can lightning strike twice? What if they don't make it? If they blow the wad, what happens? Is it back to sweeping the floor at a donut shop? Will they get big, and argue over limo's just like in the good old days? Why not? In the rock world anything can happen. As they say anyway: "Rock guitarists never die, they just fret away."

□ JOE STEVENS



The good old days . . (from left) Dennis Dunaway, Glen Buxton (not in new band), Mike Bruce, Alice, Neal Smith.

chiropodist named Charles White (an avid reader of the *NME* for a cool double decade) would one day establish a part-time evening class to which good citizens accustomed only to flower-arranging and crochet could wheel along at their leisure to be instructed in the fine art of rock and roll!

The first night audience included a solicitor, a DJ, a jazz musician and the hardcore of local Teddy Boys.

They will study Country Rock, Doo-Wop, Rockabilly and British Rock and Roll, examine the function of record companies, hear a guest speaker on Little Richard, watch two rock and roll movies and bear witness to a live demonstration, among other untold delights.

Subsidised by the North Yorkshire Education Committee, the eight-week course will cost a mere £2.85.

Said Mr Ray Jemison, director of art and adult studies at the college: "There is no doubt that the cultural and sociological impact of rock'n'roll on society has been by far the greatest since the musical revolution of the 20s. I feel that it's important that the Arts Department should reflect current trends — there's more to adult evening education than providing embroidery courses for articulate ladies!"

Said Mr White himself: "I feel very strongly about the way this type of music has been treated by the media. It has always been given the wrong image, and the coloured artists who are its greatest exponents have never been recognised.

"To take just one example, Fats Domino was until a few years ago the largest-selling English-speaking artist in the world, yet he has never appeared on TV over here — even as a guest on anyone else's programme."

I don't know — sex education, rock and roll tuition; next thing you know, our educational emporiums are gonna be peddling set courses in safe cracking . . .

□ JULIE BURCHILL

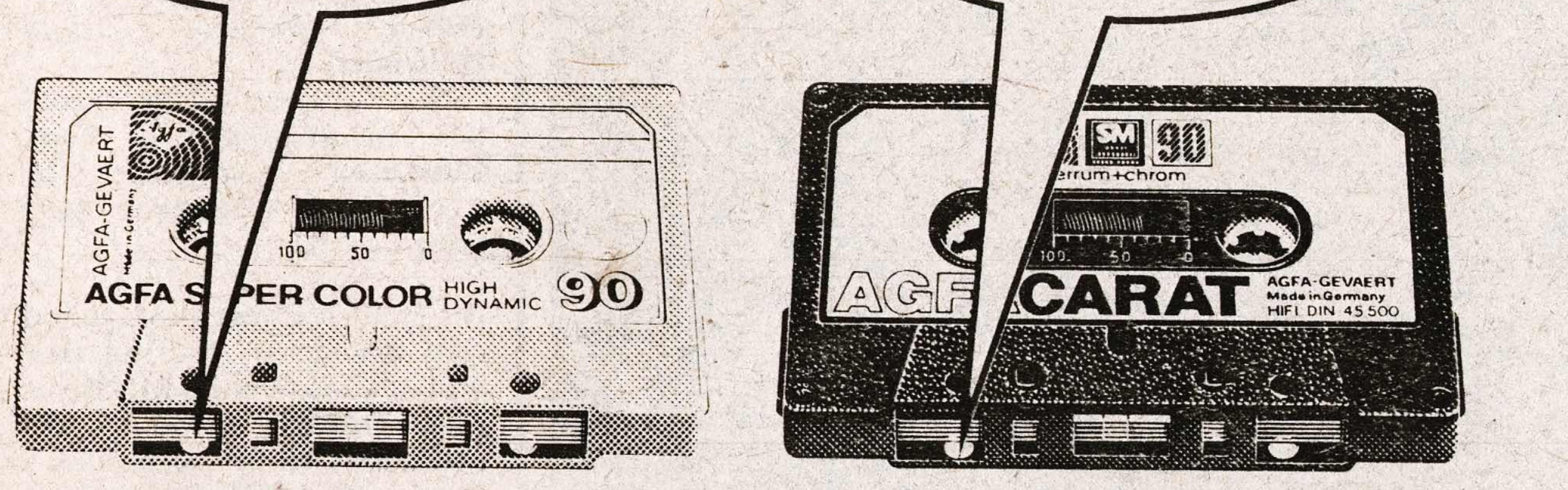
Agfa has 2 new cassettes worth listening to

New Agfa Super Color

High dynamics at low cost– a higher density of iron oxide gives recording level control and frequency response that are better than ever before, even on the simplest machines. With exclusive color coding for easy reference in your cassette library and a thumbslot for easier opening.

New Agfa Carat Ferrum + Chrom

The new high-quality cassette based on dual-layer technology that gives an unsurpassed performance: an upper chromium layer with optimum properties for recording high and highest frequencies and a lower layer of iron oxide for first-rate reproduction of low frequencies.



There's a lot to be said for Agfa

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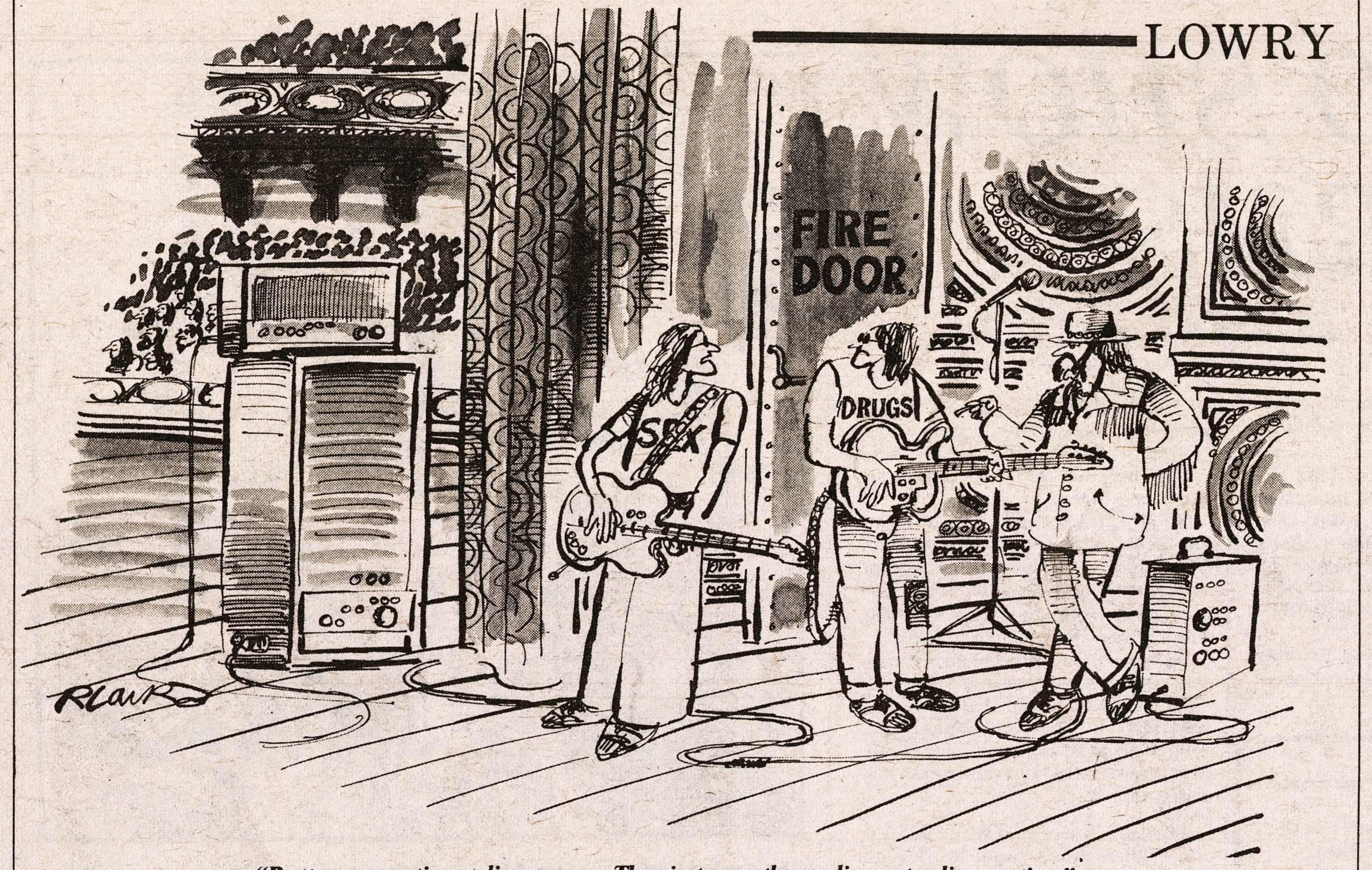


"Pretty unperceptive audience, man. They just gave the roadies a standing ovation."

REPORT BLASTS LOCAL RADIO

FOR SUPPORTERS of pirate radio — and other malcontents who for years have been railing against the poor state of radio in this country — the recently-released Annan report provided a much-needed shot in the arm.

The report baldly stated "at present local radio is a mess" and continued:

"Some members of the Committee think that the prospectuses of these stations cynically set out the bare minimum of public service broadcasting consonant with their being allowed the franchise; and then, having got it, the stations flagrantly failed to provide what little they had promised."

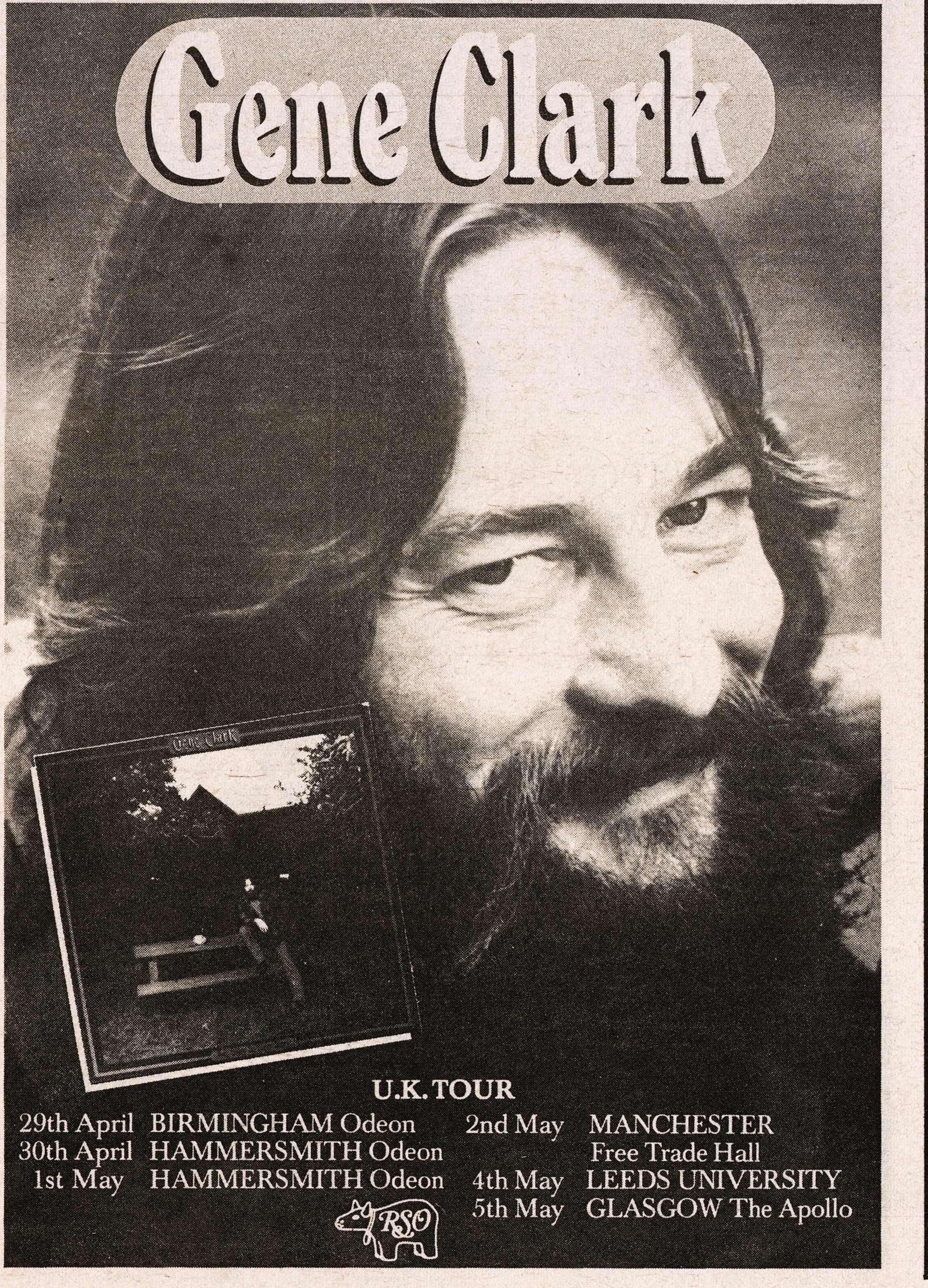
On Capital Radio the report said:

"Though financially successful, it is the antithesis of what local radio station should be. The output is so full of music and jingles that the advertisers have a hard time trying to beat the station at its own game."

Mention was made of the fact that Piccadilly Radio's application for a franchise "spoke of widening pop; instead they changed their policy to popularise the Top 40."

This same criticism was also levelled against Radio 1 which the report said ". . . is too chart-orientated, and should look more at other new forms of popular music which are coming up . . . we do have evidence that in the case of commercial stations, their pop is of a higher standard than is played by Radio 1."

□ DICK TRACY



BRITT'S RUDE FLICK — ROD'S CASH SPURNED

LOVELINES by VELDA DACQUIRI

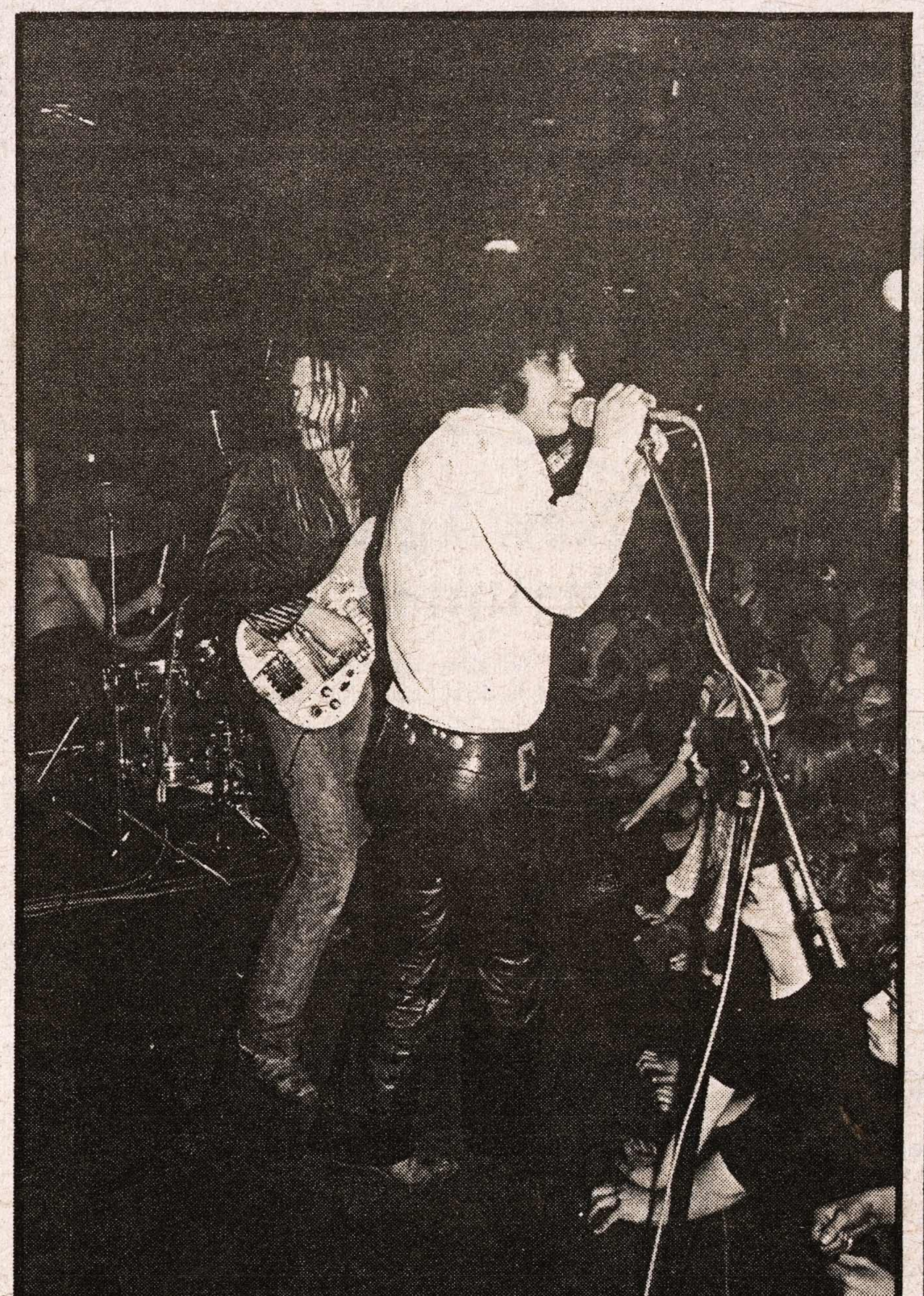
I WAS *fascinated* by a story in the *National Enquirer* about famous tax exile and rock singer **Rodney Stewart.**

According to the *Enquirer*, young Rodney recently tried to buy American distribution rights to a *nude film* made two years ago by his live-in lady friend **Britt** (isn't she lovely, *even* with clothes on?) **Ekland.**

Rod apparently wanted to *stop* the film from ever being *seen.* How *sweet.*

Unfortunately, producers paid no heed to the *six figure offer* Rodney made and the movie will go ahead and be shown in theatres *soon.*

Can't wait to *see* it, my angels, can you?



Yes, it's our Michael (Baron Farren to you animals out there) getting up onstage with Motorhead's Lemmy down the Marquee to give the audience some real fahn downhome rock'n'roll etc etc and generally kick ass, boogie, shuck, and jive. Like wow. (This has been a Music Business Photograph Caption.) Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

(Above:) Ms. Brooks in the "now" style. (Below:) Ms. Brooks in the "out of date" style.

I'VE ALWAYS RATHER *liked* **Elkie Brooks.** A real *ballsy* lady if ever I saw one, my dears. She may not have the antiseptic *prettiness* of **Farrah Fawcett-Majors** but she's twice as *sexy.* And at the ripe old age of 31 is not afraid to *flash her boobs* and let her thick curly hair run free.

A far cry, my angels, from the Elkie of 1965 (see picture) who looks prim, proper and *plump.* Ladies, it appears, like a good wine, improve with *age.*

My thanks to J.D. D.E.B. who sent me the '65 photo.

AND SPEAKING of sexy ladies, **Joanna Lumley** (who plays Purdey in *The Avengers)* sounds like a lady after my own heart for she told the *Daily Mirror:*

"I'd rather go out with Mr. Wrong because you *never* know, Mr. Right might be sitting at the next table and I can spot him pretty *fast.*"

So can I, dear. I spotted *all six* of my husbands while sitting next to a Mr. Wrong.

I AM so *relieved* that the BBC have slapped a ban on an album No. is entitled "Xaviera" by the author of *The Happy Hooker,* **Xaviera Hollander.**

Now at least I'll be spared the *embarrassment* of **Tony Blackburn** introducing the track which features a *gang bang* in a bar.

IF YOU'VE ever wondered why the lead singer of that non-new wave band Mr. Big is called **Dicken** I can reveal *all.*

"It used to be my brother's nickname," Dicken confided in me.

"I was called Pickem and he was called Dicken. You see I was good at picking 'em and he was good at. . ."

How *wonderful,* my sweet peas.

"My parents don't understand me."

"Why aren't you like all of your friends?"

"I don't understand."

"We don't understand YOU! All your friends have separate radios or record players and things and you have to buy a—what do you call it?"

"A music centre."

"A music centre. What did you want to go and buy one of those for? We thought you liked wires and all that other stereo paraphernalia all over the place."

"Look, for just over two hundred quid I've got a record deck, a tape deck and a three band radio. A load of volume like you're always complaining about and a great sound.—Yeah, I like it."

"Well that's as maybe. But there's something else your father and I want a word with you about."

"What's it now?"

"We're getting fed-up with all your friends coming round here playing records to all hours. Why don't they stay in their own homes for a change?"

"Maybe they prefer my sounds... AL'RIGHT!!!"

The SDT 7620 Music Centre. £225 r.r.p. Complete with dust cover and matching speakers. Hitachi music centres are available from £225 to £399 r.r.p.

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READ THIS — THERE'S MONEY IN IT

WHEN Immediate Records was launched in spring, 1965, its slogan was 'A New Record Company of Tomorrow Today'.

Founded by Andrew Loog Oldham, at that time Stones' manager and '60's hipkid, along with partner Tony Calder, it was the brightest independent label around, featuring redhot product from the likes of The Small Faces, Chris Farlowe, Amen Corner and The Nice, backed up by a production team including Mike D'Abo, Jagger (for a time), Steve Marriott and Ronnie Lane, and Oldham's own successful, super-speedy promo techniques.

With the help of pirate radio and the general British 'Swinging '60's' boom, Immediate's fortunes rocketed, allowing Oldham to maintain plush offices in London and New York while producing some of the definitive sounds of the period.

Five years later however, the dream was over, the company grounded by money troubles and problems with its top acts.

Oldham went bankrupt, Immediate went into liquidation and the lawyers moved in.

Our interest in the fortunes of Immediate, past and present, was sparked off by an accountancy firm's letter to *NME* claiming the sale of the Immediate catalogue had now been completed and that outstanding royalty payments could be made to all Immediate artists.

The accountants needed some assistance in locating various artists.

We told them where they could find Jimmy Page, Eric Clapton, Pink Floyd and Jeff Beck . . . informed them that Sam Cooke and Cyril Davis were both dead . . . but were stumped on the remaining cast — featuring names like the Outer Limits and Stuff Smith, who seemed born only to be forgotten.

For afficionados of Immediate *product,* however, the news looks good. Our call to the lawyers confirmed that the entire catalogue has been bought by NEMS, the cash settlement allowing past royalties to be paid.

Peter Knight of NEMS says all contracts have now been re-negotiated, and there are plans to reintroduce Immediate product slowly but surely on to the market.

Already out are The Small Faces "Ogden" album alongside two of their best singles, "Lazy Sunday" and "Itchycoo Park", Chris Farlowe's "Out Of Time" was a chart hit second time round and was backed by a "Best Of" . . . album, while Amen Corner and Nice albums rounded off the first batch of releases.

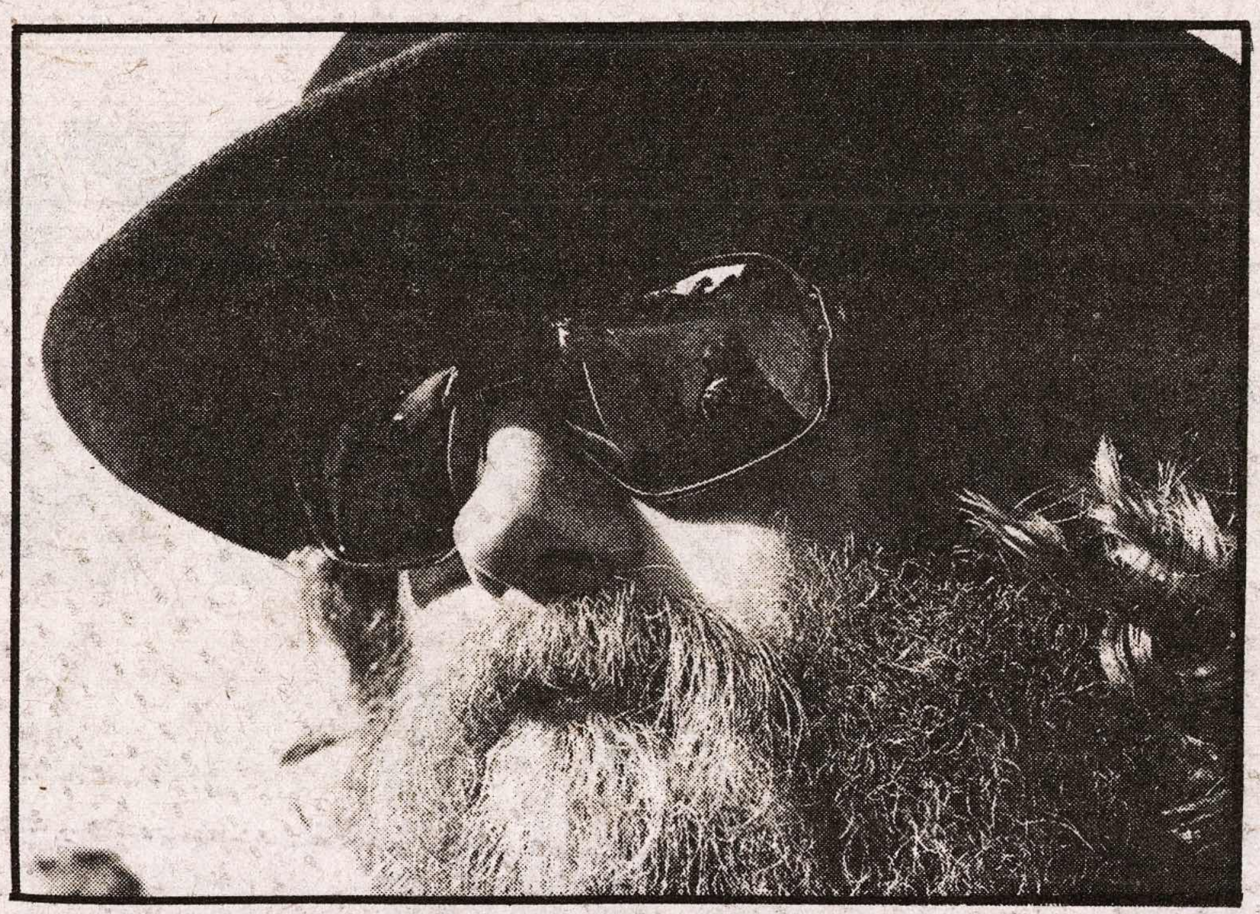
Plans for 1977 involve 12 albums and six singles including vinyl from Humble Pie and P.P. Arnold.

And when the re-releases start wearing thin, there are also plans to introduce new talent to the label. So Immediate lives on!

There this story might have ended, except that Knight put me on to Oldham himself, back in London for a short period after living in South America, enabling me to delve further into the history of this unique label.

Oldham's affection for that period of his mercurial career was obvious even over the phone as he talked at length about past plans and dreams.

By his account the whole story began in a telephone box. As manager of The Rolling Stones he was off to do a *Ready, Steady, Go* with the band after a particularly frustrating day dealing with Decca. The idea of putting together their own record label came up, the car was stopped, Oldham telephoned Leslie Gould at Phillips, securing a provisional yes on a distribution deal and by the time they got home that evening they had the Immediate label set to go.



Dreaming of what might have been . . . ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM.

Oldham had already been working with Tony Calder for some time— after they had merged public relations companies.

He talks of his 'Phil Spector dreams' of the time which merged well with Calder's interest in the facts and figures end of the business.

"We were all horny and greedy then," recalls Oldham.

Having been Stateside with the Stones and having met both Phil Spector and Bob Crewe, he was impressed not only by their production abilities but also by their business acumen.

The level of material success that those top engineers and producers were enjoying obviously turned the young Oldham's head.

Having a record company was not only an ideal vehicle for the Stones but also an important part of Oldham's masterplan.

At that time the British record market was dominated by four major companies: Decca, EMI, Pye and Philips.

Oldham reckons Joe Meek was the first independent producer who 'furnished and delivered everything', followed by Chris Blackwell who was going independent on his black product only, making Immediate the first independent label of the time.

The majors were happy to just stand around taking notes, letting the young pacesetter have its head. After all, they had nothing to lose and everything to gain, swiftly moving in to pick up on any promising trends Immediate uncovered.

As it turned out the Stones never did record for the label, though they did provide upfront money of £25,000. Oldham was quick to make it clear that this figure only covered buying out The Small Faces from their existing contract — and we never did get round to talking about where the rest of the finance came from.

The label debuted with three singles: "Hang On Sloopy" by the McCoys, "I'm Not Saying" by Nico (an Oldham discovery and production number) and the Dylan number "Bells Of Rhymney" by Fifth Avenue (produced, incidentally, by Jimmy Page).

The show was off and running and shortly the label had a strong stable of artists. However, according to Oldham it was only The Small Faces who really sold. The reputation of the rest he puts down to hype or the warping effect of time — which makes things look much bigger in retrospect than they were then. It was a good time though and a profitable one.

Immediate was making the pace, with Oldham displaying a confident knack for creating and grabbing headlines either as one of The Rolling Stones bad boys gang or as a young, hip label owner who ran a fleet of cars, was always jetting to the States, and who lived in splendour in a £40,000 mansion in Richmond.

Eventually however, the bubble had to burst.

Steve Marriott was once quoted as saying that the reason he liked Immediate so much was that it was like being back at school again. But it was this famous Immediate informality that led to its downfall.

Oldham analyses the label's demise

THE LUCKY WINNERS . . .

AN NOW for the good news . . . Stoy Hayward & Co., Chartered Accountants, of 54 Baker Street, London W.1 (01-486 5858) are trying to get in touch with all the following people *to pay them money.*

'Seasy as premium bonds, isn't it?

And while Clapton and Page may not need the windfall, we're certain there are others in the list who probably do.

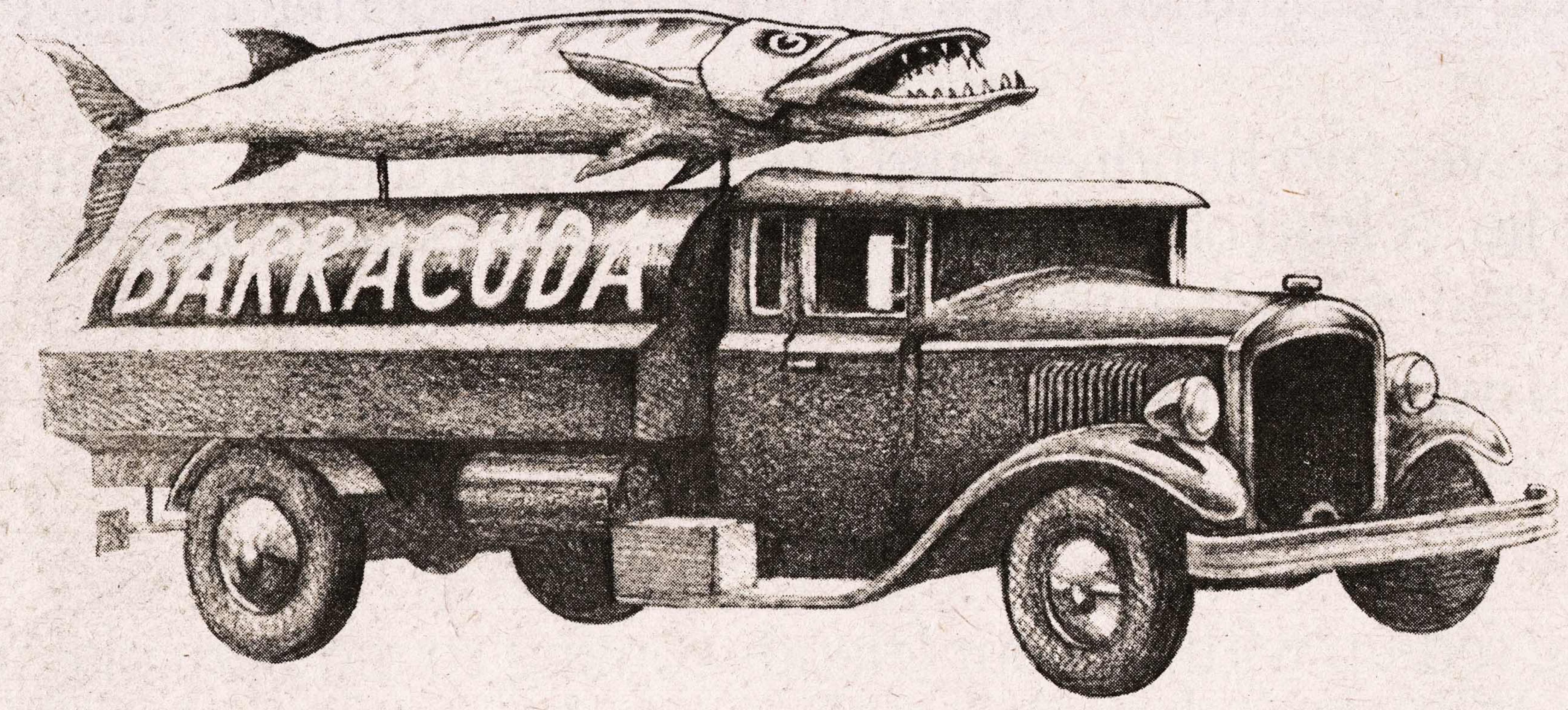
Eyes down: The McCoys, Chris Farlowe, P.P. Arnold, Warm Sounds, Aranbee Pop Orchestra, Mark Murphy.

Twice As Much, Amen Corner, Strange Loves, Duncan Browne, Mike D'Abo, Fleetwood Mac, Jeff Beck & His All Stars, Outer Limits.

Jimmy Page, Pink Floyd, Samson, Advance Pop Orchestra, Eric Clapton, T. Colton, Copperfield, Dharma Blues Band, Excelcoir Spring, Gullivers People.

Nicky Hopkins, Dave Kelly, Jo Ann Kelly, Albert Lee, John Mayall's Blues Breakers, T.S. McPhee, Savoy Brown Blues Band, Simon and Steve, Stuff Smith.

BARRACUDA'S



QUANTUM JUMP

as due to 'bad management of the money combined with the fact that the direction had started to go skew-whiff'.

With all their top bands producing there were few problems. But by 1969/1970 Amen Corner had broken up, The Nice were causing hassles for the company and were becoming expensive to record compared to what was coming back in returns, and one of The Small Faces had transmuted into Humble Pie, while the other hung around for Rod Stewart to pick up the pieces.

Humble Pie's "Natural Born Boogie" was a big hit for the label but by the time all the individual members' contracts had been sorted out — and they'd paid lotsa cash to buy out Frampton from The Herd — it ended up as a loss leader.

Looking back, Oldham believes that "If we had been clever or less idealistic we would have sold out to get an injection of cash and everything that goes with it."

But they hung on to their dreams and in March 1970 the company was put into liquidation and Oldham ended that stage of his career in the bankruptcy courts.

Tony Calder is now working at NEMS and presumably was able to sort out the complex rights situation for them.

As for Oldham's career since . . . well, that's another story.

□ DICK TRACY

JIM DIAMOND IS FOR EVER . . .

JIM DIAMOND is one of that now familiar breed of rock newcomers who verbally flaunt their talent as a challenge.

This small Scots singer confidently predicts: "I'm goin' t' be *massive*! I don't give a damn whether anyone else knows it, but I dae."

And he has further boasts to make. "I can go and see Aretha Franklin and Cocker and other great, great singers and think they're amazing. But it doesnae discourage me. I know they've got somethin' I havnae got, but" — and he smirks mischievously — "I've got something they havnae got. I can contribute as much to music as they can."

Diamond, vocalist/frontman of an excellent new group called Bandit, is on unfamiliar territory meeting the press — and consequently he's slightly nervous and unpretentiously candid.

Even when I produce a cassette recorder to tape the interview after a restaurant lunch he gasps with astonishment. "I thought you were gonnae

BANDIT, with Diamond on left.

play some sounds," he laughs.

But I'd say Bandit have the musical merits to realise his ambitions. Their debut album is magnificent. And on stage they have the same kind of confidence.

They're a hard rock outfit, featuring twin electric guitars and a variety of song styles: sometimes they're inflected by West Coast melodies, sometimes they possess a raw passion inspired by the black soul of Diamond's voice.

Jim himself has the simple, honest conviction that he and Bandit are talented and can entertain.

"In this business you've got to believe that you're bloody *great*," he explains.

"And if I didnae believe that, I wouldnae be doin' it. Coz it's pointless doing it for . . . well, whatever wages you get. You've got to believe that eventually you can buy a hoose, an' settle down, an' have a lot of bread t' fall back on y'know.

"I ain't a bread-head, but I've grafted for bloody years, man, an' I want it now. It's comin' close and I ain't gonna let it go.

"I've worked on building sites, on and off, all my life. I've worked up scaffolding when it's been snowing, and had to tie myself on. I've done all that. I know that I've got something to offer. I really dae.

"I've starved for years. I've been doing this for ten years. I've been up in Scotland gettin' £3 a week for playin'. If I wanted an easy alternative I'd be working on the buses, coz that would give me £40 a week and a council house.

"But if this doesnae happen, what have I got? If I do this for another five years, until I'm 30, and I don't happen, I wouldnae call that an easy way to make a living. Anybody who's in this business is a bit of a bloody lunatic, because you've got nothing to look forward to if you don't happen.

Diamond is a five and a half foot energy pack with frizzy ginger hair who's rashly anticipatory for a variety of reasons. For instance, he grew up in the same Glasgow rock circle that nurtured Maggie Bell, Frankie Miller and the AWB's Hamish Stuart.

He came to London as a teenager but quickly returned to Scotland when frightened by the enormous talents of his contemporaries. Then, only a few years ago, he returned to this *City Of Dreams*, and claims he was promptly exploited, robbed, and then dumped by a dishonest business advisor.

Battered but not beaten, he met Frankie Miller in a Richmond pub — and Miller suggested he should contact a journalist friend. He did, and the writer told him to record a demo tape which he'd pass on to producer John Alcock — who was later to record and break Thin Lizzy.

Alcock heard Jim's music and shouted *Ureka*! From that moment on he faithfully believed in the singer. He put him in touch with former Home bassist Cliff Williams, and together they roped in ex-Colosseum guitarist Jimmy Litherland, an unknown but superb drummer called Graham Broad, and finally another guitarist, Danny McIntosh. Still eager to assist further, Alcock fed Diamond, on more than on occasion paid his rent, and then found him management.

"The guy just nurtured the band from the beginning," Jim recounts with affection. It was Alcock who produced their first album, which mainly comprises Diamond's songs and is deliberately stark and sometimes raw — aimed at representing the fundamental character and ability of Bandit.

"We could have done a masterpiece album," Jim boasts, "because we had the producer who had the potential to do it. But John was trying — no t' have a band that lasts a year and nothing happens. We're trying to build it up."

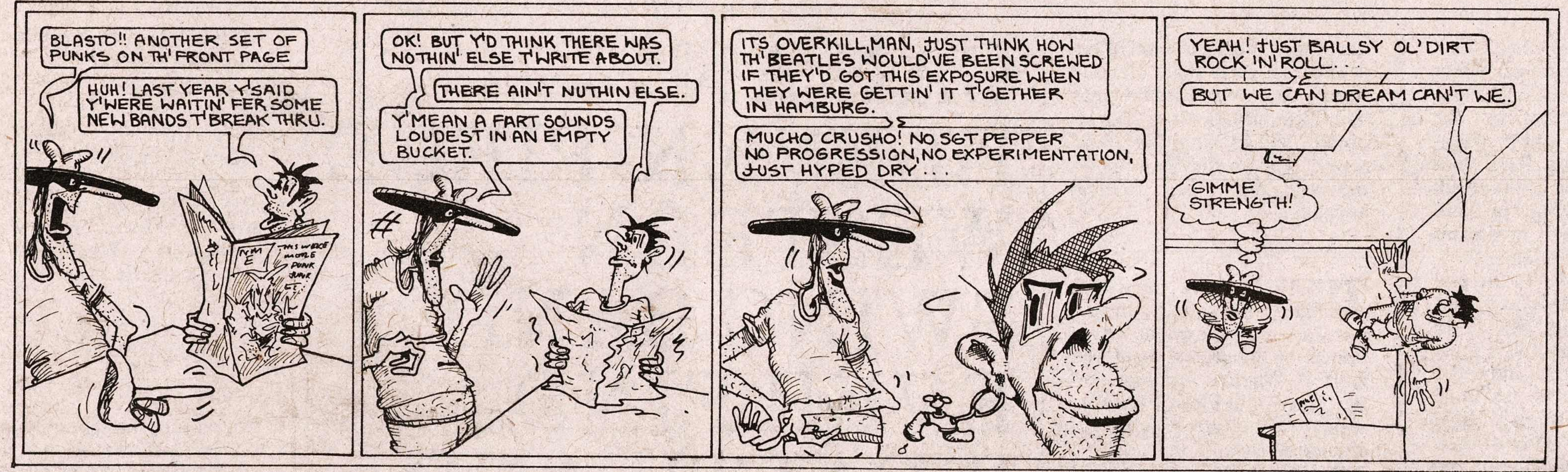
But Diamond's also aware he has, at some time, to justify his indiscreet boasts.

"I've been walkin' aboot for years telling everybody how great I am, and now I'm eventually in a position t' dae it. I'm putting myself in front of people, so all the talk stops. But I've been fighting to get that kind of pressure, and now it's there I love it.

"That's why it'll never get me doon, because I *know* I'll be massive. *I know it*. Naebody might believe me, but I believe me."

□ TONY STEWART

BENYON: The Lone Groover



GONNA GETCHA!

BARRACUDA

The second album from Quantum Jump. Catch up with the critics: "Original direct powerful weird wonderful bizarre berserk difficult to keep down Steely Dan you must class unique Zappa heavy soft get it soon . . ."

SONGS

About seances, America, your neighbours, mountains, barracudas and love.

PLAYING

As tight as tight and tasty as fork – plus contributions from such notables as Ray Cooper, Elkie Brooks, Geoff Richardson and the Penguin Café Orchestra.

A BAND

destined to devastate your ears soul brain and feet – totally original. Quantum Jump are gonna getcha – Barracuda's gonna getcha!

TRIX 3
The Electric Record Company.
UK Tour commences April 29. Also available on cassette. Marketed by Decca.

See **QUANTUM JUMP** on tour

May	3rd	*Cardiff Top Rank*
May	4th	*Manchester University*
May	5th	*Huddersfield Polytechnic*
May	6th	*Aston University Birmingham*
May	7th	*Sheffield University*
May	8th	*Maidenhead Skindles*
May	12th	*Royalty London*
May	13th	*Scarborough Penthouse*
May	14th	*Bradford University*
May	15th	*Greyhound Croydon*
May	16th	*Toby Jug Tolworth*

Watch out for additional dates

Asleep At The Wheel

By MICK FARREN

Asleep At The Wheel have signed on an extra member since this pic was taken.

The chap with the megaphone is an imposter.

WHEN YOU'RE around a band like Asleep At The Wheel, there's a phrase that keeps on springing into your mind. It's the one that Frank Zappa used to be so fond of using when he was talking about the old Mothers Of Invention. The phrase is "no commercial potential".

Don't think, however, that there's anything wrong with the band's music. Asleep At The Wheel are one of the tightest, best rehearsed and most professional outfits that I've seen in many an oft. The problem is that there are 11 of them, and they're all playing what can only be a minority interest music.

Commercial potential (or viability, if you like to use words like that) looks about as far away as the Holy Grail if you're thinking in terms of supertax, buying your mum a house and living in luxury. It's easy enough to lose money keeping a heavy metal three-piece on the road. The problems are multiplied by a factor of many when you're dealing with an 11-man Texas swing band.

Asleep At The Wheel don't appear all that concerned with supertax or living in luxury. Their aims are a lot more simple. They want to keep it together, keep it on the road and go on playing the kind of music that they obviously love.

YOU may be asking, round about now, what exactly is western swing? I've asked the same question of Lucky Oceans, the pedal steel player, and Link Davis, one of the two-man horn section.

Western swing is basically a hybrid, in the same way that rock and roll is a hybrid. It's a blend of black music and white country. Unlike rock, though, the black constituent isn't the kind of electric guitar orientated, small group R&B that sired rock. It goes further back to the free blowing big band jazz that flourished in Kansas City some 30 years ago.

From the middle to the end of the 1930s Kansas was a roaring, wide open city. A corrupt city administration and a prosperity based on grain and cattle made it possible to sustain a rowdy, vigorous red light district. Whores and brothels abounded. The night spots and casinos almost rivalled modern Las Vegas.

Although the wages were low, there was always work, and it drew musicians like a magnet. It was the place where Count Basie and Lester Young took their first steps on the road to immortality, and the youthful Charlie Parker first cut his teeth on an alto saxophone.

Although it's the black bands that are chiefly remembered from this era, Kansas City also attracted large numbers of white country pickers. This was only natural. It was the city where the Texas cattlemen went to spend their money and have themselves a good time.

It was inevitable that the country boys, when confronted by the hard driving, blues based, black bands with their big, open-ended horn lineups, should wonder how this kind of music could be incorporated with the guitar and fiddle country that they were playing.

Although quite a few attempted this difficult exercise in cross breeding, the most succussful were Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys. They developed a unique kind of big sound country that blended horns, guitars and fiddles into what amounted to a down-home, shit-kicking big band sound. The words Texas swing moved into the musical vocabulary.

THESE may be the simplified origins of the music, but they hardly explain why a bunch of longhairs from the land of Waylon Jennings and the Thirteenth Floor Elevators should take up playing it, almost against all the odds.

At this point lead guitarist Ray Benton takes up the story. Benton is the archetypal tall rangy Texan. he must stand a good 6'5" in his cowboy boots. He has a slow grin and a wispy blond beard. We're sitting in the coffee shop of the Nijmegen concert hall. The rest of the band are puzzling over the menu — written in a Dutch version of haute cuisine French. The Dutch coach driver is doing his best to be helpful but isn't getting very far.

Singer Chris O'Connell has her hair in curlers in preparation for the show. In the hall itself, Emmylou Harris's Hot Band are going through a sound check. Albert Lee is belting out "That's Alright Mama". Ray Benton chews reflectively as he talks about the early days.

"I guess we must have been the first hippies playing country music in the south. This was the time when everthing was split right down the middle. Hippies smoked dope and listened to rock and roll. The rednecks drank whiskey and listened to country music. It was kind of hard crossing those lines."

But why western swing? Surely most people who grew up on rock and roll and moved into country did it via Jerry Lee Lewis, Hank Williams or Willie Nelson, a path that led to guitar based bands.

"I suppose we just moved in another direction. You have to remember that quite a few of us were into jazz. It was just a natural coming together of everthing we were interested in. There's a lot of Count Basie and Lester Young influence in the band, as well as Bob Wills."

Was it hard getting started?

"It wasn't easy."

What kind of places did you play in those days?

"Anywhere that would pay us. Colleges, bars, honky tonks. It was rugged at times."

This fits in with the only other time I've seen the band. It was in Ann Arbor, Michigan, outside Detroit. I'd gone with Wayne Kramer and John Sinclair to see them in a tiny beer joint no bigger than the average British pub. At that time they were living in a converted Greyhound bus. Benson laughs.

CAN AN ELEVEN-PIECE WESTERN SWING BAND EVER FIND WEALTH AND PROSPERITY IN THE WORLD OF ROCK'N'ROLL?

A sympathetic probe into one of the burning questions of our age.

"We just about ran that bus into the ground."

But things have changed now?

"Hell, we still play a lot of the same places. Things still aren't that easy, but it looks as though they're getting better. This tour should help a lot."

You had quite a bit of help from Commander Cody along the way?

"Yes, George (Cody) helped us out a lot. We played on his tours, and that was quite a boost. Then the time came when he told us we ought to do it on our own. You can only help people up to a point, and then it isn't any help at all. It was hard at first, but it was the best thing in the long run."

By this time, the Hot Band has finished with the stage, and Asleep At The Wheel move out for their own sound check. One of the tunes they use to get a balance on the PA is Louis Jordan's "Choo Choo Ch' Boogie". It starts to be really obvious that the band are super eclectic. And this kicks off a conversation, back in the bar, with piano player Floyd Domino.

"We draw on a whole lot of sources. There's rock and roll, country music, blues. There's even some cajun music in there. You also shouldn't forget the jazz influence. That's really very important to us."

The mention of cajun brings up the name of Clifton Chenier. To me, Chenier is a legend on record. To Asleep At The Wheel, he's a familiar face.

"We done a few tours with Clifton. They can be weird at times. When we got down to the real deep south, we couldn't always play in the same places. The tour would split itself in half. We'd do the redneck honky tonks and Clfiton would to the chitlins circuit."

We get back to the subject of influences. With so much going on, isn't it hard to maintain the band's identity?

"You have to remember they're only influences. We don't go out and reproduce the past.

"The band works everything out its own way."

This becomes abundantly clear when the band go on stage to open for Emmylou. It's hard to imagine the blend between electric guitars, violins and horns if you haven't heard it before. The way Asleep At the Wheel put it across, it's clearly 1977 country and yet there are strange echoes of the 40s big bands. They are very definitely playing in their own ballpark, and according to their own rules.

About three songs into the set they baffle everyone by announcing that the next tune is by Count Basie. If anyone had told me a few hours earlier that I'd be standing at the side of a stage in a provincial Dutch concert hall listening to a country jump band from Texas playing Count Basie, I simply wouldn't have believed them. When I'm acturally on the spot, it all gets uncannily plausible, so plausible that I managed to forget the name of the song.

They steam into it with direct, down the line energy that could put the average rock and roll band to shame. The instruments aren't over arranged, but they cook along with an amazing free form precision. Particularly outstanding is drummer Scott Hennige. He lays down a kind of powerhouse bop drumming that is little short of miraculous. Even the stage crew are watching with rapt attention.

When you're talking about a band like Asleep At The Wheel, it's hard to avoid getting hung up on their musicianship. Sure they're good, exceptionally good, but they're not out on stage ot impress their audience with how smart they are. At root they're a good-time band, the sort of band you want to get a buzz on before you see them and keep it going all the way through the show. They're the sort of band for jumping, foot stomping and getting drunk to.

On the ride back to Amsterdam and the Hilton hotel some the band are showing signs of weariness. Link Davis complains ruefully.

"I haven't slept since I got to this goddam city."

The lure of the Amsterdam clubs, Dutch beer and almost legal hashish has been too much for these boys from Texas. The previous night they'd played the infamous Paradiso and then some of them went on to a bar and jammed with a few of the Hot Band. Tonight, on the two hour drive from Nijmegen, they resolve to make it a night of rest.

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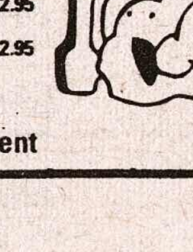

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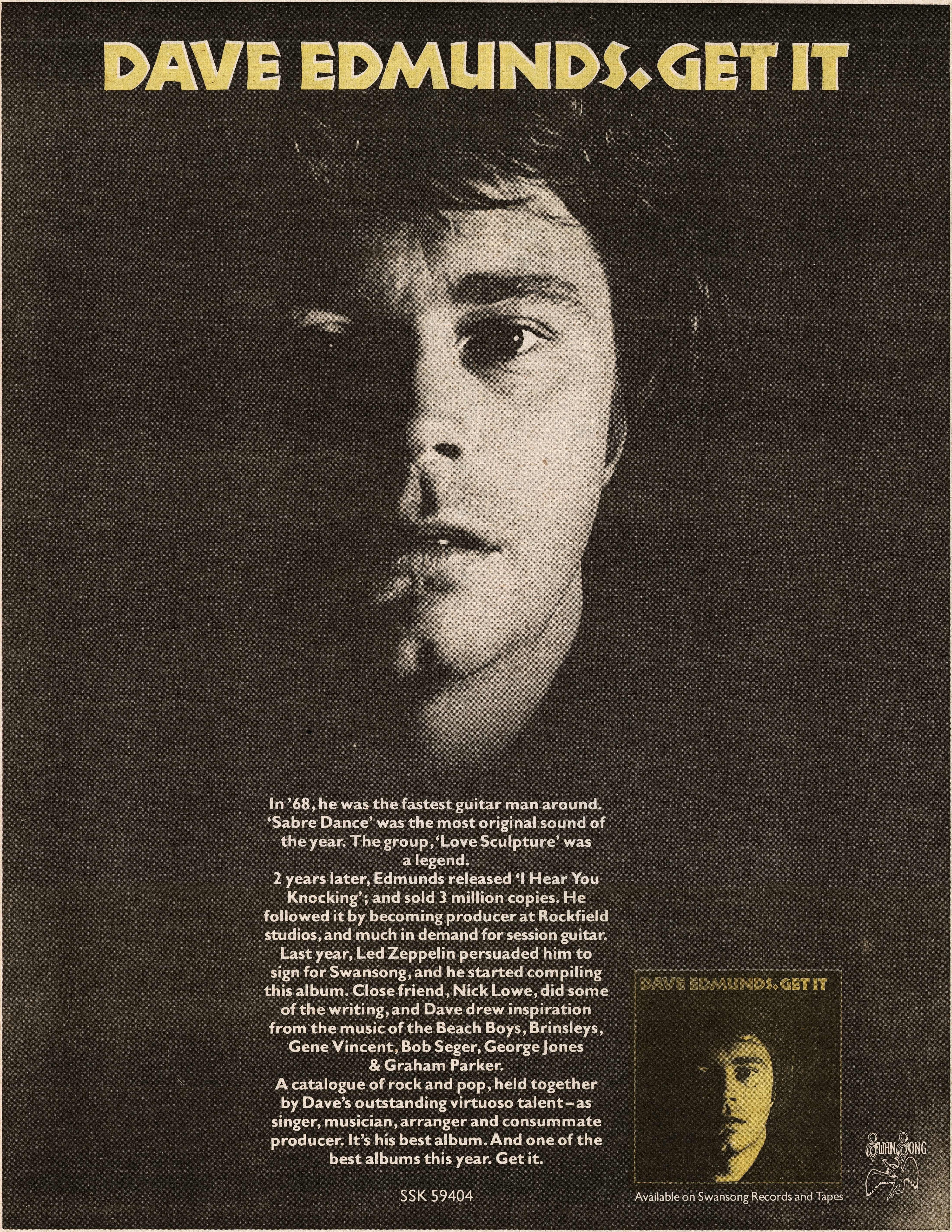
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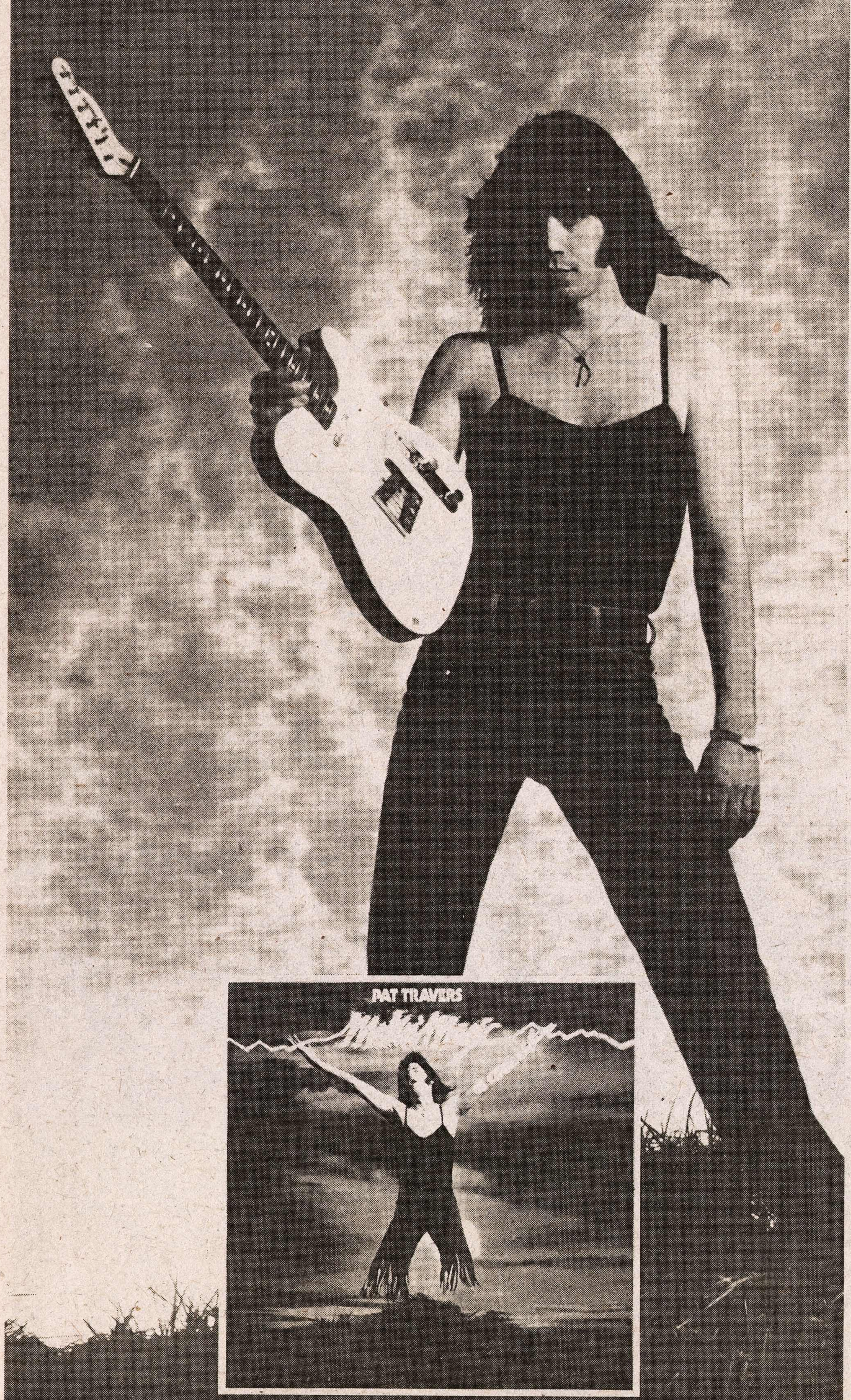

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"Mirror, mirror on the wall, what happens next?" ANNA McGARRIGLE. *Pic: Pennie Smith*

Dancer with bruises . . .

THERE ARE three sisters altogether. Jane, the eldest, who sometimes plays organ on her sisters' records, lives a happily married life in California, and the other two are Anna and Kate — to place them according to age, though Kate is the more self-assertive of the two and usually adopts the manner of a senior partner. Anna is demure and reserved, and says little from beneath a heavy fringe; however her comments, though rarer than Kate's, are probably more carefully chosen.

They write separately — songs that are often about each other, their family and friends — and indeed lived apart for some time; Kate went to New York to try to gain a foothold in the music business, while Anna stayed close to her roots in Montreal.

Kate: "The year after I finished college, I decided to try and make a living at music, somehow — though I wasn't sure how. I played in folk clubs with another girl for about a year."

Neither Kate nor Anna had much to list under "previous experience", though as long ago as 1967, while still a student, Kate had written some music for a National Film Board of Canada travelogue film.

Their first breaks began to come because both were exceptional songwriters. Maria Muldaur, an alumnus of the New York club scene whose name at that time meant little across America, recorded Kate's "The Work Song" on her debut solo effort, an album that subsequently went double-platinum.

Almost simultaneously, Linda Ronstadt made Anna's "Heart Like A Wheel" the title-track on the album that is arguably her finest. Also, Kate's "Come A Long Way" appeared on "Attempted Moustache" by Loudon Wainwright, who was by then her husband.

On the strength of material such as this, Warner Bros signed the sisters, and probably didn't realise the full nature of their investment until the debut album "Kate And Anna McGarrigle" saw the light of day.

It was a beautifully realised album, given minimal promotion, which Kate and Anna themselves augmented in Britain with two solitary concerts. But the album was unanimously well-received in Britain, and also in America; the *New York Times* listed it as second best rock album of 1976, after Stevie Wonder's "Songs In The Key Of Life".

After the heady excitement generated by the first album, their second, "Dancer With Bruised Knees" was bound to be a disappointment, but it compounded its difficulties with some inherent weaknesses.

Though many of the songs still retained the elusive charm of the McGarrigles' compositions, there were fewer textural variations instrumentally, and because the arrangement of the songs lacked a discernible structure, neither side developed as dramatically as on the first album.

Taken in its entirety, "Dancer With Bruised Knees" contained some excellent compositions, but lacked the emotional depth charge of its predecessor.

IT was with accumulating uneasiness that I explained these reservations about the album to Kate and Anna when I interviewed them in their Notting Hill Gate hotel. There was, however, no cause for discomfort.

"I would probably be in complete agreement with you," admitted Kate. "Basically, I like all the tracks, but whereas we had lots of time to put the first one together, this was finished in a very short time. We could have improved on it, because the songs were there. I just don't think enough care was put in at the end."

Anna explains: "The producer (Joe Boyd) was banging us over the head, saying if we didn't finish it quickly we'd have to cancel the European tour — but this was just the reason he gave us. The real reason he wanted it finished was that he didn't want to run over budget — although as it turns out we did anyway, and lost the second part of our advance for the second year running."

"One of the suggestions", offered Kate, "was to do something with the two traditional French Canadian songs. Obviously the first one had to come first because it leads into the other, but we could have done something like fading out the first at the end of side one and fading in the second at the beginning of side two. We just didn't have the time to examine these various possibilities.

"Also, soundwise to me it just doesn't hang together. The first record just flows beautifully, and moves naturally from track to track. The second one doesn't."

Anna protested "You're making it sound a dreadful record."

"No, it's not dreadful, it's just unfinished."

(This much is certainly evident, even apart from the music. The back cover carries a particularly unflattering photograph of Anna which make her look almost twice her age. Both girls dress casually, almost dowdily, and seem careless about their general appearance. But I still can't believe that picture was passed with equanimity.)

"Dancer With Bruised Knees" had presaged problems

ANNA (left) and Kate. Pic: Pennie Smith

A blow by blow account of how things sort of went wrong . . . KATE and ANNA McGARRIGLE discuss their new elpee with BOB WOFFINDEN

from the outset. For example, in spring 1976 the McGarrigles told *NME*'s Miles that they were declining to use Boyd as producer for a second time. They'd wanted to employ Greg Prestopino, who'd been co-producer for "Kate And Anna McGarrigle".

"Greg is incredibly meticulous", enthused Kate. "He has a tendency to re-work everything until everyone is blue in the face — which is why Joe wasn't going to work with him again.

"The problem was that unfortunately he'd gone way over budget on an earlier commission for Warner Bros, and so they wouldn't let him produce our album on his own, unless we did it in California under the watchful eye of the company.

"Anna and I didn't want to go out to California for two months, using all the Californian musicians — the same ones everyone else uses — and we didn't want to do it their way.

"The other alternative was to find another producer to work with Greg. But we didn't want to bring in someone whom no-one knew.

"So we made a decision, and said OK, we'll do it with Joe. And we made it in Montreal and New York."

All of which begs the question — who'll be directing operations next time?

"I don't know", confessed Kate, "we'll just have to wait to see if Warner Bros pick up our option. If they do, we'll probably need to think about it for a while; but it's disappointing to have to think about the third one when the second has only just come out."

IF The McGarrigles seem to pursue an uneven course of relationships with their record company, it is perhaps something that seems wilfully imposed. (Though in other respects they are such unique talents that it might be in Warners' interest to nurture their investment with particular solitude.)

Kate and Anna's joint professional career has thus far been characterised by erratic levels of activity and commitment. They can hardly be the most compliant artists on Warners' books.

Just before their debut album was released, they played for two weeks in Boston with, on their own admission, substantial company support. Anna: "We went there to try out a band, and played a small place called the In Square Men's Bar. It's a kind of tavern where people go in at one o'clock in the morning until they fall off their chairs. In the evening it's turned over to the college crowd for their live performances.

"We were making 250 dollars a week there. It was costing Warner Bros 4000 dollars a week to put us on."

These dates were intended to be the prelude to a lengthy U.S. tour, but that didn't happen.

Kate: "Warners had said they wouldn't release the album until we had a working band together, and said they would support the whole thing — as they had been doing in Boston. They said, "Put a band together, and we'll pay all your costs — but you'll have to do it under our direction"'.

Warner Bros stipulated certain conditions. For example, they didn't want to have anyone from Montreal ("They don't know what they're doing up there") and the girls had to be under the control of a Musical Director.

"Anna and I had never been in a situation like that, and I couldn't cope. The band we had chosen were bickering, and I couldn't have done a six-week tour under these conditions.

"So while they put out the record, we cancelled the tour, more or less using the excuse that I was pregnant, but really that wasn't that demanding.

"Then summer came around, and someone said 'Would you like to go to England?' And Warner Bros said maybe we'll support it, though as it turns out they just paid our air fares. So the situation there was that we chose the people ourselves, and rehearsed with them. We didn't have any money to pay out, other than what we were making on the dates, which we split between us. So we more or less performed how we wanted to, with the people that we wanted to."

The British dates included the July Wakes festival, where their act followed a beauty contest ("The one wearing least won the prize," claims Anna), and a London date at the Victoria Palace that was memorable for its ambience of charming amateurishness.

Those live performances helped build a groundswell of favourable opinion that accounted for their initially greater popularity on this side of the Atlantic (perhaps they could have emulated it in the States, had they actually played those gigs); it was a reputation they were able to consolidate on their wider tour of Britain in February.

However, even these live performances were typically not without their attendant traumas. After the London date, which had itself been beset by sound problems, Dave Mattacks packed his drumsticks and left without saying goodbye.

"The vibes were awful," Anna recalled, "Dave was mad with us, and we didn't know it. He wouldn't use sticks any more because about three gigs earlier I had introduced the electric part of the set as '. . . and now we come to the noisey part of the show' — and Dave took offence, though I only found out about this the day after he quit."

Kate: "He usually plays bass in 'Foolish You', and suddenly I turned round at the gig and noticed he wasn't. It just all seemed like an argument at some crummy rehearsal, and I looked out and there were 3,000 people there. It was awful. I just burst out laughing."

Anna: "And I looked across and thought, why on earth is she laughing?"

It seems that (without casting aspersions on Mattacks) the gigs improved considerably after his departure. Although all the arrangements had been worked out to include percussion, it was found possible to manage without. In any case, there is always a problem working with drums when an acoustic piano is one of the lead instruments.

Mattacks, who had also worked on stage with the Mc Garrigles on their 1976 London date, is featured on three tracks on "Dancer With Bruised Knees".

"Dave and Pat (Donaldson bassist) just happened to be in North America touring with Joan Armatrading when we were making the record, and Joan brought them up to Montreal."

Neither Kate nor Anna have seen Mattacks since. They are currently undertaking their first tour of the U.S., with a revised band, playing dates on the East Coast with Bonnie Raitt.

CANADA is abundant in untapped natural resources, of which its musical heritage seems not the least part. Whereas Joni Mitchell, Neil Young and The Band have however all chosen to work almost exclusively in the United States, the McGarrigles sealed their own niche by choosing to utilise previously-unheard French Canadian traditional songs and other compositions by local songwriters.

"Kate And Anna McGarrigle" had included one song, "Foolish You", by a writer called Wade Hemsworth.

Kate: "Wade is a 60-year-old draughtsman from Montreal — he's retiring this year. He had been a surveyor in North Canada for some time, and wrote a number of songs for the Canadian National Film Board. One of them, 'The Blackfly Song', became very famous in folk clubs in Canada and the U.S. and worked its way into traditional circles; people genuinely didn't realise there was an author to that song."

They had intended to include another Hemsworth song, "In The Land Of The Musket And The Shining Birch Tree", but once again the urgency of the sessions dictated otherwise.

Anna: "We tried recording it live in the studio with a bunch of musicians who all knew the song. But it didn't come out sounding that good and Joe didn't want to bother re-doing it, so when Kate was fooling around with a song called 'Never Had No Biscuits', Joe said 'Let's put that on'.

"So we did it there and then with bass, drums and harmonics, but that wasn't at all the way we used to do it. We'd always performed it simply, with four voices and one acoustic guitar."

"Never Had No Biscuits" — included on "Dancer" under the revised title, "The Biscuit Song" — had been written by another local friend, Gault McDermott, who had achieved international fame as the composer of *Hair*.

"Gault is also from Montreal," Kate informed me, "even though most of his music was written in South Africa. He was a friend of Wade's. 'The Biscuit 'song' was on a tape he had made with a friend of ours about 12 years ago, and it's been in our family that long. I don't think any of the songs have ever been recorded or even published.

"It was such a surprise to all of us to learn that he'd written the music to *Hair*, and that he'd gained all this popularity, because he's a very, *very* straight guy.

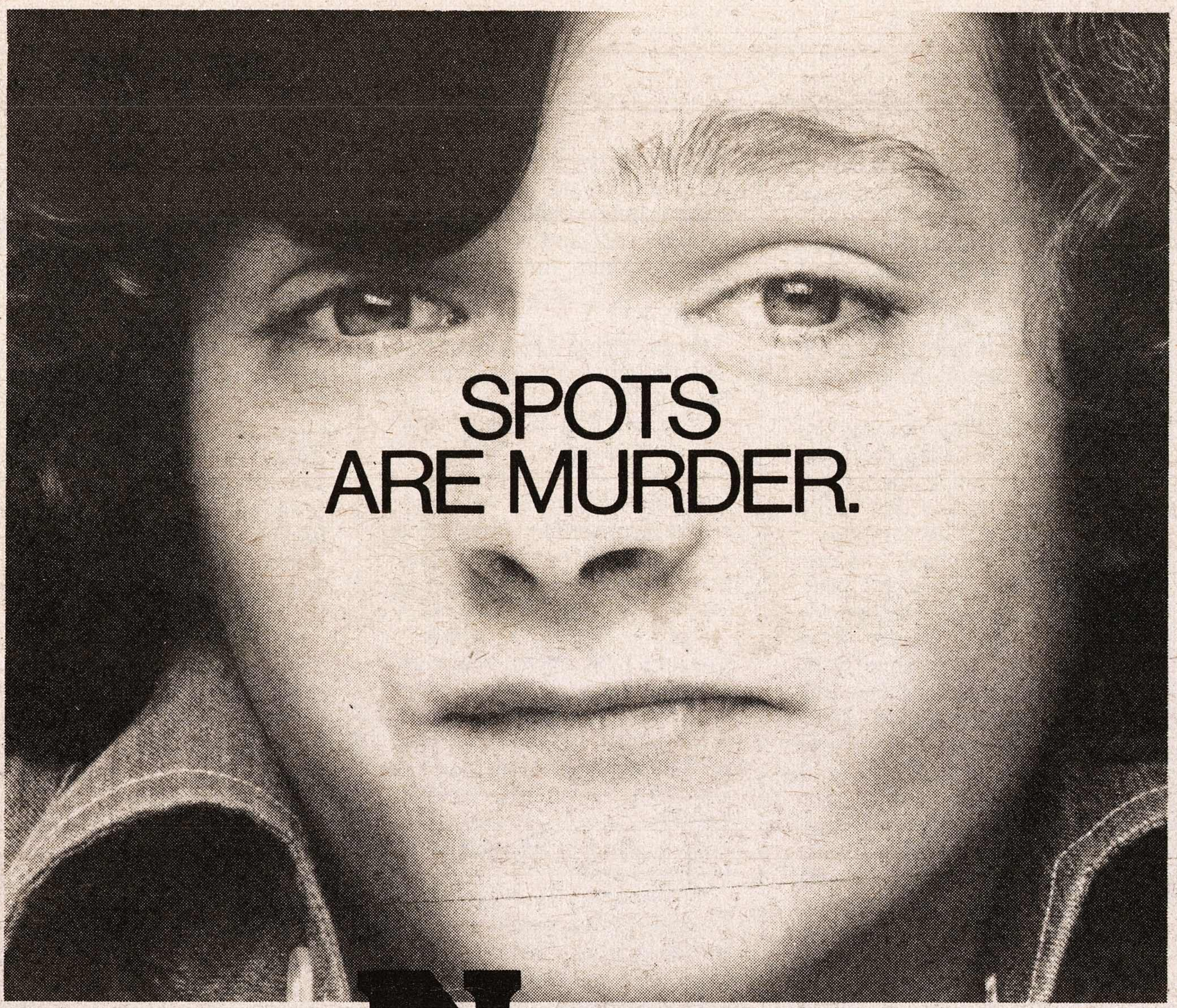
"But we will probably go back to that tape for songs in future."

The Montreal Connection has now been trengthened again, for Kate has moved back there ("Kitty Come Home") after living in New York with Loudon Wainwright. They'd just survived celebrating their fifth wedding anniversary before the marriage fell apart last year. Most of Kate's songs, she says, are either directly about or at least refer to her relationship with Wainwright.

No doubt back in Montreal she and her sister will find fresh stimuli and fresh subject-matter for their own songs — even the cryptically-titled "Homage A Grungie" concerns another friend from back home, a well-liked local artist whom the sisters refer to as Grungie.

"And we lost the second part of our advance for the second year running. Ho Ho Ho."

Pic: PENNIE SMITH



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Hot hits from the fun factory...

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

THE TABLE: Do The Standing Still (Virgin) "The pig dogs cometh and to me they snort!" Yeah, I know the feeling. Taken at breakneck pace, this is the perfect synthesis of punk and art school rock. Subtitled "Classics Illustrated", the song was written by Russell Young, Tony Barnes and Len Lewis and produced Near the Table. Singing an amalgamation of various comic-book cliches in a passably lewd Ferry impersonation, Young is joined on the Berserk Bass Line by Barnes, (who doubles on Martian guitars — oh, that explains it), while Lewis thrashes hell out of his drum kit.

The careless disregard for conventional pacing suggests that if Syd Barrett had never freaked out and left Floyd or *had* freaked out but teamed up with Kevin Ayers, *this* is what he'd sound like.

Punk psychedelia or charlatan art? Who knows, but in exactly three minutes it escalates from mere lunacy to all-out madness.

And to think The Table (seen leering in Marks and Sparks' ladies' underwear department on the neat picture sleeve) once received a polite rejection slip from J. Peel. Hope Liverpool win the sweet FA Cup, John.

VERY CLOSE, BUT. . .

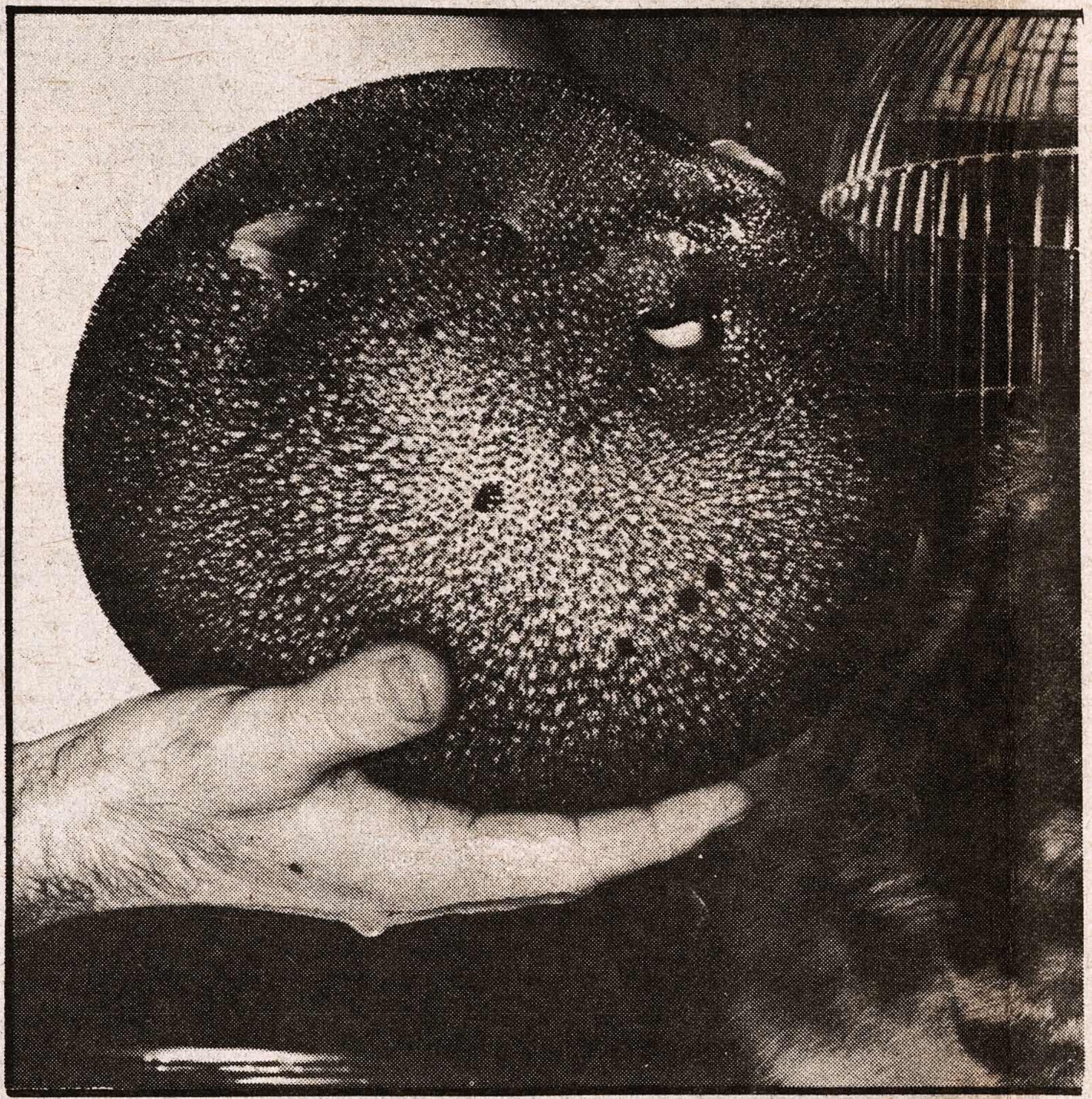
RADIO STARS: Dirty Pictures (Chiswick). Here are three young lads with a nice line in hobbies: *"I want to take dirty pictures of you/The dirtier the better, only filthy will do."* Ensconced within the introductory fade-out feedbacks is a couple of minutes of ferocious (early Kinks/Who) concrete music, the best of bonce-spinning British smut-rock.

Punk smut or masturbatory magic? Who knows, but in any other week this would have to be 'The Single Of'.

You know what Sparks were supposed to be? Well, these lads (Andy Ellison, Ian Macleod, Martin Gordon) are it. The BBC will love them. Not only will they not be able to play it *("I get my kicks up in the alley with my Kodac Instamatic")* but the picture sleeve is a neat, thumb-printed *Radio Times* pastiche featuring a naughty lady in black lingerie who is not exactly unattractive to men (photos by Hugh Hefner, haha).

STEVIE WONDER: Sir Duke (Motown). This could have been Single of the Week, too, were it not an LP cut. Less demonstrative than "I Wish", "Sir Duke" is Wonder's totally unaffected tribute to Ellington, brilliantly juxtaposing a quasi-big band sound and his own unique gift for sinewy, sensuous arrangements. In three minutes he says more about the Duke than an entire segment of Tony Palmer's pontificating *All You Need Is Love*. *"Music is a world within itself/With a language we all understand,"* and damn few people comprehend music's inherent universality better than Wonder. The overall effect is truly uplifting and "Sir Duke" is gonna sound great on the radio for the next few weeks.

LAVENDER HILL MOB: Nazz Are Blue (United Artists). And so, too, could this have been SOTW were it not a B-side. "Party Song" on the A-side is harmonised, synthesized pop-rock of no particular merit, but flip it and — drunken revellers revel! — you have the undiluted pleasure of Jeff Beck's golden oldie done dead straight. A 12-bar in the "Statesboro Blues" vein, "Nazz" was never performed better by The Yardbirds themselves.



The band are Canadian, out of Montreal, and have an excellent guitarist in Ronny Jones, always dominating the good keyboard work of Chuck Chandler. It's real hand-over-fist stuff as Jones scales, slopes, soars, slides, spins, sears and snorts. A dead cert for the juke box.

NOT CLOSE EXACTLY, BUT NOT BAD

THE BIG WHA-KOO: Don't Knock (ABC). Just walk right in, shaking those tambourines. That excellent producer Roy Halee has concocted a Hypnotically Syncopated sound for the Big Wha-Koo's (lovely name) cruel mock-gospel arrangement for a song which exhorts *"Don't knock, big pussy"* in one verse whilst pleading *"Jesus, my life, my guide"* in another. The choral "Oh yeahs!" are thus exceedingly amusing. I've taken the B-side ("Oh Philistine") as my new theme song.

JOHNNY NASH: Rock You To Your Socks (Epic). Super smooth, v. slick etc. pop-soul from the man whose high-register control makes Demis Roussos sound like a big fat Greek (hang on, that can't be right). After almost single-handedly putting bastardised reggae on the map in America, it seems entirely appropriate that Nash should record "Jamaica" on the B-side. Well produced by Sonny Limbo and Mickey Buckins — no, come on, what are your *real* names?

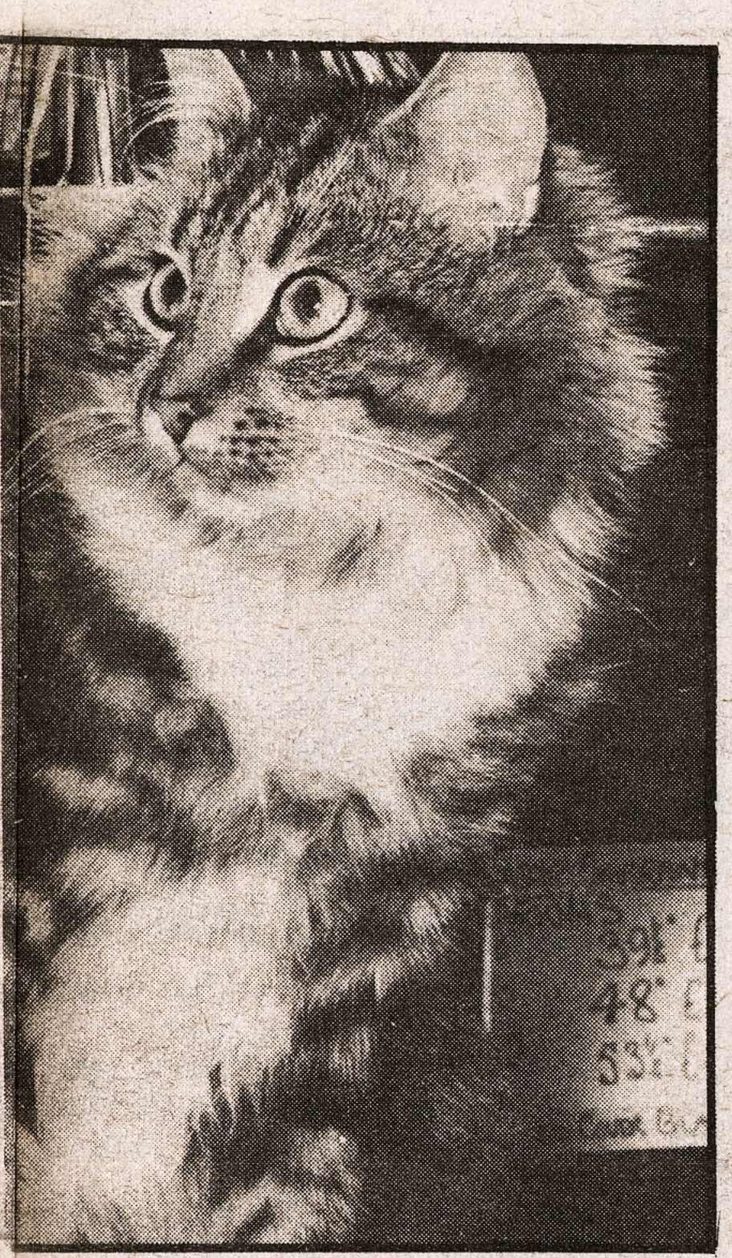
GALLAGHER & LYLE: The Runaway (A&M). A stringed-and-mandolined version of "She's Leaving Home" '70s-style, with pills and xenophobia replacing used-car salesmen and confused parents. The harmonies are sublime, the musicianship

Why do they keep doing this to us, mummy?

LES

Reviewed This Week
by MONTY SMITH

... or another consignment of non-biodegradable waste?



Who knows. but here it is anyway.

exemplary but save your pennies for the "Love On The Airwaves" album.

SLADE: Burning In The Heat Of Love (Barn). Whatever *did* happen to Slade? No matter, they haven't changed that much, bless 'em, though old Noddy's a bit subdued (by his own flob-on-the-sawdust standards). An appealingly old-fashioned (I'd put it at 1974, *at least)* rocker, extremely dense.

I guess they're still the right side of 25 since the B-side is "Ready Steady Kids", an all-out anthem replete with "flipping their lids" and "smokin' cigs". Cute.

AIRWAVES: So Hard Living Without You (Rockfield). I don't know who ever compared Slade to The Beatles, but this lot haven't half been listening to The Beach Boys. Combining an ethereal "Pet Sounds" instrumental track with the harmonic complexities of, say, "Sunflower", Airwaves prove that Brian Wilson Lives OK (somewhere). Pat Moran's immaculate production clinically spotlights the vocal dexterities. It sure beats Alessi's wet imitations, but who are Airwaves? On the B-side they're dead ringers for Status Quo. Only kidding.

HITS ANYWAY

LEO SAYER: How Much Love (Chrysalis). Another Number 1 from the LP "Endless Supply Of Hits So Long As Not *Too* Many People Buy The Album"? That forced falsetto backed by neo-Stateside musicians under the tutelage of Richard "Friend Of The Stars" Perry isn't my idea of a good time, and I suspect that this won't sound good even on a pub jukebox. Too calculated, must do well. The flip is better, urgent strings, but still very bedsit.

ALVIN STARDUST: Growing Up (Magnet). Produced by Jonathan King, an unbeatable combination, eh? Shane Fentons never grow up, they just change direction when it's too late. An absurdly over-produced confection which owes more to Robert Goulet than Gary Glitter. An MOR anthem for bemused infants.

JUDGE DREAD: 5th Anniversary EP (Creole) You can be damn sure that Judge Dread will never grow up. Automatically banned by the Beeb so automatically a big seller, and since there are four songs here for 70p. . . The only disconcerting note is struck by "Bring Back The Skins", a lament to the skinheads' demise. The only skins I ever knew you either put around expensive tobacco substances or bought for two bob from the public toilet *(Ouch. — Ed.)* Essentially a British music hall comic, Judge Dread says out loud what Benny Hill mimes with his eyebrows. Harmless rubbish.

THE UNACCEPTABLE FACE OF C&W

GERRY FORD: Which One Will It Be (Emerald). Surely not *the* G. Ford? He certainly looked like a man who liked a cry in his beer. This is a grotesque *Rich Man, Poor Man* saga of a guy contemplating selling one of his four children (guess he's Catholic) to his better-off brother. A happy ending: "*When we say grace/We're not missing one little face*". I give up.

JODY MILLER: Roll Me On The Water (Epic) Why unacceptable? Well, if I weren't such a chauvinist, this could've been Single Of The Week. Bonnie Koloc's country-rocker (whether it's sexual or religious I wouldn't hazard a guess) is given its definitive treatment by Ms Miller, whose strong, crystalline voice is far superior to your Ronstadts and your Emmylous. *(Eeek. — Ed.)*

WHY WERE THEY RELEASED?

FORBES: The Beatles (Power Exchange). Cheeky buggers. A bunch of Swedes mount an insulting tribute to the Fab Four *("Yesterday's a lovely one/Like all the other ones they've done")* as synthesized disco-junk. Unspeakable.

SCREAMING LORD SUTCH: Jack The Ripper (Decca). Was David Sutch, Parliamentarian *manque*, sharer of stage with coffins, alligators and Himalayan bears, really the inspiration for young Vince Furnier? Were we really this dumb in 1963? Will Decca get back their pressing costs? Has it finished?

GEORGE HATCHER BAND: Black Moon Rising (United Artists). A perversely elaborate arrangement for what is essentially a misguided hybrid of rock'n'soul. Strangled vocals and sub-Hendrix guitar, horribly chaotic. Give me Creedance's "Bad Moon Rising" every time.

CLODAGH RODGERS: Incident At The Roxy (Polydor). "A galaxy of faces we all know. . ." When was the last time you saw Clodagh down Woolworths let alone the Roxy. Oh different Roxy, sorry. Very dramatic strings. Sounds exciting, this other Roxy. Bit noisy though.

SINGLES OF THE WEAK

THE SUPPORTERS CLUB: We Want The Cup (DJM). After watching the Chelsea-Wolves match earlier this season, Henry Kissinger reckoned that "only the English could make profanity poetic." He should come down my local — less like Tennyson you could never wish to hear. . . However, this concentrates on the less, er, esoteric chants and is optimistically aimed at all *four* FA Cup semi-finalists. No self-respecting Cherry Red would tolerate either side: pseudo-*Big Match* march on the A, phoney-Volga boatmen gloominess on the B. Produced by Mike Smith (no relation). Dyslexia Rules KO!

DEEP PURPLE: Smoke On The Water (Purple). Now this is something the Chelsea Shed boys could really get their feet into. If smashing in Luton store fronts is now considered *de rigeur*, Purple's posthumous maxi-single (all live cuts) will have the Shed laying into OAPs in no time.

AND SOME OF THE OTHERS

Did you see **KOFFEE'N-'KREME** on *New Faces?* Weren't they swell? And here's **"My World (Keeps Getting Smaller Everyday)" (Jet),** which is just a bit late for the Eurovision Song Contest. Or is it? Come in, Angela Rippon. . .

OUT TO LUNCH'S "This Is Your Life" (Transatlantic is too sophisticated for our Eammon, its manipulative archness too derivative for just about everyone else. . .

THE FROGGS (how sweet) present their grossly unamusing *Muppett* rip-off on **"Puppet Love (Paladin),** whilst Norman Whitfield tries Rose Royce Permutation No. 273 with **"Let's Go Down To The Disco" (Whitfield)** by **UNDISPUTED TRUTH.**

SUPERSTAR, ka-choonk-a-choonk, says **"Move Up Hutch" (Doctor),** ka-choonk over Starsky and **KENNY ROGERS** *(sans* First Edition) does his famous Lee Marvin impression on the excessively maudlin "Lucille" **(United Artists). . .**

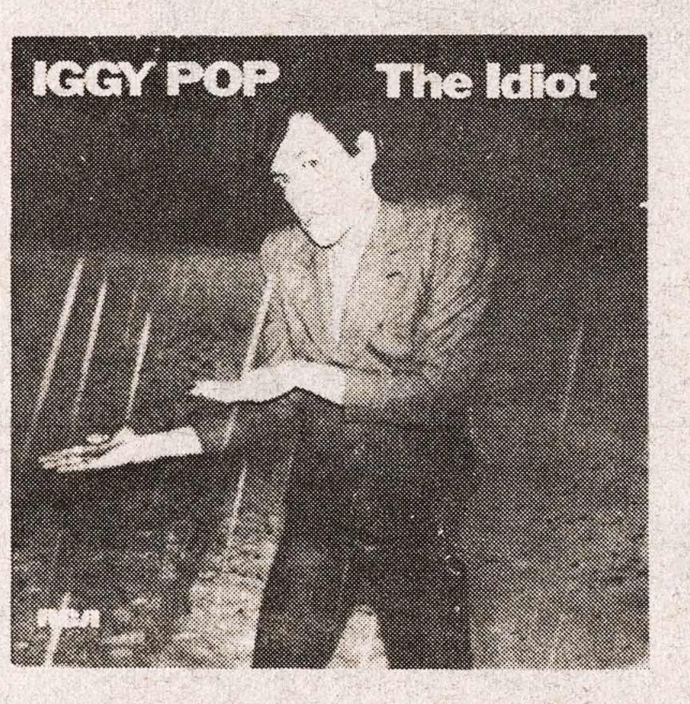
And if you ever wondered what Ian McDonald (the other one) was up to, he's in New York with ex-Spooky Tooth and Leeds United striker Mick Jones fronting **FOREIGNER** on **"Feels Like The First Time" (Atlantic).** Or, in other words, not much.

IGGY POP

his chart album

'The Idiot'

written and produced by
Iggy Pop and David Bowie



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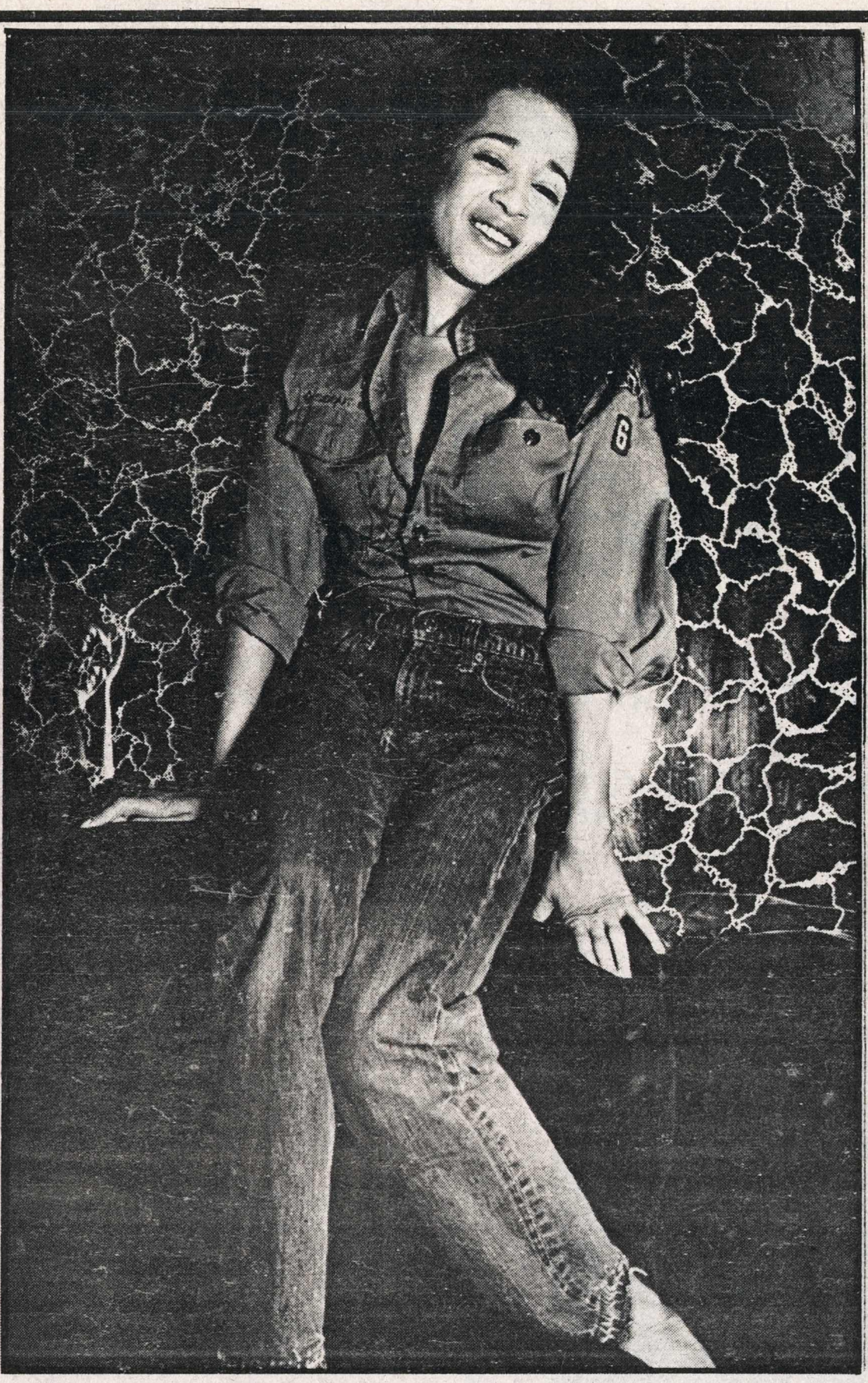


Hi there, big boy! Wanna "interview" me?

Mmm-mm. Eighty-eight pounds of compact yumminess on parade for all you heavy guys out there. CLIFF WHITE, hot from New York, on delectable RONNIE SPECTOR's sizzling "comeback"...

IF ANY DUMB CLUCK ever asked me what in the world was a Foxy Lady, I'd point 'em right at Ronnie Spector.

Reet petite, neat and guaranteed to get the boys on heat — that's what it's all about.

That's the way she was 12-13 years ago, when my growing pains were nearly all below the belt and she starred in more mind games than all The Runaways in one bed.

That's the way she was just last week, squatting at my feet on the cosy carpet of her eastside apartment in Manhattan.

RAP ON the door, it opens. Powee!! There stands 88 lbs of compact yumminess framed for inspection.

Er, 'scuse me while I take off my jacket right about here, it may be snowing in London but I fancy it's spring over here.

But lo, such is the time lag of weekly journalism and the marvel of air travel that even as you read these words Ronnie is amongst you, back to her favourite country from self-imposed exile to warm your cockles too. In short, she has a new record ready for release and she's gigging with Southside Johnny and The Asbury Jukes. I hope you get to see her.

Even if you miss the Rainbow gig there may be a lot more opportunities right around the corner.

"Me and England, we go way back," she was quick to remind me.

"I love it, I might even live there. *Seriously*, if things work out well I may never return to America."

Yes gang, I know. That's what they all say.

Even so I think she meant it, at least at the moment she said it.

Life has been dangerously dull and depressed for this lady over the last few years. Now she's coming out to meet the people again, and as people go she'll shake a British hand anytime.

Casually cute in blue jeans and an enticing open combat shirt she lures me, Joe "Portable Ceiling" Stevens and the gent from CBS into her den, where we park ourselves between the mirrored wall on the one side and the sound system on the other.

Don't know if she reads minds, but she's wise enough to get the opposite side of a low coffee table from me before squatting on the floor and getting into it. The interview, that is.

FIRST THINGS first: the reason for this little tete-a-tete.

"People keep asking me what I've been doing for the last three years, since I divorced Phil (Spector, dumbo), and the answer is *nothing*. I've just been mellowing, drifting, flaking out, being myself.

"And I went to a lot of psychiatrists.

"But in that time I've also been looking for the right producer. It's taken me three years to find Miami Steve Van Zant and a song I really like."

Ronnie's new single, Billy Joel's "Say Goodbye To Hollywood" is arranged and produced by Van Zant, using 'The E Street Band', a bunch of Bruce Springsteen's buddies, including saxman Clarence Clemons.

During the course of the interview Ronnie gave us a sneak preview and if y'll are as impressed as I was she's going to be coming back on the strength of a *hit*.

The production is modern rock, the arrangement and overall feel is stripped down classic Ronettes, the song could almost be autobiographical.

"I listened to Billy's records and when I heard 'Say Goodbye' I knew it was for me. I thought 'This is it, *this is in the Seventies*.'

"In a way it's my life story 'cause I was married in Hollywood, I lived in Hollywood, my life fell apart in Hollywood and now I *am* saying goodbye to Hollywood.

"It's the first record that I've cut without backgrounders, you know, little girlie-girl voices saying 'da-da-da-da'. Even Buddah tried to keep up The Ronettes image, which I didn't want. This one is so *now*."

The Hollywood life that she's finally escaped from was the dying throes of one of pop's most celebrated partnerships.

The confused and soul-destroying aftermath of those heady days when Phil Spector's "Wall Of Sound" enclosed the upper reaches of the charts and when Ronnie, as leader of The Ronettes and Phil's girl, seemed set to become the star name of the close-knit organisation. But it didn't work out that way.

"When we first got together I thought it was gonna be great. Phil's thing was to produce and write and mine was the stage, entertaining the people, and I thought 'This is a great relationship. I love the guy dearly. I *really* love the guy, and together we'll show the world what we can really do.'

"But I was only a kid. I mean I was 15½ when we recorded 'Be My Baby' and 16 years old when it was at No. 1."

(And that wasn't even the beginning. The Ronettes had already cut several sides for Colpix. "I was a real baby then. I'd come from jnr. high to do those records.")

"I thought it was going to be 'Phil and Ronnie'. I can even show you a couple of pictures inscribed like that — but in the event Sonny and Cher took the idea and went off with it. Phil didn't wanna know about it."

"SEE WHEN Phil and I married, suddenly it was a whole different ballgame. He saw me and saw the light and didn't want anybody else but me, which I thought was great of course, but then he took it to extremes.

"I didn't record, I didn't do personal appearances, I found myself sitting home, isolated from the world, not being able to do *anything*.

"I wasn't allowed to listen to rock-'n'roll music. Never. It would *kill* me.

"At night Phil would occasionally go to his office and then I'd get the channels with the rock music that I desperately wanted to hear. I was married five-and-a-half years and I never knew what was at No. 1, I never knew the top 40, Phil kept me apart from all of that.

"He wanted me to be just a housewife. I have a son, he's 8 now, and Phil wanted me to be at home all the time. It was a drag.

"Like I remember going to England and George Harrison had written me 'Try Some, Buy Some.' But I never understood the record.

"Then I was the wife with the kid... I had a governess. The whole bit. And I saw the music scene and thought 'Please God, let me be a part of it'. I don't read music, I didn't know music, and I wanted to know everything about music.

"So there I was and they're writing music about Ronnie Spector, 'Try Some, Buy Some' and I didn't know nothing. Phil was going through a psychological change when he didn't know what he was doing either.

"So when I cut the record I said 'That's not me, I don't sound like that, I don't record like that.' I hated it.

"I told George . . . Phil didn't want to know about it . . . so I took George aside and said 'What are you trying to do to me? This is terrible.'

"So that's what ended our marriage. Phil didn't understand me, I didn't understand him. I didn't know why I wasn't recording, he didn't understand why I wanted to record."

"I couldn't stand it any longer."

But when she did finally make the break she couldn't get attuned to the new world — and others who tried to help seemed to want to keep her in the old world anyway.

"Buddah said to me 'Hey, we can make you this, we can make you that, you're gonna have a No. 1 hit now. But they still wanted to keep up that Ronettes thing so for the last three years I said I'm not going to do anything.

"Oh, I did one thing. When it was popular to say 'Oldies But Goodies' I did a couple of shows for Dick Clark but I didn't like it. Even though it was Dick and I love him dearly, he's a helluva man, I knew it was *not* Ronnie Spector. I don't class music that way. I think of good music and bad music,

Lovely when she's angry. RONNIE's teeth weigh in at 3oz apiece.

Grrrnnh! Yeep! Waaagh! Sporting the sexiest soles in showbusiness, RONNIE's feet tickle the tape-measure at 3-2½-3 . . .

Mmm-yumyum-slurp. Luscious Ronnie shakes her melons in a north-easterly direction at 10.45 am Eastern Standard Time.

not oldies and newies. So it kind of drew me back, I went into my little shelter again, hid away."

AND SHE might still be hiding had it not been for a casual introduction to The Asbury Jukes and associated New York rock-'n'rollers.

"I met an engineer called Jim Ivine through John Lennon. Through Jim we got to the Asbury Dukes recording session and when I did the first song with Johnny, 'You Mean So Much.' It worked out great. It was Miami Van Zant that knew my voice.

"So from then on I gigged with Southside . . . The Paladium in New York and someplace in Cleveland, there were 9,000 people there and I thought 'Oh my God, how are they gonna know me'. It was alright though.

"So now I got Steve behind me and beautiful people like Southside and Bruce Springsteen . . . I think I may be touring with Bruce soon.

"Here's a guy . . . A lot of people are saying Bruce Springsteen was a hype. He wasn't this, he wasn't that, just a hype. And I hate that 'cause it's not true. This man who loves his music and knows what he's doing. He just got screwed up with his personal management."

By now you'll have been getting the message.

Ronnie is beginning to feel confident again for the first time in years and is back on the road with new vitality, new music — and of course her old hits. But not in the guise of an 'Oldie', if you see what I mean.

"Don't misunderstand what I said about oldies. I've seen a lot of performers disown their old records but I mean like 'Be My Baby', 'Walking In The Rain', 'Baby I Love You', I would never stop singing those songs. Even though I'm divorced from Phil and he wrote them, he produced them, he whatever . . . those are still my songs. But today I can do them as Ronnie Spector."

Male chauvinist pigs' corner Episodes 2 & 3

Pictures by JOE STEVENS (and Kate Simon)

Listen, honey. I can make you a star . . .

ROY CARR holds hands with DEBBIE HARRY, insists it's not merely physical, blah blah.

I'VE YET TO MEET someone who wouldn't like to do the young lady a *Big Favour!* I'm sure you appreciate the reason why. No doubt about it, Debbie Harry exudes the same degree of lethal street corner sensuality that made Brigitte Bardot and Ronnie Spector legends at 21.

Baby, if you've got it, flaunt it. Debbie Harry's a Star, so she does it with style.

Bowie copped one look at her picture, an earful of her album, got on the blower from Berlin and promptly fixed her to support Iggy throughout the Americas. Phil Spector would gladly give his right nut to produce her next record. Maybe if he throws in his left, she'll wear them as earrings!

She's the proverbial All - American - Girl - Next - Door turned freak. Both her words and mine.

A provocative blonde fox who drives frantic young boys with rapidly failing eyesight to lock themselves in the bathroom for hours — and their equally distracted fathers to shave twice daily, wear loud clothes and act real weird. A rock 'n' roll ingenue, destined to become the locker-room pin-up of her generation.

She could make it on her looks alone, but the fact that Debbie Harry also has a great voice is definitely an added bonus.

I don't want to cover old territory, but I'd better just tell you that Debbie Harry is both singer and namesake with a New York band called Blondie.

Yeah! Sure you've heard of 'em before. Right. And the face *does* look real familiar, 'cause it was Debbie's stunning good-looks that prompted the tabloids to start running her pictures long before most people had actually seen her perform or heard her records.

Nod doubt about it. Some people do have the right face at the right place at the right time.

A certain look.

A charismatic appeal that is suddenly strewn across the pages of the glossies and just as quickly duplicated on the streets. Brigitte Bardot, Sandra Dee, Ronnie Spector, Twiggy, Marianne Faithful, Joni Mitchell, all possessed the right face in the crowd.

Add Debbie Harry's name to the list.

WITH A PREFERENCE for *Early Tart* couture, Debbie Harry's looks are almost brutally striking. The slight rough edge of her sullen features makes her far more alluring than the self-perpetrating homogenized lip - gloss - silicone - and - airbrush - spray - jobs afforded the sex-symbols of the Gatefold Generation.

Everybody has roots.

Debbie's are bleached and starting to grow out. She's also, sound-wise, a synthesis of just about every record that spilled out of a car radio in the mid-Sixties.

Out there in front of an audience — this evening, one that has come to pay homage to Iggy — she displays absolutely no inhibitions whatsoever.

Five foot something of nervous energy bouncing around in a black mini-dress, matching tights, dime-store shades and dinky ankle boots, performing cutsey little Shindig go-go steps and acting out each and every song with an arrogant flick of her hair, a pout and a contemptuous stare.

She seldom smiles. She may look frail but when she snarls "Rip Her To Shreds", she means business. Watch out for her nails!

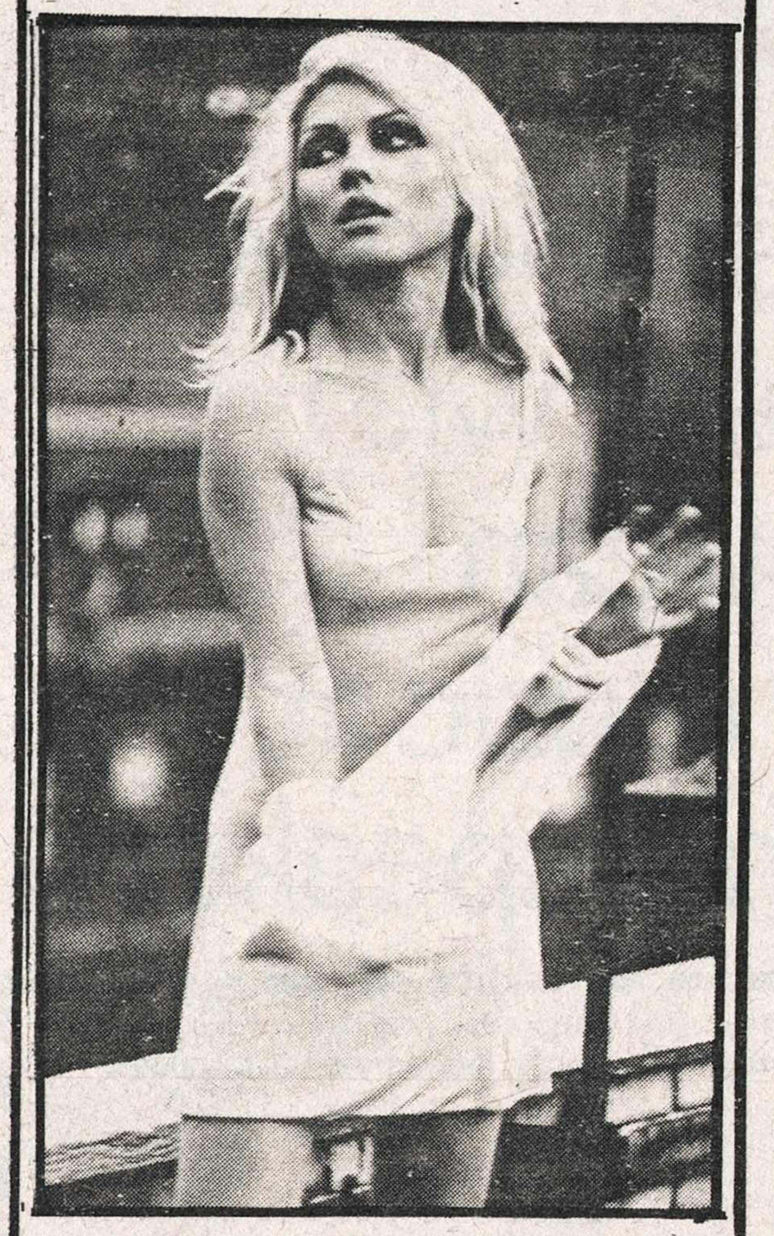
With the Blondie band thrashing away like four non-swimmers thrown in at the deep-end, she sings "Goldfinger" as a finale and knocks the audience on its ass.

Interval.

Backstage, the New York Palladium is the veritable pits.

It's an old neighbourhood Opera House that used to be called the Academy of Music and after a much-needed face lift, was re-named the Palladium. While they were at it, I wish they'd done something about the security guards and plumbing and in that order.

From the minute you get backstage (a story in itself) and flash your pass, you're immediately confronted with unnecessary hassles and obnoxious people doing everything but what they're employed to do.



I may look cute and dumb . . .

Heavies stalk the corridors looking for blood to spill, shouting at the artists: "Get back in your dressing rooms where you belong!"

Not only is this *not* the summer of love, it ain't the winter either. Really, I'd feel much safer back on the street — and that's like a nightmare.

Even Glenn Coulson is getting stick from a security-badged psychopath who's not interested that he's doing press for the band, but wants to throw him out into the alley. Somehow we manage to locate Blondie's dressing room without loss of limb or too much abuse.

WE KNOCK. We enter.

At first I thought it was the toilet. The room was evidently refurbished by the same firm that decorated Death Row, San Quentin.

Stone walls sweat more than the group, who are flopped around the room. The floor is flooded by an undetermined liquid, the radiator clanks incessantly and it's hell-below-zero outside the cracked window.

It may not be much, but it sure ain't home.

Debbie is knackered. She's only just staggered off stage and she's desperately trying to cool down and keep warm at the same time. I'm somewhat ozoned having just flown in from 70 degrees of L.A. sunshine, looking for the man with the soldering iron.

So should Debbie and I hug each other to keep warm? (Could I be struck-off the staff box for unethical practices?)

A bottle of Jack Daniel's is thrust into my right hand. It does the trick, but somehow it just ain't the same. See you in the parking lot later, Debbie?

After four years in obscurity and six months of eating regularly, Blondie aren't over-enamoured with being branded a Noo Yawk Punk Band. They are far more concerned that they might end up being tagged a Nostalgia Band. Now *that* worries 'em.

"Punk," insists guitarist Chris Stein as he sprawls next to Debbie on a couch, "is meaningless and anyone with any brains knows that it doesn't mean anything."

Agreed. But an awful lotta brainless schmucks buy an awful lotta records. However . . .

"Even if we did get stuck with that *stoopid* punk rock thing," he continues, "I know we can easily outgrow it. But if we're labelled a Nostalgia Band, it could turn a lot of people away."

Really!

"Some people," adds keyboard player James Destri, "might say that Blondie's music is a direct rip-off of the Sixties, but like most of the people in this band, I stopped listening to the radio in '68, maybe '69."

"That's when TV took over," Debbie Harry states rather flatly, as she struggles to pull a black leather jacket around her exposed shoulders and fight off the fatigue which weights heavily on her dropping eyelids.

Smile transistor sister, you're in the Sony Generation. Debbie Harry has casually put her delicate finger on

■ *Continues over*

. . . but I have THEORIES about rock'n'roll, buster!

From previous page

Blondie's sub-cultural influences.

When prompted, the band make absolutely no secret of the fact that though musically they're radio-orientated, they're essentially a product of video-consciousness. This immediately explains their visual kineticism. *(Their WHAT??? — Ed.)*

We'll get to that a little later on.

It's no accident that Blondie sound like they've just spilled out of a car radio with the dial jammed on 1966. (Debbie doesn't say too much, but she thinks that's an appropriate analogue.)

"When I was younger, I used to listen to the car radio all the time. Truthfully, that was my only solace when I was still in High School. You see, I always liked to be alone and the only place for that was in a car with the radio on."

(Roadrunner . . . roadrunner.)

In many ways, it's this inbred solitary attitude — just the right side of aloofness — that gives the lady her enigmatic stance.

IT WAS PRIMARILY through the radio that Debbie Harry first really learned how to sing and then, through The Ronettes' Ronnie Spector, The Shangri-Las' Mary Weiss, The Shirelles' Shirley Alston and The Miracles' Smokey Robinson, she osmosed the time-honoured techniques of a lead singer. (The last person to have successfully perfected this delicate art to her advantage was Diana Ross — before she quit The Supremes to become a singing clothes-horse.)

As a society, America has never been as oldies-orientated as Europe. Collecting is an underground cult while oldies compilations are restricted to mail-order TV offers. New recordings of old songs often chart, but seldom do old records have a second lease of life.

Therefore, to a whole new generation the idea of bands playing songs in less than it takes to sprint a mile is quite novel and neat, eh!

And so songs come barrelling out of bands like Blondie, one every three minutes or so.

"I guess", says Debbie wistfully, "it's time for another Renaissance."

Chris Stein is the first in the room to agree, arguing that over the last ten years, America has become so technically obsessed that simplicity has all but been lost to what her terms "matchbook computerised competition".

Except for those sour-mash-swilling Southern boogie bands, rock has, to all intents and purposes become a spectator-sport to the average American.

"It's a pitcher's more than a batter's game," he continues. "We're not trying to get back to the roots of rock, just pick up where they left off."

"The pop spirit of the Sixties", quips bassist Gary Valentine — who has just wandered back into the dressing room complaining about the paranoia of the backstage security.

Debbie has regained part of her second-breath and continues this line of conversation with detached enthusiasm:

"We all remember when you'd switch on the radio and hear at least 20 great singles all in a row, but that's all finished. All the real cool disc jockeys in New York got kicked off the radio. There's no real selectivity any longer.

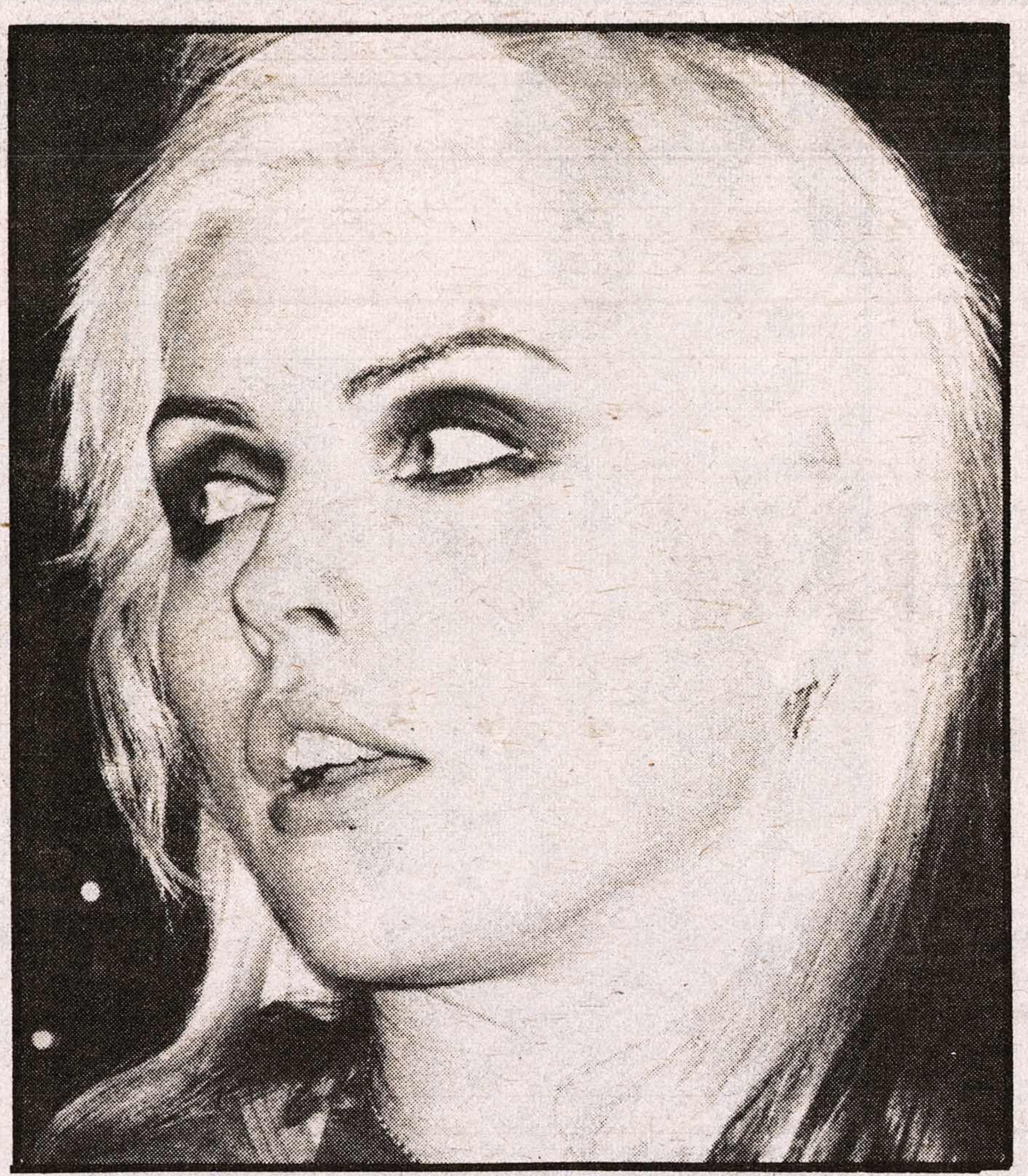
"On most rock stations, you only hear eight or maybe nine songs each hour . . . . ."

"Yeah, just like the other night," Stein interjects, "someone played the Stones 'Sympathy For The Devil' and followed it with some real dumb disco song. What's *that* all about?"

Debbie carries on, almost oblivious to Stein's interruption.

"This is a real good analogy to what we're trying to do. A lot of people who were really doing hot catchy songs in the Fifties and Sixties, are now busy writing and recording radio and TV jingles.

"So if you can really get it together in just three minutes that's a really good concentration. That's what pop records are all about."



Take your paws off me — my heart belongs to Marshall McCluhan.

CHRIS, DEBBIE and James all agree that American radio's last vintage year was '69. As to whether '77 will be a year to remember, they prefer to reserve judgement.

Time will tell, but punk is just the hard-end of bubble gum rock which, if it is to repeat the cycle, will (like its predecessors) quickly dissolve into psychedelia. Some people have already assumed Blondie to be both surreal and psychedelic. Could be!

But Blondie aren't at all concerned with all that kind of self-analysis.

Unlike so many Seventies bands, who go to great pains to inform you that the answers to everything from the mysteries of the universe right on through to regular bowel movements are to be found within the covers of their new triple album, Blondie can only offer a good time (which is a good deal more than most bands can guarantee).

With so many of the possibilities of rock having either been short-circuited or exhausted, it's becoming increasingly difficult to find a new angle. It's not always necessary to go where no bozo has ever trod before. Chris Stein explains Blondie's brief.

"We are primarily attempting to synthesize everything around us into one style. Dylan did it with blues, folk, rock and country music and, similarly, The Rolling Stones sounded like everything worthwhile that had gone before."

A synthesis as opposed to a pastime, which Debbie insists goes far beyond the actual confines of the music they perform, but has a great deal to do with video-consiousness in the Seventies.

"If they just want to get into the band because of the way we look, the way we dress and the way we act cool, well that's fine.

"We all agree," continues the Thrift-shop Mannequin, "that the greatest rock 'n' roll bands have always been a combination of good looks, good music and a good stage show — but not necessarily the best of either. Just a right balance of the chemistry."

Stein adds his opinions. "The basic shortcomings of bands like The Eagles is that they just sorta stand around, sorta play their instruments competently and then expect people to worship their music. But The Eagles as performers — it's not there, it just doesn't exist."

Know whatcha mean, Squire.

Stein then insists that The Eagles (but more so Peter Frampton) represent the end of the second rock generation and that bands like Blondie form the vanguard of the third.

I disagree. If you subscribe to the proven seven-year cyclic change, then Frampton constitutes the finale of the third and the *Nouvelle Vague* the birth-pangs of the fourth rock generation. When evaluating her position, Debbie tends to agree with my calculations. *(What does it matter — we're all going to die. — Oswald Spengler.)*

LIKE THEIR contemporaries, Blondie are products of the instant pulp society.

Inheritors of the mixed-media generation, Debbie feels that image-wise she's just skipped out of the pages of an animated comic book and that, as far as she is concerned, she could be caricatured as easily as Joey Ramone, Patti Smith and Richard Hell.

The Archie, Betty, Jughead 3rd Veronica of the Blank Generation!

Today, comic books are about the most immediate and widely-read form of communicative literature amongst youngsters. They are drawn fast, hit the stands within days and vanish almost as quickly. Like comic books, only the best rock bands stay in circulation.

"There's no doubt about it," coos Debbie, "Blondie reflects the video-conscious society because we're so attuned to it — so we're a product of instant media.

"We can relate to its images and reflect them so much better than anything else you can think of."

As their records reveal, everything from Bond to Bondage, Goldfinger to Godzilla, Kung Fu to Surf's Up.

Debbie turns to listen to Chris Stein add his thoughts.

"Communications and the way the media is manipulated has become so speeded up that if we're successful we just might sell as many records and make as much money in five years as the Stones did in ten and Elvis did in twenty."

Or Boston did in two months!

It's not beyond comprehension. However, competition is stiffer now than it has ever been. As always, it's the survival of the fittest.

Apart from Johnny Ramone's recent brush with Malcolm McLaren, it never gets beyond bands not speaking to one another.

"If kids in New York were as poor as I'm led to believe they are in London," muses Debbie, "then I guess blood would be spilt.

"Survival . . . survival", she sighs.

"Do you think we'll go over well in London?" she asks with a glimmer of interest "'cause some people have said we wouldn't because we're not that tough or that mean."

No problems, darlin'.

She smiles sweetly, makes her excuses and leaves.

See you in the parking lot.

Mouthwatering Debbie gets pissed off with salivating reporters and goes byebyes.

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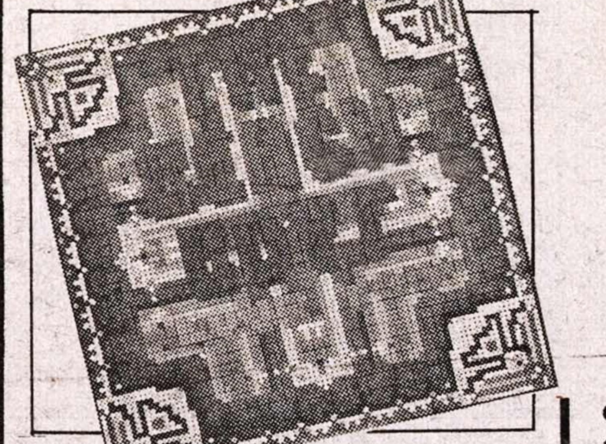
PLATTERS

'Is my wife on Mars?



THE BEACH BOYS
The Beach Boys Love You (Warner-Reprise)

JUSTLY ACKNOWLEDGED as the all-important Phase II in the Beach Boys' current musical reorientation, firmly within the scope of Brian Wilson's rekindled desire to act as benevolent despot, "The Beach Boys Love You" is still an abnormally difficult album to review objectively.

Not since the heady 'angst' of "Pet Sounds", for example, over ten years ago, has Brian Wilson been so brazenly omnipresent on a Beach Boys record: the production — at best a strangely splendid synthesis of the old Beach Boys candy-floss archness garnished with a deeper, almost nouveau Gothic sound courtesy an elaborately 'musical' synthesiser application — is credited solely to him. His deep, often strained voice takes lead duties on no-less than six of the 14 tunes and, of course, most important, all songs on "BBLY" are credited to his name.

One's first reaction to this news of Wilson's renewed creative hyper-activity is one of extreme elation mixed with a certain trepidation, I suppose. After all, this is a man whose every personal problem, mental foible and all, has been laid bare before an inquisitive public through the auspices of some excellent (and some not-so-excellent) lengthy probing features in innumerable periodicals (recent pieces in *Crawdaddy* and *Rolling Stone* readily spring to mind) over the past 12 months or more.

And then again, "15 Big Ones", Wilson's first return-to-arms seemed, at its time of release, grimly disappointing, spotlighting a group desperately trying to retain the spirit of their early gorgeously naive youngblood sunflecked Californian "essence" only to find themselves stranded in a perverse time-warp of sorts which, at its worst, ultimately only made them sound prematurely senile in the light of their collective ambition. Now, with this new volume at hand to spread light on the band's current aesthetic standing, it seems merely trite and redundant, a feeble but earnest attempt on the band's part to find their feet under the tentative regime of Brian Wilson's artistic renaissance.

"Well, my psychiatrist took me to the studio and put me on a programme of songwriting. He just said — 'I want you to write songs. That's your job in life, you're supposed to write songs, and you might as well just sit down and start writing songs'. I said — 'Alright, I'll give it a try'. So I sat down and I wrote a song a day for 14 or 15 days."

This, according to Wilson himself, is how the lion's share of songs on "BBLY" were conceived, presumably at least a dozen anyway as only two of the tracks featured have any long-standing history to them.

The Wilson-Jardine credited "Good Time", for example, first appeared in the early '70s on the "American Spring" album. (Spring were Marilyn Wilson, Brian's wife, and her sister Diane Rovelle, and their album, released on United Artists and now long-deleted, featured Wilson's most involved contributions this decade before this latest episode). The actual take of the song featured here may well have been taken directly from Beach Boys' recording sessions in the early '70s as Stephen Desper (the band's original engineer who left them some years back) is credited with work on this particular track on the sleeve.

"Ding Dang" is a stranger choice, if only because it was conceived and recorded in the '73-'74 period when Wilson's song-writing talents had completely dried up and he was only capable of producing pathetic little ditties like this. The track, lasting slightly less than a minute in length, is therefore an almost ghoulish reminder of the composer's blighted years, and, as such, being finally slotted into an album that supposedly bears witness to a rebirth of the Wilson song-writing muse is more than a little perverse. God knows, also, how Roger McGuinn came to deserve his name as half of the composing credit on this puerile piece of nursery rhyme dementia.

But anyway . . .

Moving brusquely over to the 12 new testaments to the Wilson muse in a composing ascendant however, one is greeted with pretty much a 50-50 scale of success and failure. That's to say, at least six of the cuts of "BBLY" are constructed around an endearingly 'complete' sense of melodic inventiveness, which, if they fall short by and large when compared to the more compelling chord-progressions that have littered Wilson's finest music (principally the kind of majestic sounds he was capable of ringing forth between '64 and '66), are still sturdy enough in their various categories to warrant excited testimonials concerning Wilson's melodic regeneration.

'Lie down on this couch Brian, and have one of these funny little pills.'
A Psychology Today Special in which NICK KENT diagnoses a steady recovery for the Wilson muse.
'Nurse, get a broom in here, and clean up this sand!'

The up-tempo stuff on side one is gamely set into motion by a rock steady drum beat and heavy, heavy organ, with Carl Wilson crooning soulfully over a chord progression reminiscent in feel and overall style to the Beach Boys' rhythm & blues earthiness pitch present on much of the excellent "Wild Honey" album. The song "Let Us Go This Way" is agreeably trite in construction but Wilson's old penchant for throwing in a couple of neat chord changes to give the whole thing an added dimension makes it stand up, despite a distressing middle-eight break purely of Mike Love's invention.

The "Wild Honey" feel follows through to the joyous inanities of "Roller Skatin' Child" which splish-splashes along with a gusto that makes the whole song transcend its chords, a classic Gary U.S. basic triteness. Both songs are well-proportioned short bursts of hyper-commercial throwaway pop-rock and it gladdens the heart that Wilson is still more than adept at confronting this excellent tradition.

"Mona" is slightly stilted in its constant run-through of three sloppily pleasant, juxtaposed Bonds feel with a honking saxophone and the band filling out like a rock choir at the end of each line to either Dennis or Brian's gruff lead vocal with its reverent nod to the talent of one Phil Spector, but makes for A-1 filler 'twixt the likes of the two aforementioned chestnuts and the great fourth cut:

"Johnny Carson" is one great Brian Wilson song — a real idiosyncratically dumb classic which has Wilson eulogising America's own answer to Eamonn Andrews with such a pseudo respectful solemnity of tone that only the playfully brilliant arrangement and choice of chords really points to a possible tongue in the cheek here. Though possibly not the most commercial track, "Carson" is easily the most impressive and witty and as such, deserves to be the hit single here.

BY THIS STAGE in side one, the listener is too taken aback by the high-quality product thus far to really care too much whether "Good Time" sounded much better on the "Spring" album, that "Honkin' Down The Highway" is disagreeably trite and the side closer "Ding Dang" is a waste of a minute's worth of vinyl.

Side two is more ballad-oriented and all-purpose lush and reflective, starting out badly with "Solar System", an embarrassingly dumb Wilson whimsical space voyage of slight melodic inventiveness and even less lyrical savvy (*"If Mars had life on it/I might find my wife on it"* is about the best line here!).

Things pick up dramatically though with "The Night Was So Young", which is really quite beautiful with Carl Wilson's gorgeous voice and the kind of chord changes that made the classic Wilson ballads like "Warmth Of The Sun" and "Don't Worry Baby" so utterly disarming and emotionally touching. "I'll Bet He's Nice" starts with a rather dopey motif before opening out courtesy a perfect swooning Brian chord change, some affectingly corny doo-wop bass crooning and Carl again in superlative vocal form handling a perfect middle-eight.

"Let's Put Our Hearts Together" is pure woeful schmaltz however with Brian and Marilyn Wilson singing together, the latter pleasantly and successfully redolent of her excellent performances on that "Spring" album though the former is most decidedly ill at ease here, painfully so at times to the point where what little potential the song itself may possess is utterly ruined. "I Want To Pick You Up" attempts to redress the balance however, a cloying ballad worthy of a "Mothercare" advert and so full of schmaltz, diabetics would be well warned to stay clear. However, that old transcendant Beach Boys power somehow keeps the song buoyant, complete with Brian's first really affecting vocal on this album, an almost excruciatingly gorgeous arrangement and a most tasteful and commercial melody which helps one to get over the aural embarrassment of hearing grown men croon 'meaningfully' about washing baby's bottoms and the like.

The final two tracks — "Airplane" and "Love Is A Woman" send the album out on a particularly glum note, however. The former is just trite and pointless, the latter is absolutely godawful and one of Wilson's worst-ever songs.

So that then is the new Beach Boys album. A goodly half and half situation really, but that stout 50% of neat new Brian Wilson melodies can sound so great at times that all doubts — the habitually trite lyrics, the strange slightly perverse 'time warp' effect perceptible on much of this album, and even Brian's dire strained vocals, for example — are easily overcome. This then *is* the impressive B. Wilson return-to-arms we were all hoping for, I guess, though my elation over this heart-warming state of affairs must overlap to hopes that now Wilson has proven himself capable of ruling the roost with this record, a more democratic state of affairs may return so that brothers Carl and Dennis can at least again contribute actively to the compositions allocated for future B B elpees.

This is easily the best Beach Boys album since "Sunflower" but it's no "Pet Sounds" nor is even quite of the sterling standard of "Sunflower" itself.

Such criticisms, though, seem almost petty in the light of Brian's personal triumphs here, and yes, it is good to have him back.

Phase II has been completed successfully. Here's hoping for Phase III!

Nick Kent

Don't touch that dial — it's looking good!

Diana Ross

Marvin Gaye

Schmaltz And Sanctity

DIANA ROSS
An Evening With Diana Ross (Motown)
MARVIN GAYE
Live At The London Palladium (Motown)

FOR VERY different reasons, Marvin Gaye and Diana Ross are the Motown Corporation's respective 'President' and 'First Lady'. Although they have recorded an album together, their distinct solo successes could hardly be more diverse, Diana achieving hers *because* of Motown, Marvin his *despite* them.

Gaye's seminal "What's Going On" album was originally frowned upon by the label (it has, of course, since vindicated the artist and made a lot of money for Motown) whereas Ms Ross has been specifically groomed for superstardom in the MOR field.

This musical polarisation is apparent in their current live album offerings. Both are double sets and whilst Gaye's is a no-nonsense resume of his career, Diana's is unremittingly showbiz, all glam and glitter. America has finally discovered their very own Shirley Bassey!

The horribly blaring "Overture" heralds "An Evening With Diana Ross", and if she was wearing one of the risibly outlandish outfits pictured on the sleeve it must have been a hoot to see even if it was an ordeal to hear.

Apart from the extended rhythm section workout on "Love Hangover", the album is an unqualified disaster.

Whether she's whizzing through Nilsson's "The Point", crassly juxtaposing "Smile" and "Send In The Clowns" (showbiz), or climaxing with a truly chaotic version of "Ain't No Mountain High Enough", her voice remains stridently nasal, her stage chat calculatedly twee.

In this context, "The Working Girls" seems to be a patronising title for her (showbiz) medley of Billie Holiday, Ethel Waters and Bessie Smith numbers, and her "Motown" and "Supremes" medleys are raucously perfunctory. The orchestra is undeniably slick but, like Ms Ross, sounds utterly passionless.

"Do I have have memories for you!" she screeches at one point. No thanks, lady.

At least Marvin Gaye sounds as though he's *working* for the audience's respect and not merely basking in their adulation.

"Live At The London Palladium" begins with the two best numbers from the underrated "I Want You" album, "All The Way Round" and "Since I Had You".

The appealingly mellow lilt of the originals is well reproduced by Gaye and his superbly marshalled rhythm section although the brass and sax work strains a mite hard for effect.

Nonetheless, that unique Marvin Gaye voice is in fine fettle, an astonishinly controlled counter-tenor with those justly famous falsetto passages serving as the icing on the cake.

Gaye also presents a couple of medleys but attempting to cram ten of his '60s hits into 9½ minutes is asking for trouble. The effect is perspirational rather than inspirational.

He later pays tribute to Mary Wells, Kim Weston, D*an* R*s* and Tami Terrell ("Oh, she'd like that," he says after the biggest applause of the evening) by performing five numbers with dancer Florence Lyles. She's inevitably uncertain at first, lacking clarity and conviction, but improving as the sequence progresses.

Communicating overt sexuality in the hallowed halls of the Palladium can't have been easy but Gaye rises to the occasion, as it were, during "Let's Get It On".

When he says he feels sanctified, you can't help but believe the man. He sounds so satisfied, serene and spiritually at ease that you forgive his religious eccentricities and marvel at his rapport with the audience — so much warmth and sincerity.

It's a shame that the entire fourth side is taken up by his latest studio cut, "Got To Give It Up". Well, at least edit the bleeder, Marvin, because at 12 minutes this is an interminable din (rent-a-crowd are in the background): *"Let's dance, let's shout, Getting funky is what it's all about."* I was fair funked off myself.

Monty Smith

TWIGGY
Please Get My Name Right (Mercury)

WHO COULD resist wide-eyed Lesley Hornby from Neasden with her china-doll countenance and long yellow hair? She gazes out from the glossy paper, with just a hint of frost — which only serves to increase her allure — and *avec* bosom, *quelle* shock!

Anyone who's seen Twiggy on the telly will know what a little honey she is with her authentic proletarian accent. But oh my, I wish she'd stick to chat shows.

Either that, or drop the Nashville twang. What does Twiggy want to be — the Tammy Wynette of the masectomy set?

A monumentally irritating steel guitar permeates this album, an effect akin to scraping cutlery together.

Where's the rock and roll, then? Even Smokey's "I'll Be Doggone" has an infernal mouth harp all over it. Twiggy's trouble would seem to be that she clutters her songs with trimmings and so has to sing in a high whine to make herself heard above the racket.

"I Hope We Get To Love In Time" would be quite charming but for the fact that it contains a violin that meanders messily and swamps young Lesley's fragile larynx like cats on a hot tin roof.

"I Lie Awake And Dream Of You" and "Rings" are slightly bearable, but on the whole Twiggy adopts a foolish voice that could recite the Sermon on the Mount and make it sound like Little Bo Peep.

Julie Burchill

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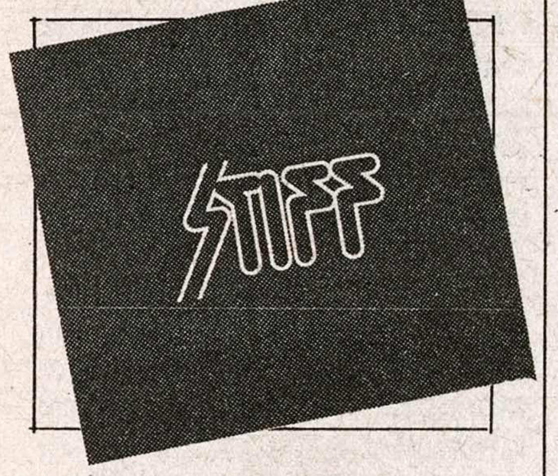
Corpse Rock??



VARIOUS ARTISTS
A Bunch Of Stiff Records (Stiff)

STIFF RECORDS was launched in summer '76 by the Feelgoods' ex-tour manager Jacko Riviera and Graham Parker's manager Dave Robinson.

These two undertakers to the industry (motto — "If they're dead we'll sign sign 'em") started out with the same resources that Berry Gordy possessed when starting his own independent record label Tamla Motown in January 1959: four hundred quid, a considerable amount of guts tempered with a degree of insanity and, ultimately, the belief that record companies should be about *Music* as opposed to *Product*.

A shoe-string budget operation run from the organised chaos of their Notting Hill office, Stiff created some of the best singles of last year.

These featured such diverse talents as Nick Lowe, Lew Lewis, The Damned and Richard Hell.

Soon the big corporations sussed that something was happening here and they wanted to know what it was.

Stiff, finally signed a distribution deal with Island early in '77 and promptly deleted their entire catalogue of contemporary golden greats.

"Todays sound today", yeah!

And so succinctly to "A Bunch Of Stiff Records". A compilation album of the highest merit featuring numerous Stiff luminaries, a few Stiff gunslingers and a couple of Stiff stiffs.

The only cut on the album already released on Stiff is the superb "Less Than Zero" by King Elvis Costello — Graham Parker meets "10th Avenue Freezeout" filtered through a funky incest-calypso. Plagiarism's fine when an artist can come up with something as refreshing as "Less Than Zero".

Motorhead's "White Line Fever" is the only other track that was on the Stiff single catalogue, although it was never actually released.

It's a straight-ahead rocker with lyrics concerning escape — the white lines of both the road and illicit chemicals — with a great Lemmy production. It's a pity, though that The Man felt it necessary to pose on the inner-sleeve wearing a swastika necklace.

The Nick Lowe ballad "I Love My Label" is pulled back from the abyss of mawkish, self-congratulatory sentimentality by the ambiguous irony of the music-business-rat-race-dontcha-just-love-it? lyrics. But it's not even in the same *world* as the B side of Stiff's first single, "Heart Of The City", the best they've ever put out.

Hull's very own Wreckless Eric follows with his brilliant "Go The Whole Wide World" which will wrench the heart-strings of any rucksack Marco Polo who ever fell for some brown-eyed beauty whilst travelling foreign parts. It's the logical successor to Smokey's "Shop Around" and it sure as hell has bin a *looong* time coming.,

Sandwiched between the *official* last track on side one, the dated and boring "Little By Little" by Magic Michael, and the first track on side two, the bloozy throw-away "Jump For Joy" by Stones Masonry is a mystery cut. Not mentioned on the sleeve, the record label or anywhere else, it sounds like a killer live version of GP's "Back To Schooldaze" from the dancing midget's beautiful "Howlin' Wind" album. Place your bets, please . . .

"Maybe" by Jill Read is a neo-Spector torch song with a great Dave Edmunds' wall of sound production job — and the lady's got a voice as powerful as that of a Darlene Love or an Edmunds in tight strides.

He gives Chuck Berry's "Jo Jo Gunne" the kind of workout Berry's material ain't seen since the MC5 did "Back In The USA".

Next comes my favourite track, Tyla Gang rifling through a Lower East Side Rock Dream worthy of a Phil Lynott/Bruce Springsteen collaboration were they asked to rewrite a score for "West Side Story". It's called "The Young Lords" and the lyrics are as superlative as the title.

Finally "Food" by "The Takeaways", yet another Sean Tyla fantasy, a Zim-type shopping list amphetamine stream of consciousness. A three chord, three course treat, with a jive talking super-spade coming in at the death to bad-mouth Bob like he ain't heard since the last time he ran into AJ Weberman.

And that's it. A superb compilation album and affirmation that *anyone* with enough fire, skill and love can start out a shoe-string budget operation, create quality rock music, maintain a street-level integrity and — just as a bonus — not starve in the process.

Tony Parsons

IMPORTS

THOSE WHO stomped enthusiastically to Lou Reed's "Rock 'N Roll Animal" and "Live" — and maybe also to Alice Cooper's "Goes To Hell" and "Welcome To My Nightmare" (well, some people do, you know) — will need little introduction to the talents of guitarist **Steve Hunter,** who now has a solo album in "Swept Away" (Atco).

Though fellow slick-picker Dick Wagner didn't qualify for session-dues on this one, Prakash John, another member of that remarkable Reed band, adds some crunching bass lines, Jim Gordon drums and Bob Ezrin handles keyboards and the mighty 24-track console.

Though few profundities arise from Hunter's assorted electric and acoustic sorties, the results are palatable enough. The guitarist soars 747-style through "Eight Miles High" becomes acceptably romantic on the self-penned "Of All Times To Leave" offers a sour-mash vocal on "Goin' Down," a folksy "Lonesome Road" rehash, goes all Stefan Grossman on "Jasper Street Viaduct Gitar Rag" and fights an upsurf battle against a bad case of Ezrinitus (genus *Hollywoodus Overkillus*) on the Edward Heath theme "Sail On Sailor", part composed by the other (Brian) Wilson.

Totally commercial — though in a disparate sort of way — "Swept Away" is the kind of album that will find plenty of willing buyers and an almost equal amount of journalistic detractors.

The "Klaatu" (Capitol/Daffodil) Beatles hype seems to be working, for EMI Imports report that they ran out of all exisiting stocks last week, leaving shops yelling for extra copies with which to fill their quickly emptied racks.

The late Tim Buckley: "Lorca" available

Latest rumour is that one track, "Santa Rose Subway", contains morse messages providing a clue to the group's identity. Meanwhile, "I'm Stranded" (EMI) by Aussie spitball-rock four-piece **The Saints** is doing great things for EMI's import sales-graph. News that the disc is unlikely to be released this side of Brisbane has seemingly accelerated demand even further.

Great to see huge piles of **Question Mark and The Mysterian's** "Action" and "96 Tears" (Cameo-Parkway) albums in the Virgin Shops at the weekend — and at only £1.99 too!

Copies of the **Beau Brummels'** great "Bradley's Barn" (Warners) were quickly snatched by those in the know but other goodies remained in abundance, including **Electric Prunes'** "Release Of An Oath", "Underground" and "Good Ol' Rock 'N' Roll (Reprise); **Todd Rundgren's** "Runt" (Bearsville); **Tim Buckley's** "Lorca" —Elektra) and even **Flock's** first album on Columbia.

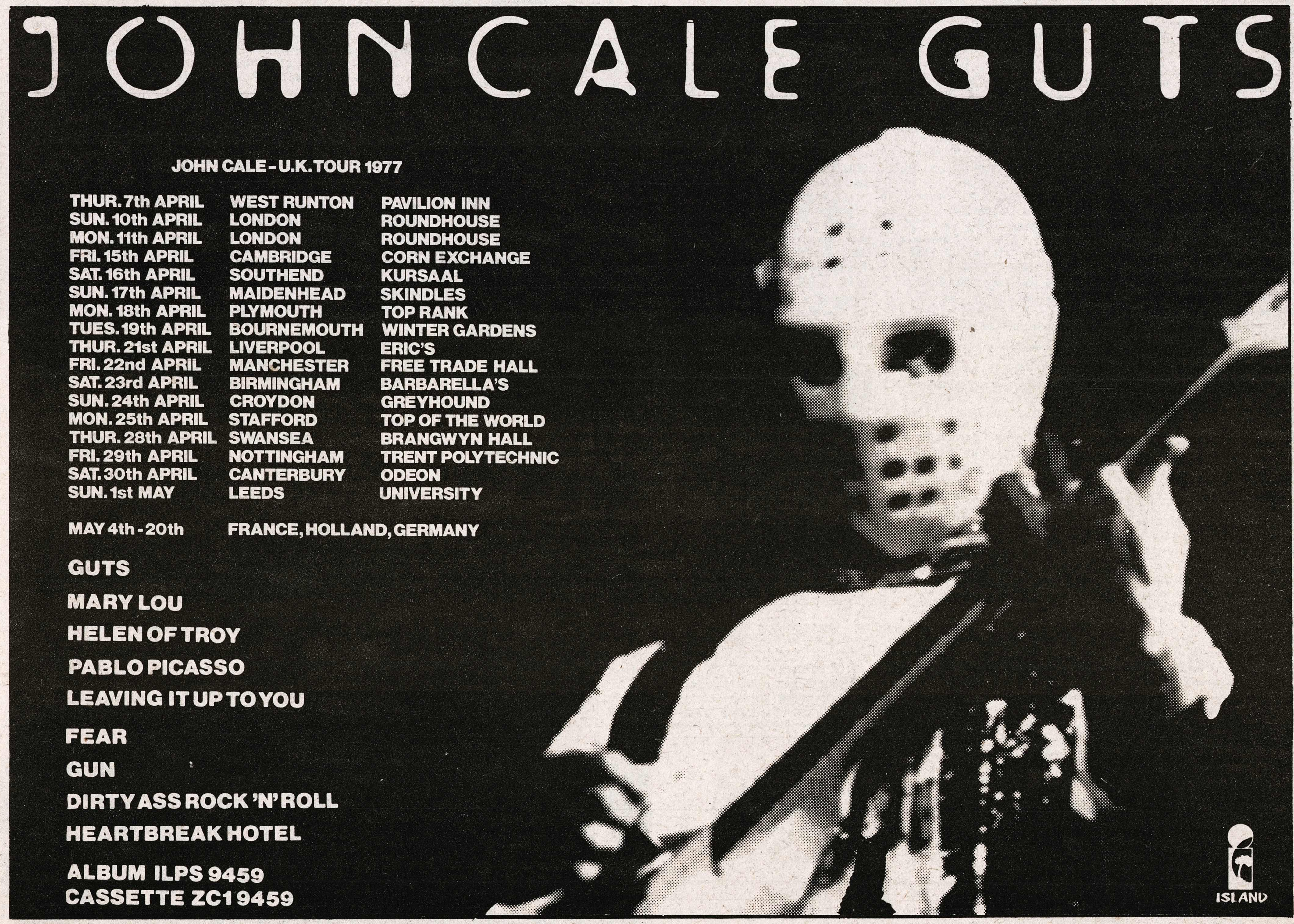
One you can safely forget is "The Boys In The Bunkhouse" (UA), which is **Snuff Garrett's** idea of Western-Swing, L.A. style. Though the sleeve — painted by Olaf Wieghorst — promises some authentic sounds, the music rarely gets off the ground and sounds totally computerised, the results being of interest only to Afghan tribesmen or others who may never have heard anything by Asleep At The Wheel.

While on the subject of sleeves, it's interesting to note that the cover of "Molkie Cole" (Janus) is painted by Neon Park, whose name, as far as we can remember, only appeared previously on albums by Little Feat. **Molkie Cole,** by the way, is a five-piece that I haven't got around to hearing yet.

Among the many others that I haven't heard, there's **Starz's** "Violation" (Capitol), **Eddie Harris'** "How Can You Live Like That?" (Atlantic), **Ohio Players'** "Angel" (Mercury), **Narvel Felts'** "Touch of Felts" (Dot), **Vitamin E's** "Sharing" (Buddah), by a black trio from San Francisco, and **Suzanne Stevens'** "Crystal Carriage" (Capitol), which contains a fair line in session names — including those of **Max Bennett, Wilton Felder, Lee Ritenour and David Pomeranz,** all of whom assist Ms Stevens wend her way through the songs of Sedaka, Pomeranz, Joni Mitchell, Stephen Bishop etc.

Lastly, a reminder that the Gusto organisation are now reissuing the Starday-King catalogue — with the result that **Freddie King's** "Hide Away" and "Sings" albums are around once more. "Sings", which contains five tracks not released on Polydor's British issued "Juke Box Blues" King album, is undoubtedly the best buy of the two, "Hide Away" containing only a couple of items ("See See Baby" and "Remington Ride") that didn't materialise on the equivalent Polydor disc.

Fred Dellar



MALLARD
In A Different Climate (Virgin)

THESE ARE new latitudes in which Mallard confidently chart themselves a distinctive musical identity and make it abundantly clear they're not to be dismissed as some sort of poor man's surrogate Magic Band.

"Climate" differs from Mallard's forceful debut in several important respects. The band have refined and widened the scope of their operations in much the same way as Little Feat undertook their own giant step from "Sailin' Shoes" to "Dixie Chicken"; they've lost nothing in the transition from bittersweet rough and readiness to compliant sophistication.

Guitarist Bill Harkleroad and the ubiquitous RJ Lange have given Mallard a warm yet spacious production, meticulously detailing even the slightest cymbal shimmer.

Art Tripp III has vacated his drum seat to sell insurance in Pittsburgh; his replacement George Draggotta seems equally adept whilst John Thomas has been added on keyboards.

All the same, it was more or less inevitable that Harkleroad, Tripp and bassist Mark Boston should carry off an appropriate slice of 'magic' when they parted company with Beefheart after "Unconditionally Guaranteed".

However, rather than set up in direct competition with The Captain, they've used their (rightful) legacy to different ends.

Harkleroad may be held responsible for the band's name (as well as for writing most of the music). He likened their sound to the lurching waddle of a duck and the image stuck fast.

It's an apt enough description of the angular chord changes and sudden, paradoxically consequential shifts of tempo that form the bedrock strata of Mallard's material.

"Green Coyote" and "Big Foot" are fast, sleek structures, propelled by the deceptively smooth roll and tumble of the rhythm section and chopped diametrically by Harkleroad's finely judged slide and bottleneck counterpoint.

Thomas' contributions provide either an additional rhythm track or carefully sustained melodic interest; his acoustic piano's pleasantly reminiscent of Bill Payne's.

Vocalist Sam Galpin's very much his own man; his phrasing's geeply grained and finely matured. He copes with the complex accents required by the muted clip of "Mama Squeeze" or "Texas Weather" as readily as with a comparatively orthodox ballad like "Harvest".

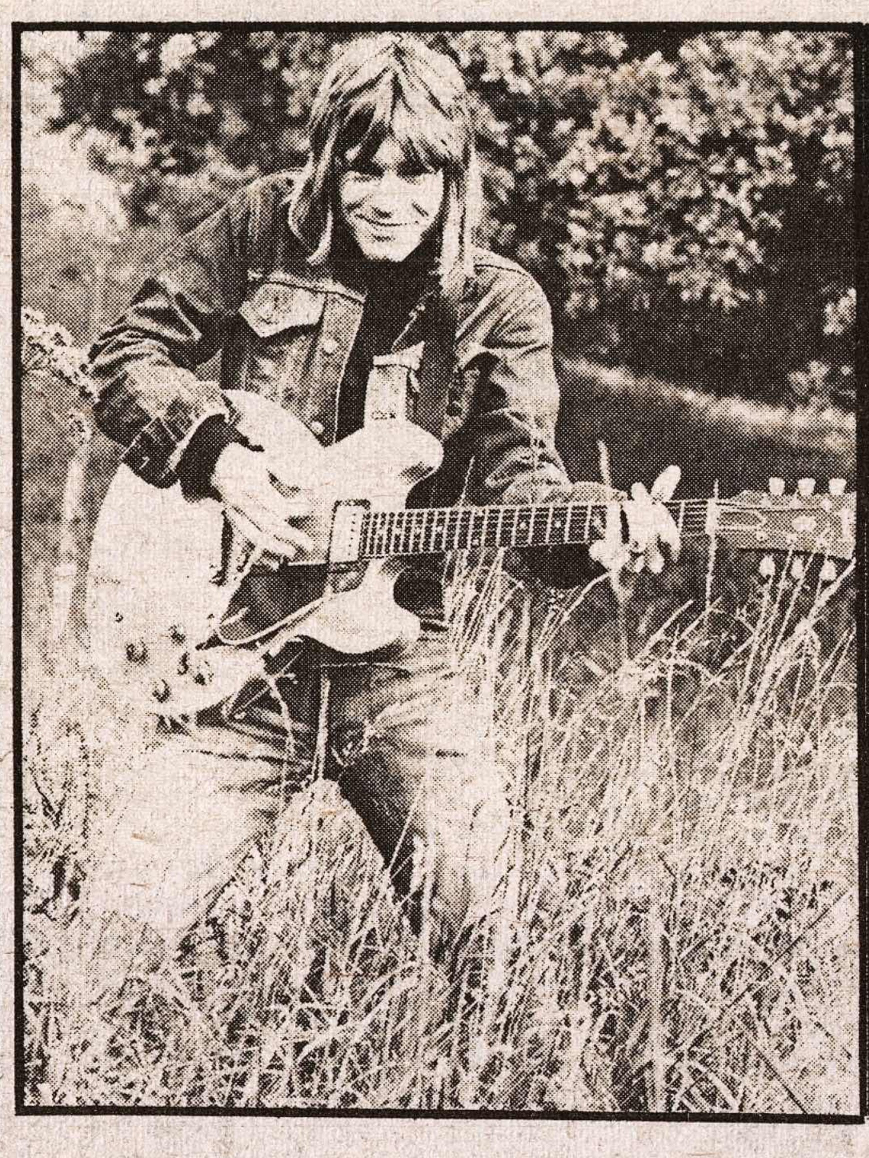
My own faves are "Your Face On Someone Else", a luxuriantly sly scuffle stroked by Thomas' soft electric piano that brackets an angrily waspish solo from Harkleroad, "Old Man Grey", an eccentric scat of swamp frog recitation from Boston and "Heartstrings", an instrumental.

"Heartstrings" unreels in a leisurely, serpentine way. Its progress — through various solos from Thomas and Harkleroad — is almost cinematic: a long camera shot panning down a valley, noting particular aspects of the scenery before wheeling away once more. A very expansive and musicianly performance.

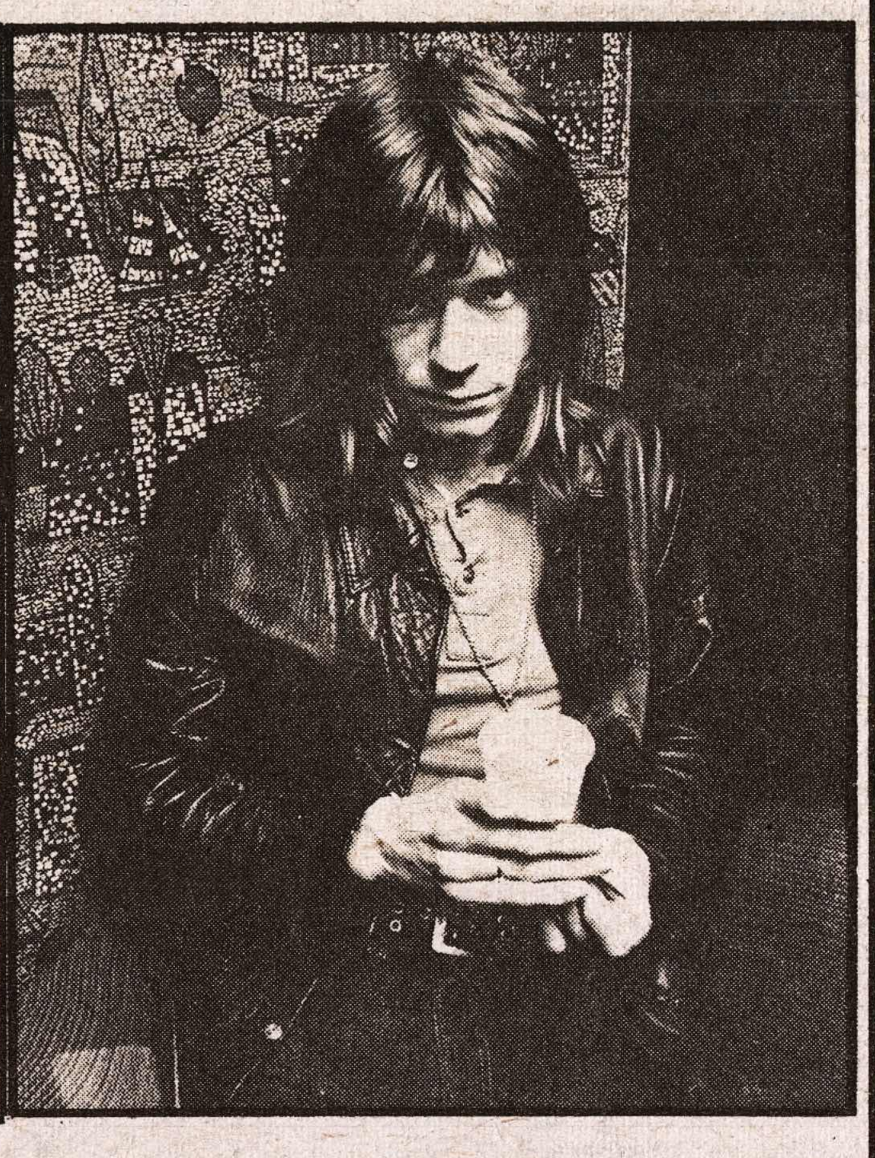
And lastly, Mallard's refusal to entertain any of the feckless vagaries now synonymous with most Californian rock and roll (the LA banditry and all their cronies) is as welcome as their music itself.

Angus MacKinnon

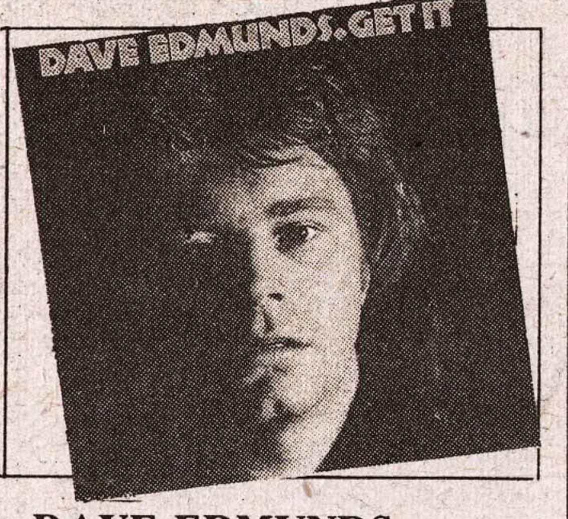
Edmunds in pastoral pose



. . . in urban angst posture.



Revivalist Recluse Turns Retroactive Rocker



DAVE EDMUNDS
Get It (Swansong)

FOR SOME time now, Dave Edmunds has been nearly legendary. He started as the minor league guitar king of Love Sculpture's "Sabre Dance" fame, then moved to being the hermit of Rockfield, the South Wales Phil Spector, turning out mysterious one man hits.

In the last month or so, the Edmunds saga has moved into a new phase, rocking on with Nick Lowe and Rockpile, and rapidly becoming a towering figure in the post-pub genre.

This album seems to mark the transition from recluse to live rocker. It opens with a homage to Bob Seger's homage to Chuck Berry (by that I mean "Get Out Of Denver"). This is followed closely by "I Knew The Bride", Nick Lowe's own homage to Berry (the slightly more lyrical "Never Can Tell" Berry).

Neither cut exactly makes a new statement, but the old ground is reworked in a way that is little short of masterly.

You can say much the same thing about their cover of Graham Parker's "Back To Schooldays", although in this case the reverent bows are directed at the great moments of fifties rockabilly. The sound hits squarely between that of Sun vintage Presley and Gene Vincent and the Blue Caps.

There's a denser treatment of the Vincent legacy on the second side, where Edmunds lovingly recreates Vincent's own "Get It" (I always thought it was called "Git It", but never mind) and Hank Williams's "Hey Good Looking" done, as near as damn it, the way Vincent did it on his 1958 "Record Date" album (the one with Eddie Cochran singing back-up).

It's round about this time that you realise you're listening to a musical cigarette card collection: Great Rockers Of Our Time — a series of fifty. It may be a loyal way of laying out your influences so everyone can see them, but it also involves treading some pretty dangerous territory.

It's Todd Rundgren and Roy Wood country. Todd stirred up a whole lot of controversy with the notorious reproduction side of "Faithful", and Wood has never been able, yet, to get down a Fifties sound without snagging it on splinters of *Top Of The Pops* kitsch.

Like I said, dangerous territory. A lot of hey-ma-look-at-my-roots records tend to be an elaborate cover up for a paucity of ideas. A wealth of redundancy has been covered up before now in a burst of frenzied nostalgia.

With my hand on my heart, however, I'll tell you all that I don't believe it's the case here. For one thing, the pickin' an' singin's just too good. Also, it's simply too eclectic. Aside from the Vincent, Berry, Presley tributes, there's some anxious country, pumping cajun and a bouquet for the late Johnny Kidd in the form of "Let's Talk About Us".

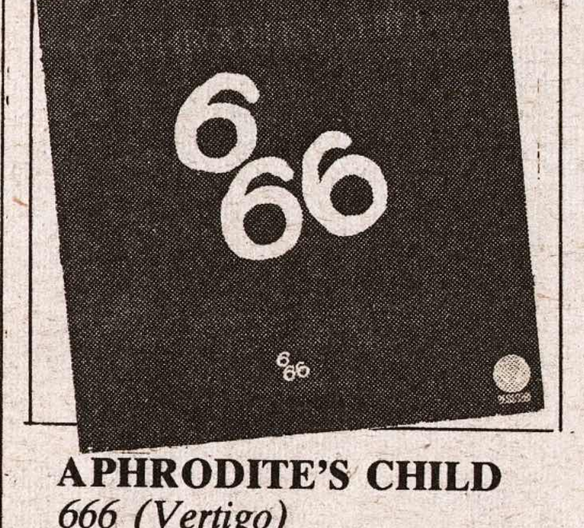
I suppose it could have been a turkey, but there's so much love, skill and enthusiasm on the record that, for my money, it's a small masterpiece, the best of its kind since Lennon's "Rock and Roll".

On the final cut Edmunds wades straight into "Faithful" country. He actually rebuilds Elvis's "My Baby Left Me". You can hardly take a greater risk. Reconstructing "Good Vibrations" was child's play.

Fortunately, Edmunds pulls it off with such consummate ease that all ends happily, and thank God for that. I think if he'd screwed up, it would have left the album with a nasty aftertaste.

Aside from all the fancy talk, the highest recommendation I can give to this album is just to tell you that it's going to get played a lot round our house.

Mick Farren



APHRODITE'S CHILD
666 (Vertigo)

IF SOMETHING dreadful happens to you today, don't panic. You're probably hearing the re-release of the final Aphrodite's Child album, the ambition of which is matched only by the pretension.

A mere five years old, "666" bounces back on the scene freshly *Omen*-ised (the triple figure grouping on the jet black cover courtesy of Gregory Peck and the Apocalypse of John and it is, indeed, full of dread throughout all four sides.

I'm not sure if the *text* (these aren't lyrics, they're far too important) has been accurately translated from the native tongue since it's all Greek to me.

If the words (sorry, *text*) are visible fatuous, then the music (by keyboard dwarf Vangelis Papathanassiou) is lamentably vacuous, all ELP neo-classicism and doomy, gurgling electronics. Having Demis Roussos as your lead vocalist hardly lessens the nightmarish effect.

The celebrated Greek actress Irene Papas makes a guest appearance halfway through doing a fair impression of a haunted, middle-aged Jane Birkin (circa "Je T'Aime") as she hysterically intones *"I am, I am to come, I was"* over and over to plain percussive accompaniment. It's the only moment of any interest.

Nowhere is it indicated that this is a re-release, so if you were unfortunate enough to purchase the original, don't make the same mistake twice.

If music be the food of love let me merely quote the *text* from side one's "The Seventh Seal": *"How much longer will we suffer from hunger?"* Another three sides' worth, mate.

Monty Smith

SLADE
Whatever Happened To Slade? (Barn)

GOD, IF ever there was an album title which begged the question . . .

The fished-for answer would probably be something like "Nuffing's happened to 'em azzit, they're still OUR BOYS and they're still GRITE," but the real-life reaction would more likely be a shrug and a muttered, "Dunno. What did happen to Slade, anyway?"

And the answer to that is, sadly, "Not a lot." Somehow, this album doesn't seem as if it's likely to change things.

It's loud, shrill and trebly and it sounds like Status Quo speeded up and stuck inside a large cardboard box. The songs are the standard stuff that you get from bands who've worked a lot in the States: groupie songs, on-the-road songs and cutesy-cutesy-wiv-mah-silver spoon songs, plus hopeful stabs at Colourful Americana, all tricked out with occasional Beatley side trips and garageband guitar that's almost as terrible as the guitar on the first Stooges album but not nearly as good.

The sleeve resurrects photos of the band in their skinhead phase and the press handout raises the ghost of punk-rock (remember punk-rock? Oh well), but I don't think the New Wave (remember the New Wave? Oh well) will be significantly more impressed than anyone else.

Slade were magnificent back in '72 (remember . . . ahhh, skip it!), but since then they've wasted their energy in unsuccessful attempts to crack the States; they've been away too long and they don't seem to be able to speak to the kid on the street '77 the way they talked to his/her '72 incarnation.

These days they sound hollow and thin. When can we expect Volume Two?

Charles Shaar Murray

BAD COMPANY
Burnin' Sky (Island)

YOU CAN always tell when a band has finally made it into the tax-exile bracket; they leave their name off the cover, as if they realise that wealth breeds complacency.

Bad Company need not have taken such a drastic step with "Burnin' Sky" since, until the truly execrable final cut (7 minutes of extraordinarily gauche political-blues), most of it is a definite improvement on the desultory "Run With The Pack".

Still, by omitting all typography, more cover space is available for projecting the monochrome image of three cowboys fronted by an Occidental samurai *sans* scimitar — Paul Rodgers by any other name.

Even if their last platter was fairly undistinguished, Bad Co. deserve to be rated as a premier heavyweight outfit for "Feel Like Makin' Love" alone (don't read that too quickly), one of the classic cock-rock numbers of all time.

Its lurching, leering dynamism emphasises the ludicrous inappropriateness of the term "making love" in any heavy rock context. What Rodgers really means is "Feel Like Whamming The Assbone Off You" but he could substitute, say, "Feel Like Baking Scones" and the effect wouldn't be any less endearing.

Nothing on "Burnin' Sky" approaches those giddy heights, indeed there is little to suggest that Rodgers and Mick Ralphs are both proven rock composers of a pretty high order. The three cuts that come closest are Rodgers' title track, Ralphs' "Too Bad" and the collaborative "Everything I Need".

With hypnotic rhythmic work from Simon Kirke and Boz Burrell (both sterling throughout the album), "Burnin' Sky" is five minutes of well-modulated chunk-rock and economical riffing.

Only Ralphs' inherent power is missing, his solo being inexplicably muddy and muffled. But he makes up on "Too Bad", a general downer on contemporary ills pitched at a randy, drunken tempo with Ralphs' guitar providing ferociously short, spasmodic bursts of firepower over the resolutely heavy backdrop.

It says all that's required in 3½ minutes, making the inclusion of that dreadful final song all the more peculiar. Called "Master Of Ceremony", it's an extended blues work out (dominated by feeble keyboard work) with Rodgers at his most mannered as he sings about changing society, learning to live together, God, political allegiances, redneck Jews, blue men singing the whites, and so on.

Obviously a Very Important Statement, aimed at your more politically aware *Beano* reader. The nadir is reached when Rodgers', in all seriousness, says: *"Ive never been to a ghetto in my life before (sic), but I can understand/Some whites don't have it too cool either . . ."*

This is followed by the perceptive observation that *"everyone has a chance to dance and romance"*. Pass the After Eights. A little of the humour displayed in "Everything I Need" would have gone a long way to making "Ceremony" less distasteful.

"Everything" is Bad Co's requisite reggae number, taken dead straight until the daft spoken bridge reminds you that it isn't supposed to be taken seriously.

The rest is standard Bad Co fare, with "Heartbeat" snappy enough to be a single and "Peace Of Mind" the only real oddity, taken at a similar pace and density to Mott's early Dylan pastiches.

Monty Smith

Next week in NME
THE LIFE & TIMES OF RAY DAVIES AND THE KINKS

ATLANTA

Scorpions: Ja, ve buzz vor yoo babee . . .

Thousands violated as sex crazed bugs invade . . .

. . . and much more as MONTY SMITH rounds up a motley herd of recent albums

SCORPIONS
Virgin Killer (RCA)

A GERMAN five-piece heavy metal outfit who contrive to both look and sound as though they've stepped from some demented time warp.

As the guitars thunder on aimlessly and the monotone rhythm section whack away, the vocalist screams in that curious intonation peculiar to Europeans trying to sing in English.

Subject matter includes "sweet anarchy", "dark meditation", backstage queens and underage virgins. Unremittingly dreadful.

Likely audience: Wasted Wehrmacht afficionados with their own (iron) crosses to bear.

MAMA'S PRIDE
Uptown And Lowdown (Atlantic)

LED BY the gruff-voiced Liston brothers, Danny and Pat, St Louis band Mama's Pride strenuously strive for raunchy rock 'n' roll without ever remotely convincing.

With Dennis Dreith's orchestra providing accompaniment on most of the eight tracks, they come across like a sloppy Skynyrd with strings.

If that's your idea of a good time, try "Long Time " (which, at nigh on 10 minutes, it certainly is), the album's flat finale. Enervating rather than energetic.

Likely audience: Good ol' boys with a bad case of the Budweisers.

KEITH MANIFOLD
Inheritance (DJM)

KEITH MANIFOLD would possibly prefer to forget that fateful day in January 1974 when he underwent the daunting experience of being runner-up to Lena Zavaroni on *Opportunity Knocks.* I certainly wouldn't tell *my* grandchildren about it.

He's an English C&W singer tackling well-known numbers ("Help Me Make It Through The Night", "I Can't Stop Loving You", etc) in a thoroughly unadventurous way, with an irksome, ever-present female backing vocal group. Also included are one of those bathetic narrative numbers and an awful "novelty" song.

Likely audience: Rochdale cowboys, probably with red necks.

GENE WATSON
Paper Rosie (Capitol)

THOSE ROCHDALE cowboys would do better to invest in this, an accomplished, mellow offering from one of America's emergent new C&W singers.

A native Texan, Watson has the requisite warmth of tone for a successful country performer. As the sleeve notes admit, "He followed his initial success with more of the same."

But I guess the very familiarity and sameness of C&W is a large part of its appeal. Composers include Marty Robbins, Porter Wagoner, Dolly Parton and Ray Griff.

Likely audience: Calvin County cowboys with a bellyfull of salty beer.

CERRONE
Love In "C" Minor (Atlantic)

BORN IN France of Italian parentage 25 years ago, Cerrone is a pitifully leaden drummer who fancies himself as some kind of Biddu.

The title track comprises the entire first side of this tastelessly packaged album, and was a big French hit in its edited form. Any form of editing would be an improvement since it is relentlessly tedious, its asinine "humour" demonstrated by the opening dialogue between a group of girls and gays in a bar (they talk in immensely unamusing innuendo).

For being one of the backup vocalists, Madeline Bell should be ashamed. For perpetrating this rebarbative rubbish in an already saturated market, Cerrone should be force-fed snails and spaghetti for a month of rainless Sundays.

Likely audience: Inveterate disco-goers, probably with club feet.

JAYSON LINDH
Jayson Lindh (Atlantic)

A SWEDISH jazz-rock flautist overfond of flutter-tonguing (the technique effectively deployed by Tull's Ian Anderson), Bjorn Lindh's playing throughout is rather wispy, lacking resonance of tone.

The cover photos are misleading since the American session men featured (including Ernie Watts, Joe Lala and Barry Beckett) only appear on one cut apiece.

The rest were recorded in Stockholm, with the European sidemen tending to be rigidly "funky". Even "Deer's Pasture", recorded in a church with Lindh's amplified flute accompanied by a sepuchral organ, fails to inspre him or the listener.

Likely audience: Soulful Swedes with overhanging embouchures.

BRIAN BENNETT BAND
Rock Dreams (DJM)

INSPIRED BY Guy Peellaert's book, ex-Shadow Bennett has the fetching notion of covering the past 15 years in his own musical terms. The result is an inevitably disjointed album and he is finally defeated by the sheer ambitiousness of his undertaking.

Side one includes tributes to Holly, Cochran, Jerry Lee and the Shads, and works pretty well. But side two attempts to deal with more nebulous areas of rock 'n' roll and although there's a neat Beach Boys pastiche ("Girls Back Home"), the overall effect is a bit patchy.

Still, it's certainly a lot less heavy-handed than most concept albums and Bennett, surrounding himself with a veritable arsenal of percussives, remains a fine rock drummer.

Likely audience: Maybe the Old Shadows Fan fed up with their "Golden Greatest", hopefully wider than that.

KENNY RANKIN
The Kenny Rankin Album (Little David)

WITH A cult following of about 12 in this country, Rankin has the kind of wandering minstrel appeal of a Steve Goodman.

Unfortunately, this album isn't about to change matters. The jazz-tinged quartet (Rankin on acoustic guitar and piano, with electric keyboards, bass and drums) are fine, but every number is utterly swamped by Don Costa's lavish orchestral arrangements.

Rankin's own compositions (only three) are more interesting than the cloying interpretations of "Groovin' " and songs by Billy Preston and George Harrison, and the overall effect is a bit smug. Real after midnight stuff, like when you've gone to sleep.

Likely audience: People who buy it by mistake, or *ZigZag* readers (only joking).

ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION

A ROCK AND ROLL ALTERNATIVE
IS THE NEW ALBUM
"SO INTO YOU"
IS THE NEW SINGLE

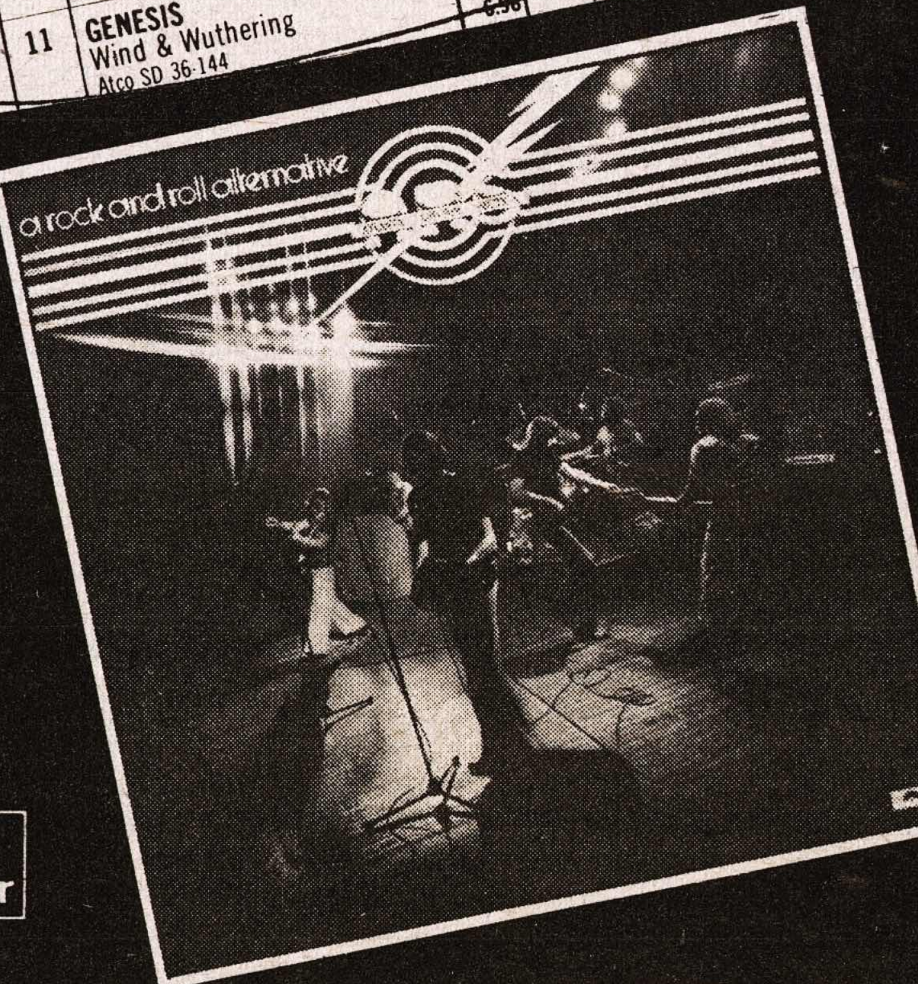
SEE THEM LIVE
IN CONCERT AT
LONDON'S NEW VICTORIA
APRIL 23RD

(Paul McCartney), P. McCartney, Capitol 4385 WBM 45
15 CARRY ON WAYWARD SON—Kansas (Jeff Glixman), K. Lirgren, Kirshner 4267 (Epic) WBM 46
10 SO IN TO YOU—Atlanta Rhythm Section (Buddy Buie), B. Buie, R. Nix, D. Daughtry, Polydor 14373 CPP 47
16 FLY LIKE AN EAGLE—Steve Miller Band (Steve Miller), S. Miller, Capitol 4372 BB 48
WEEK ENDING APRIL 2, 1977
Billboard

Warner Bros. BSK 3017
24 26 11 ABBA Arrival Atlantic SD 18207 6.98 7.97
25 28 12 ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION A Rock And Roll Alternative Polydor PD-1-6080 6.98 7.98 7.98
26 27 11 GENESIS Wind & Wuthering Atco SD 36-144 7.97 7.97

For Southern boys, ARS have a distinctly British sound, exemplified by their strongest asset–Barry Bailey's clear, concise lead guitar. On the only non-original song, "Outside Woman Blues" (a dead-straight rock-blues rendition), they are heavily redolent of early Cream, Bailey is that good.
MONTY SMITH N.M.E. 12/3/77.

Georgia rock at its finest. + + + +
BARRY CAIN RECORD MIRROR, 5/3/77.



ALBUM · CASSETTE polydor

ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION

SCHIFRIN from the left . . .

By BRIAN CASE

THE BIG SCORE

Composer LALO SCHIFRIN, who recently chomped the charts with "Jaws", talks about movie music and morality.

"THEY RUIN your stories. They massacre your ideas. They prostitute your art. They trample on your pride. And what do you get for it? A fortune!" Hollywood, Hack City in the sun. The only location in the Phillips Comprehensive that is talked of like a terminal disease. What happened to that brilliant pianist? Hollywood.

Well, it's both true and untrue, truer for those who can't accept that film making is a collaborative art and a business, and pocket pride for cabbage. And Hollywood, alongside its disgruntled, also houses more cheerfully whistling craftsmen than Constantinople before the Turks gave up the Mister Goodbars and lowered the boom on Byzantium.

There were no complaints from Lalo Schifrin. With 60 film score credits behind him and ten harmonious years in the film capital, he is stretched and solvent.

We met in the Tea Shoppe over the hotel lobby. It could have been a scene from *Brief Encounter*. A lady piano player in pearls and twinset laid "Night And Day" like there was no tomorrow, had the aspidestra lolling in their pots.

"How do you like this?" Lalo pointed at the delicately-nurtured finger-popper with the stem of his pipe.

I grimaced. Lalo, I remembered, had been a very different type of cat, Dizzy Gillespie's pianist back on the '61 tour, a powerhouse and a loping leaper. Born in Buenos Aires, Lalo had got himself a little jazz combo with a young Paul Desmond disciple, Gato Barbieri, on alto. Then Dizzy hit town, fronting the best big band Lalo had ever heard and that was it! Lalo left Argentina with Diz.

"I was three years on the road with Dizzy, said Lalo. "That's a long time. I was looking for a sedentary place to write, and Hollywood was the best place from every point of view. It allowed me to write whatever I wanted and also experiment. I always liked film, and I'd already done some film scores for Fernando Ayala in South America."

"Is it a craft or an art?" I asked him.

He shrugged. Lalo has an impressive line in latin shrugs and moues. "A craft is easy to learn. Most important is that you hafta have a special sensitivity for the audio-visual counterpoint. Many musicians attempt to write for films, but they don't have a sense of the dramatic or a sense of the texture of the film against the texture of the music. It has nothing to do with the quality of the musicianship. Even very good musicians fail.

"Sometimes you can have a poor musical idea — the theme of *The Third Man* — it's not a good tune, but it works in that movie because it adds something, it creates an atmosphere, a sound, If you had to listen to it by itself, you'd say it was ... — " — Shoulders and eyebrows rose, mouth turned down.

"I could give you the names of many major people who have failed, and mainly it was because they were taking over, they were over-scoring. They were treating it like a recording date and they wanted to prove something."

Ornette Coleman's music for *Chappaqua* had been distractingly good — and rejected by director Conrad Rooks who envisaged a cinema audience with their eyes shut, digging.

"The idea," said Lalo, "is to combine. Always the music is in counterpoint to the image. And sometimes a lack of music can be very good, you know. You hafta think what contribution you can make to a film that is already an entity in itself. What can you add? It is unecessary to duplicate what is in the film, because to duplicate is just a parellel motion."

Sight and sound at the same game takes you back to the origins of cinema, to the piano player in the nickleodeon and on to the studio symphony orchestras spreading the scores of Alfred Newman or Max Steiner over everything like catsup. Today, music is more clearly motivated — a radio, a record player.

"What I play in film is the psychology rather than the action," said Lalo, and winced as the lady wrung the withers, quivery or plain, of "That Old Black Magic".

"Do you mean the psychology of the characters?" I asked.

He shook his head. "You hafta realise that film making is not an individual art form, it is collective — almost like jazz in which you have a jam session. For instance, the bass player has his own jurisdiction. He's providing the backbone of the rhythm, then the drummer is completing that with the piano — the hamonic-rhythmic backbone. The soloists have their own function.

"You can apply the same thing to films. The film maker is like a gestalt. The director is the brain, the cameraman is the eyes, the film editor is the DNA, the producer is the lungs and the composer is the ears. Each has a function in the teamwork and they have to complement each other.

"So...when you ask me if it's the psychology of the actors, maybe — but mostly it's the psychology of the audience. What do we want from an audience? See, it's a theatrical form, related to the theatre and coming rom an old tradition that stretches back to Greek tragedy. Everything has to be triggered on what reaction we want from the audience at this particular moment. Do we want them to relax at this point or be on the edge of their seats?"

He's done a far amount of scoring up the urgent end of American cinema. *Bullitt, Dirty Harry, Magnum Force, Cool Hand Luke, Murderers Row, The Cincinnati Kid, Kelley's Heroes*, as well as the music for TV favourites like *Starsky & Hutch, Mission Impossible*.

"Do you think you've been type-cast as a composer?" I dare. "Like, Henry Mancini for the pretty stuff, Schifrin for the GBH!"

He looked at me without enthusiasm. "*Cool Hand Luke*" wasn't dealing with violence per se," he said. "It's about an existential hero. The violence was the situation in which these men were located, but it was not an action film. No — I have also done pretty, lyrical films like *The Fox*."

"All right," I said. "Take a fascist movie like *Dirty Harry*. A great film with a dangerous philosophy. Do you have to feel in tune with the morality of a movie before you take the job?"

Lalo disagreed with the designation. In his view, Harry was forced to act outside the law because of the Miranda-Escobedo decision, whereby a self-confessed murderer and rapist were set free because they had not been advised of their rights with a lawyer present.

He lit his pipe. "I like the film. I wouldn't take a fascistic film. I wouldn't take a film that condones injustice."

"*Death Wish?*" Boy, they don't call me the Savanarola of King's Reach for nowt.

Lolo grinned. "I can see that your ideas are a little bit salutory in the sense that we are engagé, no matter what, and should not be insensitive to social problems — even when we're writing music for a score which is an abstraction. We are still accomplices of an evil deed, huh?"

"If you are maipulating the psychology of the audience, you're responsible for more than an abstraction," I crowed, lamplight flashing from my E. G. Marshall forensic specs. In fact, Lalo has an acute sense of the social role of cinema, a far cry from the Hollywood dictum that messages were best left to Western Union.

The contribution of the composer — Victor Young, Dimitri Tiomkin, Bernard Hermann, or the old jazzers like Lalo Schifrin, Quincy Jones, Shorty Rogers, Oliver Nelson — has a great deal to do with the final shape of the film. Music has the effect of shortening a scene, of motivating the most neutral activity, and it can carry thematic reminders on a subtler level than vision.

"The real reason for music," said Bernard Hermann — *Citizen Kane, The Magnificent Ambersons, Psycho, The Birds* — "is that a piece of film, by its nature, lacks a certain ability to convey emotional overtones." In a recent interview, he spoke bitterly of the killing of his craft by the ubiquitous pop song: "All pop songs are based on an eight-bar phrase, so once they start the melody, they've got to finish it. It has to last that long. It goes along with the picture; it doesn't go with it."

"Sometimes I work on the film while it is being shot," said Lalo. "Then I go through the everyday process of seeing rushes, but that's very rare. Sometimes they give me four or five scripts because they keep changing them — then I get tired. Usually I see it near its finished form and then I get an immediate gut reaction. Film and music have this in common: they both happen in time: they both have a rhythm. So, once we have co-ordinated that rhythm . . ."

He filled his pipe and lit up.

"Don Siegel likes staccato cutting. His films are staccato so I blend with that. The pace of *The Fox* was slower. I tried to capture the coldness of the landscape, the atmosphere. I used a very small chamber music approach — string quartet, woodwind quintet, percussion, two horns and a harp. It was very pastoral but it had that inner tumult, inner process of D. H. Lawrence's story of sexual frustration.

"I did a film that won the Cannes Festival — *The Hellstrom Chronicle!*

"The movie about insects?"

"Yes. I did everything. There was no boundary between sound effects and music. I used avant garde techniques combining electronics and 50 string players playing with wire brushes instead of bows for the battle of the ants. These are the kinds of things that push your imagination to the limit.

"Television can also be creative. For example, in *Medical Center* they have the main title where an ambulance is coming from the distance. I took a Moog synthesizer and imitated the siren, kept it going up and up and when it reached a pitch, it became the melody. These are little things you can have fun with."

"Vaughan Williams said that if you can't learn to write an interesting piece of 30 seconds duration, there's something wrong with you, not the film," I reported. "Do you feel restricted?"

He didn't. "It's challenging. You have to work within a framework. Instead of complaining about it, I think the attitude should be, what can we do with it? But it's not they who give me the time limit, it is me who decides where to put the music and how long the cues are. Sometimes an abrupt ending is dramatically remembered, and can do more than a continuation of music.

"Hitchcock and Bernard Hermann taught us a lot about that."

"Do they often cut your work afterwards?" I asked.

"No, that hasn't happened too much to me. I've done more than 60 films and it's happened only three or four times. I tend to take it tongue-in-cheek and say, well — maybe they're right, it's their baby.

"Sometimes the contrary happens. I did *The Four Musketeers* for Richard Lester and he fell in love with a tune so much he put it all over the movie. I wrote a chase in the structure of a fugue, and then after that there was a big battle so I didn't want music there as the sound effects would take over. But Lester probably felt he needed more excitement there, so he repeated the chase theme — and it worked fantastically!

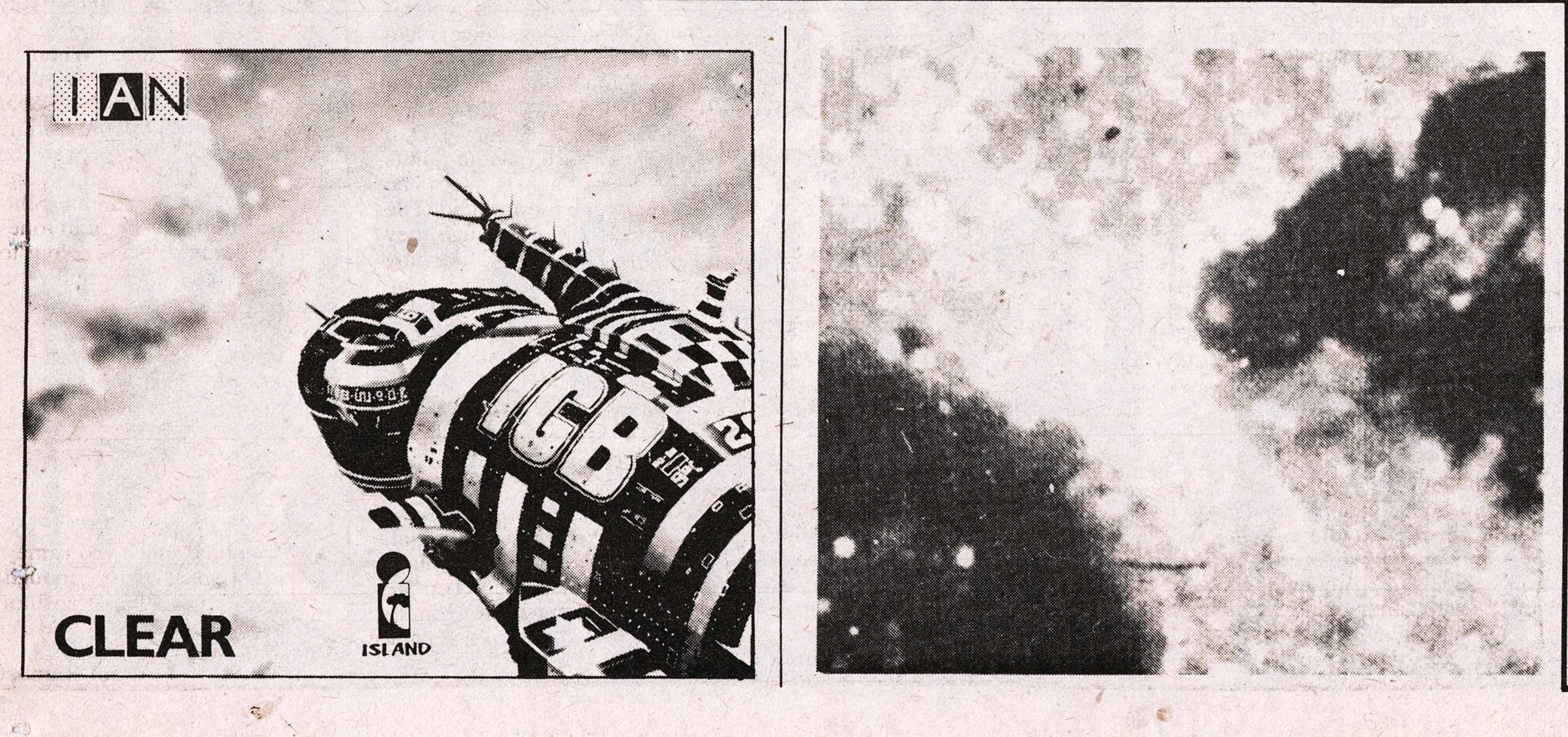
"I also did a big TV documentary called *The Rise And Fall Of The Third Reich* that lasted three hours. I wrote a theme for Chamberlain arriving at Munich and they used it for Hindenburg and everybody — but it worked, so I have no objection. These things can go either way.

YEARS in the industry have left Lalo impatient at the mysticism of today's musicians. He quoted Stravinsky's dictum: " 'Being a composer is like being a shoemaker. It's a manual art. You push and pull into shape until it fits.' There are too many monks about today." He pointed his pipe at me. "There is only one Monk, huh? No, the boppers didn't talk all that mysticism."

"What did they talk about then?" I leaned forward. The Tea Shoppe schlepper unzipped a crocked arpeggio.

"Who gives good head," said Lalo.

. . . and the right.



ON THE TOWN

STEVE & CHRIS. Steve and Chris?!! Pix: MICHAEL PUTLAND

McFLEETINGHAM NICKS DEMONSTRATE PROWESS. CAPITALISM BREATHES SIGH OF RELIEF

How to succeed by being the best

Fleetwood Mac

BIRMINGHAM

WELL, THEY DIDN'T play de blooze, but at Birmingham Odeon on Saturday night the seemingly indestructible Fleetwood Mac, playing the opening night of their first sell-out British tour in seven years (and their first for three years), turned in a performance at times so potent — don't laugh — that it had me shivering all over.

True, there were moments when it looked like the band who in the last year have become Warner Bros' biggest selling act were about to blow it and lose their momentum, after they had gotten off to a great start with a perfect version of one of their several recent great singles, "Say You Love Me", so exhilarating it nearly took my breath away.

But overall Fleetwood Mac — who many, me included, had written off as a spent force after their enormous contribution to rock in the late '60s under the aegis of one P. Green — proved live (as they have on repeated occasions during the past nine years on record) that they are one of the few great late '60s British rock bands who've continued to evolve without losing their basic spirit or becoming part of the rock machinery.

Correction — Fleetwood Mac are as much a '70s band as any of the new-wave. True, they're not into making social or political comments, but when it comes to making inspired music with emotional commitment on Saturday night in Birmingham Fleetwood Mac often scored maximum points.

The only time the blandness evident on some of their penultimate album, "Fleetwood Mac", raised its head onstage was during Buckingham and Nicks' brief acoustic set, which temporarily jetted the group into wimpdom.

The band look like this . . . Stage left, her right profile facing the audience, is the "brandy voiced" Christine McVie on (just a few) keyboards. She's wearing a basically black poncho (borrowed from her colleague Stevie Nicks) which trails almost down to her ankles to show just a few inches of faded denim. Behind and to her left is husband John, clad in solid but not overt rock star threads — good fitting jeans, white shirt, black waistcoat. He wears his bass high.

To his right is that other "great old man of British rock", Mick Fleetwood. During the next hour or so he gives a performance so dazzling it convinced me Fleetwood is as good as any other drummer working in rock. And that includes the Kirkes, Bakers, Dunbars, Gordons, Collinses, Brufords, Keltners — John Bonham too.

In fact, Fleetwood might just be the best. Certainly he plays like no-one else, continually surprising his audience as he drives the band along ruthlessly, his bass drum always in perfect sync with McVie's unobtrusive bass. Fleetwood is solid, powerful, colourful, inventive and always on top of everything without being overpowering. A musician of rare skill and Fleetwood Mac's finest player.

Stage right is guitarist Lindsey Buckingham, the epitome of the flash, but tastefully attired, American rock star. Black velvet pants, brilliant white smock. Immaculately coiffured hair and beard.

Stage centre is the band's glamour puss, Stevie Nicks, looking great as ever, if a shade selfconscious now and then. She always wears black onstage, and tonight she wears the black chiffon creation *avec* high heeled boots that she wore on the pic adorning the "Rumours" sleeve. Very elegant, and with her immaculately coiffured hair and slightness of build she comes on like some chic Titania.

So much for the fashion notes.

Naturally, the bulk of the material is taken from the last two highly successful Mac albums, "Fleetwood Mac", referred to by the band as "The White Album", and "Rumours". Considering the number of overdubs on those records, and the songs' relatively complex arrangements, it's a wonder they can reproduce this material with more or less total fidelity; in fact those who consider Fleetwood Mac's current music to be bland and MOR should hear them live, where the music is a good deal more muscular and more spare without losing any subtlety.

Apart from these songs, there are also a couple of numbers from previous Mac albums, two magnificently moody pieces from post-Peter Green Mac, plus a Danny Kirwan blues-rock riff song called "Station Man" and (would you believe) an awesome workout of Green's peerless "Oh Well". All right, so Buckingham's vocals don't compare to the original, but the band's execution of the number is truly epic.

As the group's guitarist, Buckingham has a difficult task to perform — especially with a British audience where the name Fleetwood Mac is still associated with Peter Green. While he isn't particularly original, neither is he detractingly derivative. The licks he plays have their roots in the late '60s, and yet his execution of them transcends the cliche-ridden. And at times during the band's set on Saturday night, Buckingham cooked up the proverbial storm, playing tastefully ferocious leads prompted by explosive drum bursts from Fleetwood. His chord work is good too.

Vocally, it's Ms McVie who continually satisfies with her effortless singing, never missing the pitch or getting the phrasing wrong. Ms Nicks' singing voice is naturally harsh (no-one could say she's got a beautiful voice) but despite it all it works. On Saturday she was clearly having problems with her singing (she has nodes on her vocal cords), occasionally coming in off-key, but that's a minor criticism.

Ms Nicks's "dancing" is another thing. Okay, she's a pretty lady, responsible for writing several good songs since her joining Mac a couple of years ago and before with Buckingham Nicks, but her Pan's People type routines are chronically out of context, to say the least, with such a muscular rock band as Fleetwood Mac.

Otherwise Saturday's show was on of the best demonstrations of rock music I've seen. It's reassuring to know that musicians can stay around as long as the McVies and Fleetwood have and still be highly creative and inspired. Those of you going to see the group at the Rainbow this weekend are in for a treat.

Steve Clarke

Racing Cars

NEW VICTORIA

THE BOWLES BROS. Band are hardly the most likely choice of support group for Racing Cars. The two are miles apart, the only connection being that both turn Stateside for their influence, Racing Cars to the slick, funky panache of bands like Little Feat and Steely Dan, and the Bowles Bros, well, they're in another world entirely.

Images in music which draw on a time warp of American mythology, mainly the Jazz era of the '30s and '40s, with its nightclubs, pimps and Broadway shows, but reaching into the '50s for Tom Waits' seedy twilight bars and back to the '20s for gangsters and violin cases, their kaleidoscopic styles are all easily recognisable without any strict copying of a particular sound.

For instance, "Outside Runner", a song written by Brian Bowles (who must be an incurable romantic) and sung admirably, if a little uncertainly, by Sue Jones-Davis, began as a slow blues, suggesting Billie Holiday's plaintive emotional voice, and finished with sliding bebop vocals belonging to the last generation of female jazz singers like Annie Ross.

The simple line-up of two accoustic guitars, violin and double bass is closer to Dan Hicks than such obvious points of comparison as The Manhatten Transfer and The Pointer Sisters. Although they can't match him for the zany humour which was the saving grace of his music, they're well on the way to equalling the ease with which he used to pull off his entertaining sketches of a bygone era.

So far, of the new bands to emerge during '76, only the Rods and Racing Cars have shown positive proof of being able to fulfill their potential. Both bands have had chart albums, albeit merely Top 50, and both have moved on to playing headlining gigs. Racing Cars even had a hit single, in the form of the unlikely and unrepresentative "They Shoot Horses Don't They".

Unrepresentative because, although they do have a slow, more moody side, as in songs like "Downtown Tonight" and "Nobody's Fool", it's rock, raunchy and get-you moving that this band is all about. And although they haven't yet mastered the art of doing it to a seated concert audience rather than a pub crowd, there's enough flexibility in their music to allow them, with a little practice, to perpetrate the kind of stomping, good-time feeling that The Faces and Family were once so good at inducing.

They opened with "Four Wheel Drive", an extremely funky instrumental that set the stage for the rest of the evening, and then moved straight into "Moonshine Fandango", Morty's rich, gruff voice cutting through the music with a strength that belies his small frame; clear and powerful over the driving rhythm.

When he's not toting an acoustic guitar he staggers about the stage with much abandon, winding up the band and revelling in the accomplishments of guitarists Graham Hedley-Williams and Ray Ennis.

Rightly so too. When it comes to guitar teams you'd have to go a long way to beat these boys. Consistently riding rhythmic and funky over the rock-solid David Land and Robert Wilding, complementing each other with fluid tones and adding shade and colour to what would otherwise be an average sound, every solo was perfectly controlled, right for the song and the music, and every one was brimful with ideas.

The pacing was wrong at times, and they're going to have to learn to ease off and get involved in the songs now and again, otherwise it'll end up sounding much too samey. Apart from that, though, they've made the transition from small to large audiences in admirable fashion.

Paul Rambali

FLASHES

THE TOOTING FRUITIES, five of the most disparate, oddball individuals to tread a London stage in recent months, are supporting Clover and finding it difficult to make contact with a Nashville audience which is unsure whether it's having its collective leg pulled.

The Fruities actually are a good, original band with a repertoire that ranges through rockabilly to straight rock'n'roll, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis and Texas swing Bob Wills ciphered through Cody and West Coast bar room brawlers. A three line guitar attack generally keeps them to the point.

There's plenty to look at too, real characters: one ted, three South London heads, and maybe the most unsubtle but effective drummer in the business.

Original tunes included "Gay Boys In Bondage", which is either grossly tastefully or a very funny Velvets pastiche — it certainly had more to do with English humour than The Tubes ever will. Their last number, a brave risk that failed to get the deserved encore, was an instrumental slide ballad!

They could have rocked out, but they aren't that obvious. If you see the name check out The Tooting Fruities — they should surprise a lot of people.

Max Bell

ABOUT A YEAR ago if you'd asked me what was the worst band I'd ever seen I reckon I'd have put **MOTORHEAD** near the top of the list. After all, the headbanging noise they used to make could have killed an elephant at a hundred paces.

Last Friday at the Marquee, however, a total transformation had occurred. Sure, they still play the brash, loud, bang your head against the wall music, but this new three-piece version play it with style. At last it looks like Lemmy has found his niche (how about a record company giving him a few quid to see if he can cut it on vinyl as well, cos it would suit the Quo, Sabs, Heep fans down to the ground?) and the sweat drenched Marque audience loved every minute of it.

It was great, too, to see Farren strutting the stage again on a couple of numbers. This band needs your support — do something about it.

Chalkie Davies

IN THEIR second only gig, **Kicks** proved beyond any reasonable doubt that they are a creditable, tough and funky guitar orientated R&B band from the Bad Company school.

And so they ought to be. They are after all Paul Rudolph and Alan Powell, late of Hawkwind and points west, Steve York from Vinegar Joe and a multitude of other bands, and Cal Batchelor from Quiver.

Their chops are firmly in line and, drawing on a set of tunes that range from Al Green to early Stax, plus a few of their own, they had the club on its feet and rocking with the kind of music that is still, after all, the backbone of rock and roll.

Mick Farren

JAZZ DIARY

BARBARA THOMPSON'S band, **Jubiaba,** are playing at the 7 Dials on April 7th, the leader blowing tenor, soprano and flute. **Kenny Ball's Jazzmen** are at 100 Club on 8th, with the **Dickie Trio.** At the Pizza Express, Dean Street, the **Colin Smith Quintet** on 9th while the **Stan Sulzmann-Frank Ricotti Quintet** are playing at the Star and Garter, Putney. Out in the boondocks, Bracknell, Berkshire, the **John Taylor Trio** and **Keith Tippett** are at South Hill Park. That gigantic locomotive, lacking only Marlene Dietrich with a past, **Intercontinental Express** are at the Phoenix, Cavendish Square, on 13th. The following night, **Company** weigh in at the Battersea Arts Centre — **Maarten van Regteren Altena, Tristan Honsinger, Evan Parker, Paul Rutherford** and **Derek Bailey,** playing both Friday and Saturday.

Meanwhile, a few of the Americans from the Camden Music Festival are staying on — **Buddy Tate** with **Jim Galloway** at the Pizza Express on 15th and **Bobby Hutcherson** down Ronnie Scott's for a week from 11th.

That classic label, Savoy, continues to release oldies from the vault — currently an early **Stan Getz,** early **Art Pepper,** and the alternative takes of the **Bird** sessions. CBS are soon releasing a live double from **Dexter Gordon,** who has promised us all "Bebop as usual" and no truck with crossover.

Brian Case

World's most pointless group gropes in Glasgow

Actually they're quite good — so Gorbals to yer

Paice, Ashton, Lord

GLASGOW

WILD HORSES wouldn't have dragged me to a Deep Purple gig, and if ever a band looked redundant before they even started, this lot do. Here to rubber stamp the rise of Bandit and sign the execution warrant for Lord & co — and I am even missing my beloved Dunfermline Athletic to do it. What a this. What a life, etc. Strike pose of world weary long suffering and enter Apollo.

The bands, however, decline to stick to the script.

The much touted Bandit are somewhat less than original, despite a healthy infusion of Scots blood. Their guitarist is rather good and they have plenty of energy, but I doubt if they'd recognise a melody if one hit them in the credentials. A high powered barrage of noise, in fact. They'll probably be quite popular.

And now for PAL. I missed their TV spot, but by all accounts it wasn't exactly the key to the kingdom of heaven. "Bleedin' awful" was one comment. Not a favourable omen.

Now you may view what follows as beyond the bounds of possibility, but PAL were actually quite good. (Cue gasps of horror and disbelief, friends exchange knowing looks and call the funny farm again . . .)

But really, they were, I tell you. It's not an overnight transformation of course, but Deep Purple Mk. II this isn't. Not a single Deep Purple number. Instead think of the buzz you get from Ashton, Gardner & Dyke's dynamite "Resurrection Shuffle" and that's more like it.

There's a lot to fit together. On the split-leve stage, front left, are Sheila and Jeanette MacKinley, back up singers; behind them, Marty Martinez on bass and up behind him, a four-piece brass section headed by ex-Wings man Howie Casey. Stage right is former Babe Ruth guitarist Bernie Marsden (a good find), while the middle is occupied by Ashton and Lord and their batteries of keyboards. Way up aloft is Ian Paice, ace drum batterer himself. Live, they have a widescreen presence that TV, short of an outside broadcast, could never capture.

The music is very rhythmic, very punchy. The toons are good and there is some inspired brass work, both solo and together. The front men take their cue from Ashton or Lord, building out around the riffs. Marsden was one of the best features — a good voice and tasteful guitar with a pleasing absence of ego. It all coalesces into a wised-up and wired-up big band sound.

The idea is an extension of Lord and Ashton's 1974 joint effort, "First Of The Big Bands". In fact the highlight of the set comes from that album, "The Ballad Of Mr. Giver". Swinging and surging powerfully into an extended piece, it features fine keyboard interplay by Lord and Ashton and tasty contributions from Bernie Marsden, all spurred on by white hot blasts from the gloriously tight brass section.

The visual focus on Tony Ashton is an integral part of the show. In a black leather jacket and cloth cap pulled down over his eyes, he swaggers and play-acts and the humour contributes considerably to the appeal of the band. He really comes into his own on the bluesy spoof, "I'm Gonna Stop Drinking", as he staggers and loons about, hollering "I woke up this morning . . ." The humour, however, never usurps the place of the music.

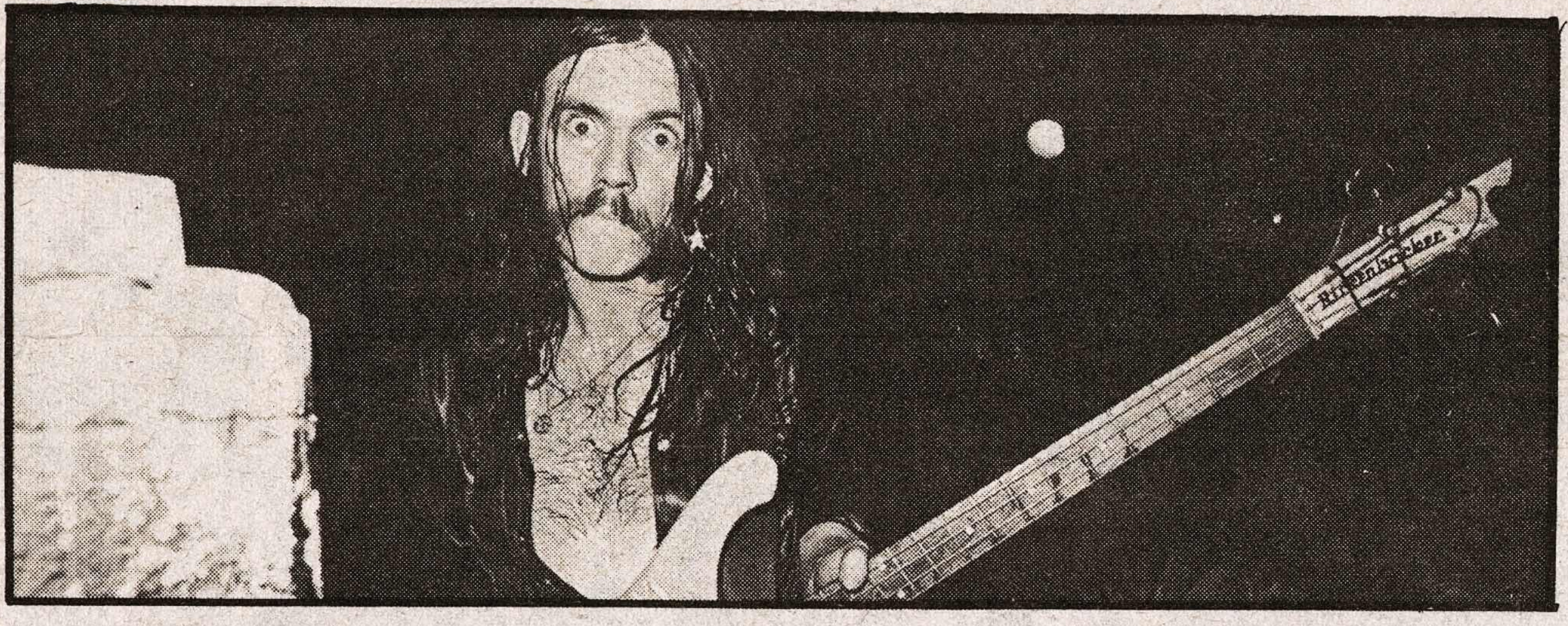
But it's not all a bed of roses. There's a totally redundant and out of place "classical" organ solo from Lord, and a fair proportion of the latter half of the show suffers lamentably from heavy overkill a la Purple. The closer, "Malice In Wonderland", was especially badly hit. In particular, there was too much unwarranted keyboard doodling, which contrasted badly with the exemplary tightness and discipline of the rest of the band.

And the VOLUME . . . Are you deaf or something, Jon Lord? It was registering ai-yi-yi at times on the ooyah scale. My ears were still ringing the next day.

But against all expectations, I actively enjoyed most of this show, and while leaving the Apollo I heard several opinions to the effect that while the TV show was rubbish, the band can definitely produce the goods live.

And to cap a good night, in nearby Falkirk, Jim Scott notched the winner for Dunfermline. Not a world shattering victory, but a very useful away win.

Ian Cranna



LEMMY (54) poses for newly converted fan CHALKIE DAVIES (13), who sent us a "write-up" on his new fave (see left) to go with his fab snapshot.

EATER

THE ROXY

"YOU AIN'T gotta go to *school* tomorrow," Andy Blade, fifteen year-old Eater vocalist, sneers at the Roxy crowd when they start bitching about a few mistakes in the band's set (probably induced by teenage exhaustion caused by having to stand in for your own support band when they fail to turn up . . .)

Eater have developed in the space of a few months from snotty novice upstarts to raw but obsessive professionals. Real Hollywood B-movie stuff, neglecting homework to rehearse in a garage; but beneath it all there's a genuine talent — especially in cocky little Andy Blade.

Loopy Lou's "Sweet Jane" sounded great for the first few bars, and then they went into their patented musical rush that makes the Ramones look like doddering geriatrics by comparison.

They're totally into performing now, and have cut out the hard-man crap of a while back and replaced it with something genuine that enables Andy to be totally sincere whether he's telling the audience "I'm sorry" or that they can "Fuck off".

High point of evening was when they brought out a copy of their single, "Outside View", and demonstrated their sheer joy at having it released by reading out every last word on the blue and yellow label.

Give them room to grow, okay?

Tony Parsons

PERSONAL

JOHNNY, DEE DEE, JOEY AND TOMMY Come back, all is forgiven. If you can record an album Sounds calls "crass, simple, funny, catchy and brilliant" you can surely spare a thought for your dear MOTHER.

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with special guests TALKING HEADS

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Sex Pistols
The Slits

SCREEN ON THE GREEN

MUSICAL CREDIBILITY has never been one of the stated ambitions of The Pistols. Maybe that's why they chose all-teenager girl band The Slits as their support act. These four ladies make The Runaways look like Girl Guides. I mean, who cares about such trivialities as staying in tune, playing together or striking the right chords when one possesses such a sense of *theatrics?*

The singer, the lovely Arianna, takes out her frustrations caused by an audience of abusive proles by laying into the drum kit of Palmolive, The Slits' sturdy drummer, her feet and fists flying. However, Palmolive doesn't take kindly to being kicked in the high-hat and retaliates by hurling her drum sticks at Arianna and lashing out at her bass-drum.

A punch-up seems inevitable as the other two girls on lead and bass grind sourly to a halt, but after exchanging vehement, wet-eyed tirades Arianna and Palmolive call a truce and they all get back into their own brand of rock muzak — Rimbaud meets the Ramones speeding down an *autobahn* (Huh? - Ed.). The Slits look set to self-destruct, although Arianna herself could be making records as good as "Radio Ethiopia" by the time she's old enough to vote.

The packed-tight capacity crowd give the band a big cheer as they leave the stage, and elbow their neighbour in the face to increase the size of their Personal Territory.

The only advertising for this gig has been done by word of mouth, and it's taking place in the early hours of Monday morning. But, as it is the first live date this year by The Sex Pistols (not including the USA NBC TV filmed debacle at Leicester Square's Notre Dame Hall a few weeks back, when the windy management would only allow FIFTY punters inside), everybody who is anybody, my angels, has made the pilgrimage. And admission is free. Good to see some of the £75,000 that A&M gave the band along with the boot going to such a worthy cause.

Malcolm McLaren sits at the mixing desk at the back of the hall as various films are run for the crowd's delight while we're waiting for The Pistols to come on around two in the morning.

There is Nuremberg rally-type mass excited identification as reels are shown of The Pistols live, hanging around Sex in the King's Road, little old ladies in the street denouncing "punk-rock", intellectuals, show business personalities and assorted others ridiculing the same in the warmth of a TV studio PLUS — best-received of all — a re-run of the Bill Grundy fiasco, where it seemed strange to recall that the instigator of The Pistols' cussing was none other than the since departed Glen Matlock.

With a superb sense of dynamics, the films build a uniform feeling of tense anticipation amongst the braying crowd.

But the mood is evaporated amid a few half-hearted cheers when the band come on and seem to have hassles with equipment before they can even play a note. Lights go off, and so do The Pistols. A false-start. The audience seem subdued after this premature ejaculation. The stage remains devoid of Pistols.

Then they come back on again, and after raven-haired John Rotten has bitched a little while about the fancy lights, The Pistols launch into the A&M single that never was, "No Future".

It's tragic that the twenty-five thousand copies of this single that A&M pressed are to be destroyed, because it's a great song, really very amusing *(Huh? - Ed.)* and music to beat up corgis to. . .

"God save the queen / A fascist regime / She ain't no human being / But God save the Queen / There is no future to England's dream."

Steve Jones has improved immensely both as a guitar player and a stage presence since the last time I saw him. He slashes chiv-artist chords as he leaps, struts and swaggers across the stage, his new axe rammed into his groin and aiming at the front row chicklets. His performance very often outdoes that of Rotten himself, the well-mannered boy spastic-dancing and looking like a week-old corpse still shaking with the shock of the red-hot piece of wire that a sadistic undertaker shoved up his anal passage on the very instant of death.

Paul Cook, is as solid and relentless as ever as he attacks his drum kit — and Sid Vicious on bass can hold down a line better than I'd been led to expect. As a musician he's not in the same world as Matlock, but with his dyed spike-haired coiffure atop a pallid visage and his six feet plus frame encased in expensive Sex Shop threads, Vicious

JOHNNY ROTTEN (12) tries to blow out CHALKIE DAVIES (13½) with his gob-shooting water pistol, disguised as a bow-tie. Pic: HANS KERCHIEF

Gobless my soul — Pistols back with a bang, etc.

Rich stars play London charity performance

certainly looks the part of A Pistol, which is obviously Malcolm Mclaren's major consideration.

They're into chaos, not music.

But the reaction they're getting right now is a mixture of sporadic outbreaks of The Pogo from the hard-core fanatics down the front, listless fascination a bit further back and in the aisles, and at the back of the movie house a sense of mild disappointment as if all this gig was doing for you was making you nostalgic for 1976.

Rotten adjusts his velvet bow-tie and stares bug-eyed belligerent with curling upper-lip contempuous sneer in the face of Demon Apathy. "Don't be embarrassed to show you're enjoying yourself," he taunts.

The Anarchy tour non-originals — "Whatcha Gonna Do Bout It?" by The Small Faces, "Substitute" by The Who and "Stepping Stone" by The Monkees — have all been discarded for self-written material like "No Feelings" (the B-side of the aborted "No Future" single), "Submission", "Out Of View" and the autobiographical "EMI".

These blank gems helped The Pistols and the crowd build the atmosphere along with Fave Raves that we used to hear down The 100 Club, such as "Lazy Sod" and "Pretty Vacant", where Rotten sniggered at Jones, "They'll never know the difference" as the audience applauded the screwed up into (why is it always *this* song that it happens on?)

And, of course, between each number Johnny boy dished out the obligatory verbal acid. "Fuckin' old hippies all over again," he snickered drily as sections of the crowd yelled at each other to sit down or stand up.

"What a waste of effort," he spat, still not happy with the energy level being generated down in the stalls, just before going into the last number of the set and catching fire like they should have done from the very start.

"Anarchy In The UK" still sounds like the best single of last year, and here The Pistols did it with more bottle than I've ever heard it done before, proving they can still burn like they did back in the summer, although it was a drag that they took so long to confirm it.

As the mob call for more I reflect that The Sex Pistols miss Matlock's vocal back-up contribution even more than his bass line. Because El Sid don't sing (although now and again he threatens members of the audience between songs) and with only Jones bawling into the mike Rotten loses a few degrees of his obnoxious power.

Iggy's "No Fun", the only non-original now included in the set, is performed with the blitzed malevolence of old, as is the final number, a patriotic reprise of "No Future".

Then they were gone, leaving me hungry for Sex Pistols vinyl, with the realisation that it is British institutions such as this band that make our country Great.

Tony Parsons

Punk Festival

PARIS

"NUIT DE PUNK!" screamed the bill-boards from every street corner in the French capital — an apt description of the night when five new-wave bands took a rock-starved city by storm.

A near-capacity crowd streamed eagerly into the Palais des Glaces to savour a five-hour extravaganza of international rock 'n' roll unlike anything Paris had experienced since the '60s. OK, so there were the usual hassles and balls-up . . . an hour before the show was due to start not one of the five groups had turned up(!), and the whole affair was plagued by dodgy mike connections and a crap PA. But when the gig finally got underway, nobody really grudged the long wait.

First off were local "punques" **Stinky Toys.** This outfit featured an eye-catching, raunchy chick as vocalist, but the back-up — a rather too conventional four-piece band — seemed unimaginative. They thundered through a 40-minute set, for the most part straight rock 'n' roll a la Leetle Bob Story. The highpoint was a convincing rendering of The Who's "Substitute" — almost up to Sex Pistols standard.

Next — and best — were **The Jam.** These guys were determined to make it a night to remember, despite a gruelling 14-hour slog from Woking the same day. By the second number the crowd were already on their feet, surging to the front and boppin' about like made. "Sweet Soul Music" and "Route 66" brought the house down. By the end of the set, frantic local punters were rippin' it up onstage with the band, and two encores later the kids were still screaming for more.

Follow that — if you can.

You gotta hand it to 'em — **The Police** tried hard. But I'm afraid I was no more impressed with this outfit than I was on the night they backed Cherry Vanilla at the Nashville. They had a slight advantage in being able to exchange banter with the fans in the local lingo (the lead guitarist is French), and their visuals were undeniably impressive. But all this couldn't make up for a bum sound and incomprehensible lyrics. The audience did allow them the courtesy of one encore.

First reaction to the **Wayne County** phenomenon was one of stunned disbelief. Then catcalls of derision. But after the initial shock-wave had subsided it didn't take the punters long to suss that Wayne's more than just a pretty face. The band generated a tidal wave of raw, undiluted energy.

Wayne minced around the stage, rousing the fans to fever-pitch with the subtlety of such engaging lyrics as, *"If ya don't wanna fuck me baby, just fuck off!"* As County launched into the delicate strains of "You Make Me Cream In My Jeans", a shapely Parisian punquette danced topless in front of the stage. An unexpected guest, Patti Smith's lead guitarist **Lenny Kaye,** participated in the final number of the set — The Rolling Stones standard "The Last Time".

It was almost 1.00 am when **Generation X** came on to face an understandably wilting audience. This energetic, enthusiastic band played a power-packed set. Singer and ultra-poseur Billy Idol (instantly dubbed "Le Bebe" by the locals) was always the focal point of the group. A few new numbers were mixed with the not-so-new, and the crowd loved it all from beginning to end.

Half past one on a Tuesday, and 800 tired but thoroughly satisfied punters filed out into the frosty night. Most of 'em had missed the last train home — but who cared? The first Parisian Punk Spectacular had been, er formidable.

Walt Davidson

Bar Mitzvah Boy brings it all back

Frankie Vaughn

LEWISHAM

"LADIES and gentlemen — Frankie Vaughn!" And onstage he skipped: a rabbinincal leather shoes and black patent-leather hair; large than life and equally gross.

A Northern comic had prepared the audience with a patter of precarious humour, mostly directed at hippies, punk rock, Elton John, Britt Ekland, Rod Stewart, President Amin, women and Irishmen.

He drew the line at anti-semitism, no doubt so as not to offend what appeared to be a convention of ageing Bethnal Green tailors and their bepearled wives seated in the audience.

Frankie Vaughn is like a Cheshire Cat in reverse: first one focusses on his grin, then slowly the rest of him begins to take shape. Finally, he kicks out with his leg, drawing murmurs and gasps; the drums roll; and he starts to sing "Green Door".

He hasn't changed; he's still the overgrown Bar Mitzvah boy showing off in front of the women of the family with "There Must Be A Way" and "Garden Of Eden".

Then "Loop Di Loop", to prove that he is still as energetic as that teenage heart portrays. "You've still got it, Frankie," screams a woman, like she was calling house at a bingo session.

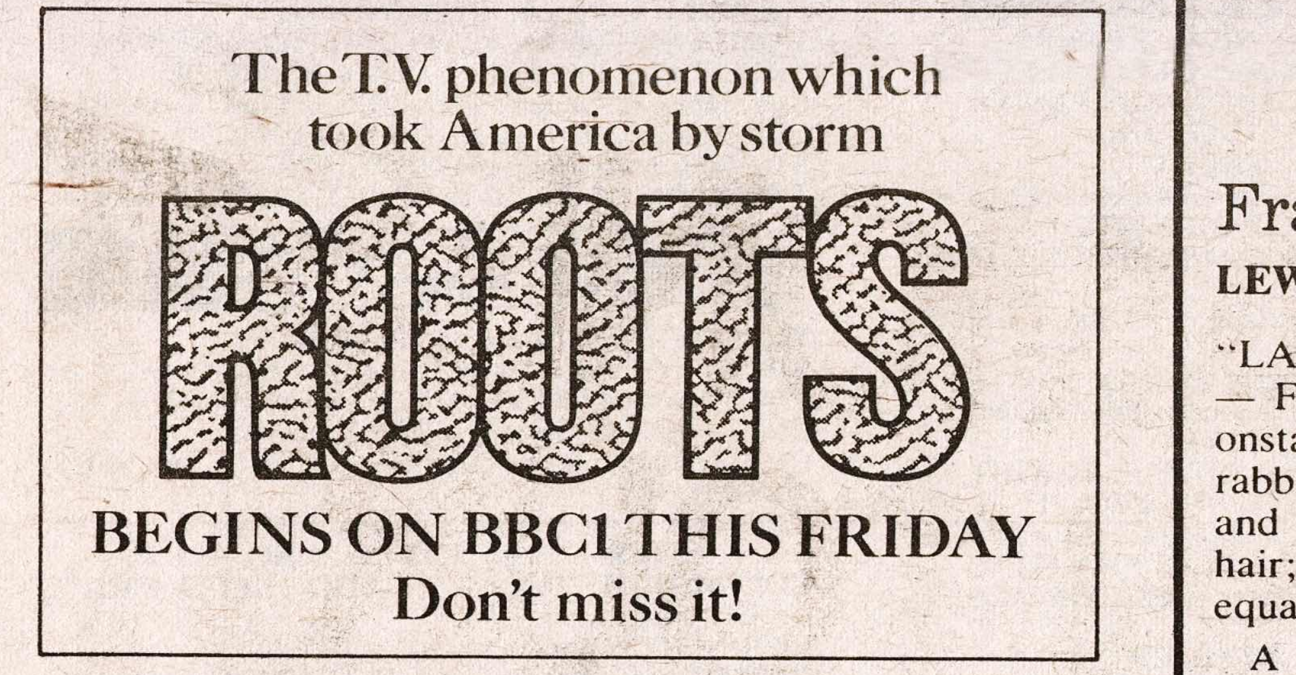
We are invited to applaud Charles and Maud, who are celebrating their Golden Wedding anniversary. Frankie presents the pair with a huge bouquet of flowers. Ah, *nebbach!* But it's a genuine affection that Frankie feels for the couple, and a sneer from me would be indecent. It isn't much that our parents and grandparents have going for them.

And so it continues : "Our Love Is Here To Stay", "I'll Never Smile Again", "Cabaret", "Sonny Boy" — introduced as the greatest pop song ever written — and a music hall singalonga incorporating "Give Me The Moonlight".

All our yesterdays, echoing along Catford High Street, down Paradise Road.

There's no business like show business. Thank God. One more would be one too many.

Penny Reel



NATIONWIDE GIG

THURSDAY

AYLESBURY King's Head: PETER BELLAMY
BARNSLEY Civic Hall: WIDOWMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM East Birmingham Hospital: BILL CADDICK
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM MOSELEY Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Old Moseley Arms: STEREO GRAFFITI
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKBURN Bailey's: TOBY
BLACKPOOL Pleasure Beach Casino: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
BRISTOL Granary: LUCY LA STICK
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SPIDER
CHELMSFORD Civic Theatre: YETTIES
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: RACING CARS / WARREN HARRY
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: JOHN CALE / COUNT BISHOPS / THE BOYS
CROYDON Red Deer: WAYNE COUNTY
DUNSTABLE Bluenote Country Club: EDISON LIGHTHOUSE
EAST DEREHAM Sunshine Rooms: BUSTER JAMES BAND
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: CROSSFIRE
HUDDERSFIELD Peacock Hotel: MICK HAYWOOD
HUDDERSFIELD Town Hall: FLINTLOCK
IPSWICH The Manor: THE JAM
LETCHWORTH Carousel: ABBOTT
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: THE STYLISTICS
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MONTANA RED
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ELIZABETH BARECLOUGH
LONDON CHELSEA The Trafalgar: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MEDICINE HEAD
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: THE SUNDAY BAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE PIRATES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: KICKS
LONDON Marquee Club: MEAL TICKET
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: HARRY CHAPIN
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: BRIAN KNIGHT BLUES BAND
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX / KRAZY KAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: LANDSCAPE
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: GLEN CAMPBELL
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: STEVE BROWN BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PENZANCE The Garden: CHERRY VANILLA
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: DIRTY TRICKS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
ROCHDALE Kingsway Hotel: BERNARD WRIGLEY
SUTTON COLDFIELD Dog Inn: STAGE FRIGHT
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: SUN SESSION
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Cherry Tree: EARL OF CANVEY
WORCESTER Sacha's: SOUL DIRECTION
LONDON Marquee Club: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
LONDON N.17 White Hart: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: CHAMPION
LONDON PECKHAM Newlands Tavern: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: FLEETWOOD MAC
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: JIMMY HELMS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: COUNT BISHOPS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: J.T. BAND
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: JAILBREAK
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: SPITERI
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: HUNGRY HORSE
MANCHESTER Russell Club: RICO RODRIGUES
POYNTON Folk Festival: DAVE PROFITT/VERNON ROSE/JOHN GOODLUCK/JOHNNY COLLINS & WAYLAND SMITHY/JOE BEARD
ROCHESTER King's Head Hotel: HARVEY ANDREWS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: NASTY POP
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: NEW SEEKERS
STOWMARKET Regal Theatre: FLINTLOCK
TORQUAY Hoo Ballroom: J.A.L.N. BAND
WAKEFIELD Newton House Club: MATCHBOX

FRIDAY

BARNSTAPLE Chequers: GENO WASHINGTON
BATH Viaduct Hotel: KRAKATOA
BIRMINGHAM MOSELEY Fighting Cocks: STEREO GRAFFITI
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel: RADIATOR
BLACKPOOL Opera House: STYLISTICS
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: RACING CARS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DANDIES
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TOO COMFORTABLE BY FAR
CREWE The Masonic: ANY TROUBLE
DORCHESTER Clay Pidgeon: SPARROW
HEBDEN BRIDGE White Lion: BOB PEGG
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: THREADBARE CONSORT
LAYCOCK Red Lion: BILL CADDICK
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: GRIND
LEIGHTON BUZZARD The Swan: FRUIT EATING BEARS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: GLEN CAMPBELL
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: ROOGALATOR
LLANDUDNO Theatre: MAX BOYCE/THERAPY
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BRANDY/WARREN HARRY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: WINDOW
LONDON DOWNHAM Saxon Tavern: BLACK SHEEP (Roy Harper's band)
LONDON EPPING Centre Point: CADILLAC
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: STUKAS
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: HIGH MILEAGE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON HENDON Hendon Hotel: COLT 45
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STRUTTERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SIDEWINDER
LONDON LEWISHAM Odeon: DOROTHY SQUIRES/BERNI FLINT

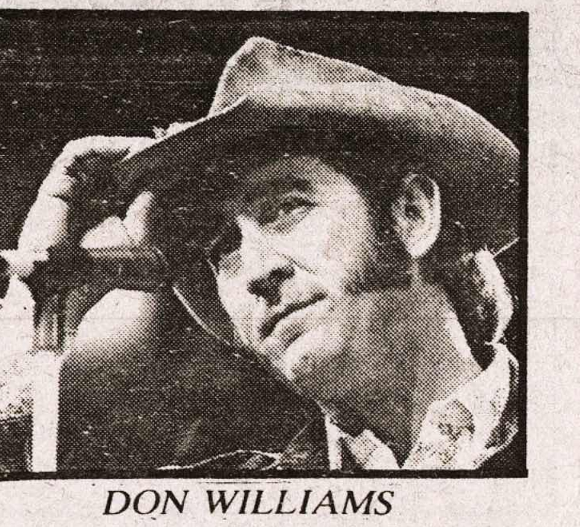
SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX: London Rainbow (Thursday).

Easter Country Festival

THE ANNUAL International Festival of Country Music takes place again this Easter — at Wembley Empire Pool on Saturday, Sunday and Monday. For the second year, it's extended to a three-day event, with the final day devoted to contemporary country rock. The complete running order can be found under the respective days in the listings below. And if you can't get along to Wembley, there'll be ample opportunity to catch up with the event on TV and radio in the near future.

DON EVERLY

BILLE JOE SPEARS



DON WILLIAMS

EMMYLOU HARRIS

SATURDAY

ANDOVER Country Bumpkin: SPARROW
AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: RACING CARS / WARREN HARRY
BARNSLEY Civic Hall: DAVE BURLAND
BENTHAM Brown Cow: PAUL & LINDA ADAMS
BIRMINGHAM HARBORNE Junction: STEREO GRAFFITI
BIRMINGHAM Hare & Hounds: BILL CADDICK
BIRMINGHAM MOSELEY Fighting Cocks: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOI-POLLOI
BLACKBURN Cavendish : GRUMBLEWEEDS
BLACKPOOL Opera House: GLEN CAMPBELL
BOURNEMOUTH Maison Royale: MERSEYBEATS
BRIGHTON Embassy Cinema: LEW LEWIS BAND
BRIGHTON The Vault: AMAZORBLADES
BRISTOL Granary: DOWNLINERS SECT
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: DAI THE ROCK
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: SOUL DIRECTION
CHEADLE The Highwayman: BRANDY
CLACTON Princes Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
CONGLETON Arclid Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
COVENTRY Lime Tree Park: STAGE FRIGHT
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: BEANO
CROYDON Red Deer: CHAMPION
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: IAIN MACKINTOSH
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: KRAKATOA
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: WIDOWMAKER
GLOUCESTER Tracy's: BETHNAL
GT. YARMOUTH Caister Holiday Camp: SUN SESSION
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: YETTIES
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / RADIATOR
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: WAYNE COUNTY / ROCK STREET BOYS / FLOBS
IRVINE Magnum Leisure Centre: NEW SEEKERS
KETTERING North Park Club: FOUNDATIONS
LIVINGSTON Riverside Community Centre: JOE'S DINER
LONG CRENDON Church House: A40 IMPROVEMENT SCHEME
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: HOMBRE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MIDNIGHT WOLF
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SHANGHAI / SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow— BAMBOO & THE REGGAE GUITARS
LONDON HOMERTON Chats Palace: BLOOBLO
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BLACK SHEEP (Roy Harper's band)
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON Marquee Club: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: RESTLESS ROCKERS
LONDON PADDINGTON Q Club: ROKOTTO
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: FLEETWOOD MAC
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE JAM
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JAGUARS
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL. Today's running order is FRANK JENNINGS & SYNDICATE / COTTON MILL BOYS / DENNIS WEAVER / DON GIBSON / CARL PERKINS / JODY MILLER / OAKRIDGE BOYS / CONWAY TWITTY / LORETTA LYNN
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: MASTER SWITCH
LUTON Sands Club: ABBOTT
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: VIBRATORS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: MAX BOYCE / THERAPY
MANCHESTER Pembroke Hall: JIMMY HELMS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: DEAD FINGERS TALK
MILLOM Cumbria Club: SHABBY TIGER
NORTHALLERTON Community Centre: THE REAL THING
PORTSLADE Clarence Hotel: MATCHBOX
POYNTON Folk Festival: STEVE ASHLEY / MARTIN SAUNDERS / MUCKRAM WAKES / PETER BOND / BULLOCK SMITHY / TREVOR CROZIER / JOHNNY COLLINS / OWL & KETTLE
SLOUGH Car Balou Club: FLYING SAUCERS
SOUTHAMPTON Guildhall: FLINTLOCK
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: CADILLAC
STAFFORD Bingley Hall: SWEET SENSATION
ST. ALBANS City Hall: DIRTY TRICKS / RAYMOND FROGGATT
TODMORDEN Bay Horse: VICTOR BROX BLUES TRAIN
WELLINGBOROUGH The George: WILD THING
WORTHING Down View: RACER

SUNDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: NEW SEEKERS
ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: GREENSLEEPER
AYLESBURY Kings Head: SPRING OFFENSIVE
BARROW Maxim's Club: FLYING ACES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GRIND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Centre: BLACK SHEEP (Roy Harper's band)
BRADFORD-ON-AVON George Inn: HOT VULTURES
BRIGHTON Top Rank: J.A.L.N. BAND
BRISTOL Dog House at the Stadium: DRAGONS
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
CORBY Glasgow Rangers Club: STAGE FRIGHT
DOUGLAS I.o.M. Palace Lido: HEATWAVE
GT. YARMOUTH Caister Holiday Centre: SPARROW
HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: EDDIE PICKFORD
HORNCHURCH Queen's Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: STRIDER
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: STRING JAM
LONDON BATTERSEA Park: FLINTLOCK (Easter Parade free gig)
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: JOHN CALE/THE CLASH/THE BOYS
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STRUTTERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Palais: DESMOND DEKKER
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: WAYNE COUNTY/STEEL & SKIN
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: MATCHBOX
LONDON Marquee Club: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON PADDINGTON Q Club: ROKOTTO
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: FLEETWOOD MAC
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LEE JACKSON'S STRIPJACK
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: AUNT CHARLOTTE
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: BLACK SLATE/MATUMBI/EBONY STEEL BAND/CRESCENDOS
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL. Today's running order is COLT 45/HANK THOMPSON/RAY LYNHAM & PHILOMENA BEGLEY/JIM & JESSE & THE VIRGINIA BOYS/BILLIE JO SPEARS/MERCEY BROTHERS/JEAN SHEPARD/JOHNNY GIMBLE & LLOYD GREEN/DON WILLIAMS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: JOHN GOODLUCK & TRUNKLES
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: OSIBISA
NORWICH Theatre Royal: THE REAL THING
NOTTINGHAM Commodore Suite: THE DRIFTERS
POYNTON Folk Festival: MUCKRAM WAKES-/TREVOR CROZIER/ROGER NICHOLSON/VERNON ROSE/JOE BEARD/STEVE ASHLEY/MARY ASQUITH/PETER MILLARD/BULLOCK SMITHY/DAVE HUNT etc.
PRESTON Guildhall: PAM AYERS
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT PINTS
ROMFORD Albemarle Club: MEDUSA/NERO
SHEFFIELD City Hall: GLEN CAMPBELL
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: LEW LEWIS BAND
SUNDERLAND Empire: ROY ORBISON
SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall: RACING CARS
YORK Theatre Royal: MAX BOYCE/THERAPY

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Odeon: FLINTLOCK
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: BOB HARRIS
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: STRANGLERS
CHIGWELL Row Camelot Club: COUNTRY COMFORT
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: FRESH
DONCASTER Outlook Club: FLYING ACES
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: CADO BELLE/SKEETS BOLIVER
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
GUILDFORD King's Head: HOT VULTURES
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
INVERNESS Eden Court Theatre: NEW SEEKERS
LEEDS International Club: SWEET SENSATION
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: F.B.I.
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: JOHN CALE / THE CLASH / THE BOYS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ULTRAVOX
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: BLACK SHEEP (Roy Harper's Band)
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: KRAKATOA
LONDON HOMERTON Chats Palace: BLOOBLO
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CUCKOO
LONDON Marquee Club: EDGAR BROUGHTON
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: TOOTING FROOTIES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: NEW CELESTE
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL. Today's running order is KEITH MANIFOLD / J. J. BARRIE / LARRY GATLIN / DON EVERLY / LYNCH & LAWSON / MICKEY NEWBURY / CRYSTAL GAYLE — DILLARDS / EMMYLOU HARRIS & THE HOT BAND
MALVERN Winter Gardens: RACING CARS
MORECAMBE Bowl: THE DRIFTERS
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: WARREN HARRY / TOM ROBINSON BAND

GUIDE

SHEFFIELD Fiesta: THE REAL THING
SLOUGH Thames Hall: PAM AYERS
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: FLYING SAUCERS
STAFFORD Top Of The World: CHERRY VANILLA
TOLWORTH Toby Jug: WAYNE COUNTY
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: YETTIES
WHITLEY High Point Hotel: VIN GARBUTT

TUESDAY

BILLINGHAM Black Horse: VIN GARBUTT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BOLTON Town Hall: TRAPEZE/TRACTOR
BRIGHTON Top Rank: ULTRAVOX
BRISTOL Colston Hall: FLINTLOCK
CARDIFF Top Rank: WARREN HARRY
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: RANDY EDELMAN
EDINGBURGH Nicky Tam's: CASPIAN
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: B.B. EXILES
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: JACK BRUCE BAND
INVERNESS Eden Court Theatre: NEW SEEKERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: HOT LINE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE DILLARDS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SIDEWINDER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LEE JACKSON'S STRIPJACK
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: KRAKATOA
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE JAM
LONDON Marquee Club: NUTZ
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: FABULOUS POODLES/MR. MOSES & THE LIFETIME BAND
LONDON Planetarium: KLAUS SCHULZE (synthesiser concert)
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: WAYNE COUNTY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: OUT OF ORDER
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JERRY THE FERRET
NEWCASTLE University: STEVE BROWN BAND
NOTTINGHAM Commodore Suite: THE DRIFTERS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: CHERRY VANILLA
ST. NEOT'S King's Head: PETE QUIN
WELWYN GARDEN CITY The Fountain: LOL COXHILL

WEDNESDAY

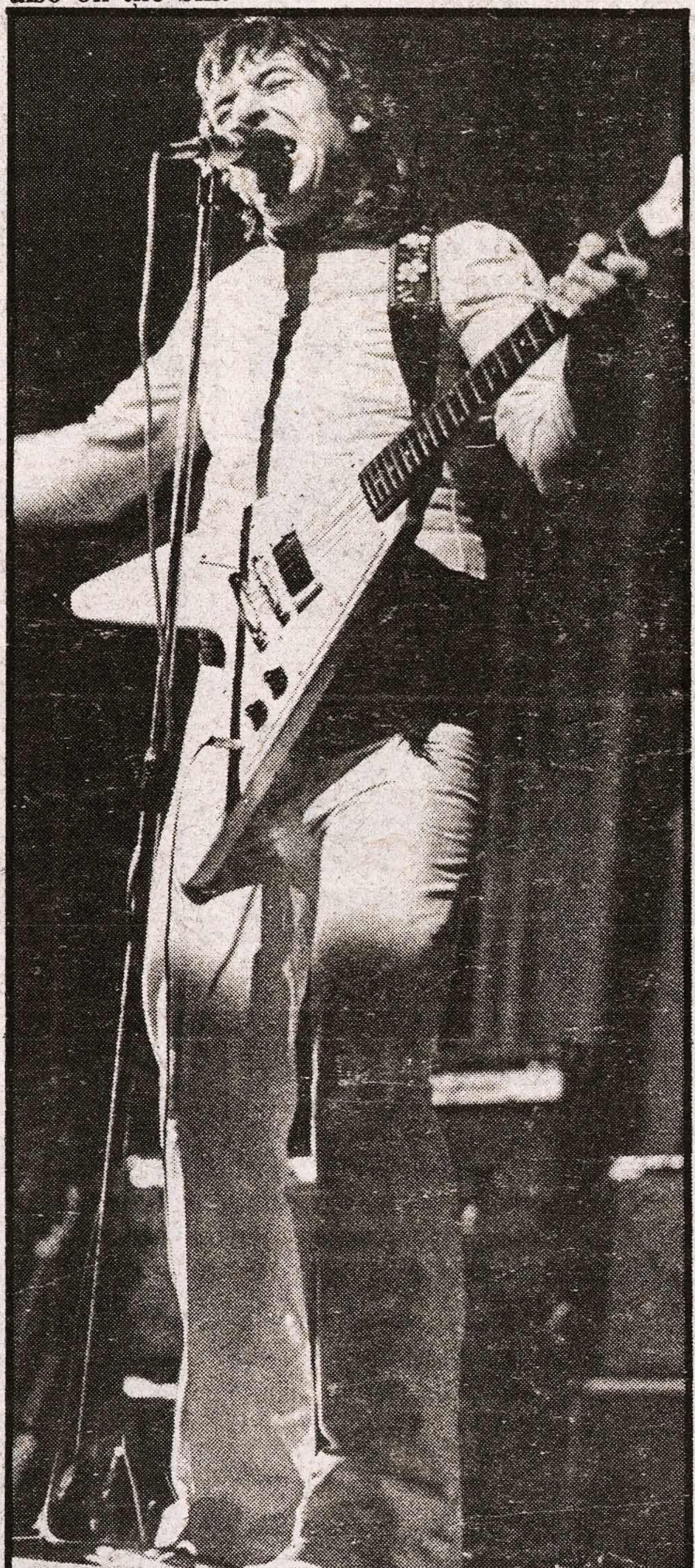
BIRKENHEAD Deerstalkers Club: DRIFTERS
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: KRAKATOA
BIRMINGHAM Bogart's: GRIND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BRIGHTON Sussex University: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS/SHAZAM
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CHALFONT ST. GILES Merlin's Cave: CROSSFIRE
DUNOON Queens Hall: NEW SEEKERS
DURHAM Light Infantry Arts Centre: PETE QUIN
GRANGEMOUTH Hotel International: CHICO
HUCKNALL Miners Welfare Club: BETHNAL
JERSEY St. Helier West Park Pavilion: J.A.L.N. BAND
LEICESTER Prohibition Club: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: STREET
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: OZO
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: DUST ON THE NEEDLE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: ROOGALATOR
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: BABE RUTH
LONDON MORDEN The Rose: BRANDY
LONDON Planetarium: KLAUS SCHULZE (synthesiser concert)
LONDON SOUTHALL White Hart: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TROUPER
MARGATE Harbour Club: AFTER THE FIRE
MIDDLESBROUGH Maddison Club: ROKOTTO
NEWPORT Roundabout Club: LEW LEWIS BAND
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: PAM AYRES
SALTBURN Philmore Disco: HEATWAVE
SHEFFIELD City Hall: SMALL FACES
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
ST. HELEN'S Theatre Royal: JAKE THACKRAY
SUNDERLAND Glebe Folk Club: VIN GARBUTT
SWINDON The Affair: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Hall: WIDOWMAKER
WATER ORTON Old Salts Club: STEREO GRAFFITI

RESIDENCIES

AYR Darlington Hotel: BROTHERHOOD OF MAN
Friday for three days
BARNSLEY Folk Festival: MARTIN CARTHY/BOB PEGG/FRANKIE ARMSTRONG/FRED JORDAN etc.
Saturday for three days
BATLEY Variety Club: NOLAN SISTERS
Week from Sunday
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: SIGHT 'N' SOUND
Week from Monday
BIRMINGHAM Nite Out: THREE DEGREES
Week from Monday
BRISTOL Crockers: NERVOUS SYSTEM
Monday for three days
DERBY Bailey's: THE CHIMES
Thursday for three days
GLASGOW Rangers Club: DEL SHANNON
Week from Sunday
INVERNESS Folk Festival: PETE & CHRIS COE/BOB DAVENPORT/TONY ROSE
Friday for three days
LEICESTER Bailey's: CURTIS BROTHERS
Week from Monday
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT/AJ WEBBER
Wednesday (13) for four days
LONDON Palladium: JACK JONES
Monday for two weeks
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: BOBBY HUTCHERSON QUARTET
Week from Monday
LUTON Cesar's: THE STYLISTICS
Week from Sunday
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: MADELINE BELL
Week from Monday
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita (doubling SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern): FLIGHT 56
Week from Monday
OLDHAM Bailey's: SHERMAN BROTHERS
Week from Monday
POYNTON Folk Festival: See under Friday, Saturday and Sunday
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: HEATWAVE
Thursday for three days
WATFORD Bailey's: 5000 VOLTS
Week from Sunday

JOHN CALE TOUR OPENS

JOHN CALE (below) begins his British tour on Thursday at Cromer. Supporting him on all provincial dates are the Count Bishops and The Boys. But for his two London gigs — at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday and Monday — The Clash replace the Bishops, and Subway Sect are also on the bill.



TV RADIO

NOW THAT "Sight And Sound In Concert" has finished until the autumn, we have to rely solely on BBC-2's "Whistle Test" for regular weekly rock. And make the most of it, because that'll soon be taking its summer break as well! This Tuesday it offers ample compensation for those unable to get to Wembley on Bank Holiday, by devoting the show to **Emmylou Harris and the Hot Band.**

Same channel tonight (Thursday) has BBC's entry for this year's Montreux Golden Rose TV Award. It's the last show in the recent **Shirley Bassey** series, featuring **Bobby Goldsboro** and **Rod McKuen** as guest artists.

Coincidentally, a new series titled "Jazz From Montreux" starts on BBC-2 on Good Friday, with the first edition showcasing **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers** and the **Newport All Stars.** And on Monday, there's a repeat of "In Concert" with the **Fivepenny Piece** and **Mike Harding.**

BBC-1 on Saturday has **Glen Campbell** and **Twiggy** guesting in the first of a new live **Val Doonican** series, and Australian singer **Jeff Phillips** in the new early-evening Rolf Harris show. And late-night viewing offers **Billie Jo Spears** in "Saturday Night At The Mill".

Granada's new show "Get It Together", networked at teatime on Wednesday, this week turns the spotlight on **Billy Ocean,** the **Steve Gibbons Band** and **Shakin' Stevens & the Sunsets.** ITV's Saturday series "Supersonic" has, of course, now finished.

There's an independently-produced series called "Star Rider" popping up at odd times in some regions, featuring rock bands in concert. Keep your eye on the TV Times or local Press guides, and you may find one of the editions — featuring either **Kevin Coyne, Be-Bop Deluxe** or the **Mighty Diamonds** — being screened this week in your area.

ITV's networked "All You Need Is Love" this Saturday deals with the big-band swing era, and includes film of such names as **Benny Goodman, Harry James, Fletcher Henderson, Lionel Hampton, Artie Shaw** and **Woody Herman.**

A new magazine series "Rock On", hosted by **Stuart Grundy,** begins on Radio 1 at 1.30 pm on Saturday. Later the same day "In Concert" reverts to its previous sound-only format, with guests **John Hartford** and **Richard Digance.** And on Easter Monday, the **Stylistics** have their own one-off special at 1.30 pm.

There's a Radio 1 "Rock'n'Roll Special" with **Stuart Colman** on Good Friday (5.30-7 pm), while **Jimmy Savile's** "Speakeasy" has returned at lunchtime on Sunday.

A reminder that Radio Luxembourg has an hour of **Supertramp** at midnight on Thursday.

Radio 2's "Country Club" (tonight, Thursday) has a live concert with **Frank Jennings and Syndicate,** the **Cotton Mill Boys,** the **Jeannie Denver Band** and **Colt 45.** It's followed by "Folkweave" including a recording of **June Tabor** in concert.

Marketed by EMI Records Limited, 20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES.

LIVE PAGE

marquee
90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm. to 11.00 pm.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs. 7th April (Adm £1) **MEAL TICKET** Plus friends & Ian Fleming	Tues. 12th April (Adm 80p) **NUTZ** Plus friends & Jerry Floyd
Fri. 8th & Sat. 9th April (Adm £1) **MICHAEL CHAPMAN** with Keef Hartley & Rod Clemens Plus support & D.J. Ian Fleming	Wed. 13th April (Adm 80p) **BABE RUTH** Sorhana & Jerry Floyd
Sun. 10th April (Adm 70p) **PLUMMET AIRLINES** Plus friends & Nick Leigh	Thurs. 14th April (Adm 75p) **FUMBLE** Teaser & Ian Fleming
Mon. 11th April (Adm 90p) **EDGAR BROUGHTON'S CHILDERMASS** Panama Scandal & Jerry Floyd	Fri. 15th April (Adm 70p) **ULTRAVOX!** Gloria Mundi & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers and other hot & cold snacks are available

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Thursday April 7th 60p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

Friday April 8th 60p
BUSHWACKERS

Saturday April 9th Free
BAMBOO featuring Reggae Guitars

Sunday April 10th 50p
THE STRUTTERS

Wednesday April 13th Free
Dust on the Needle

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday April 7th	ULTRAVOX!	Free
Friday April 8th	KICKS featuring Paul Randolph and Alan Powell ex Hawkwind	£1.00
Saturday April 9th	SHAKING STEVENS & THE SUNSETS	£1.00
Sunday April 10th	TYLA GANG	75p
Monday April 11th	Cuckoo with G. T. Moore	Free
Tuesday April 12th	The Jam	Free

Doors open 7.30 p.m.

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

BEGGARS BANQUET PROMOTIONS PRESENT
BY POPULAR DEMAND

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY
AND THE
ASBURY JUKES

RAINBOW WEDS APRIL 6th, 7.30
232, Seven Sisters Road, N.4

Tickets £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 in advance or on night from Rainbow box office, Premier box office & London Theatre Bookings, Beggars Banquet, Harlequin & Manzi Record Shops

ALL ENQUIRIES 01-370-6175/6/7

EASTER MONDAY
APRIL 11th
Last night at
"THE KENSINGTON"
Russell Gardens, W.11
(closing down for 3 weeks)
SOUNDER

JACKSON'S ROCK CLUB
presents
THE FABULOUS POODLES
plus
THE LIGHTNING RAIDERS
with Magic from Andiamo
Saturday April 9th at 8 pm.
Admission 80p
Jackson's Lane Community Centre
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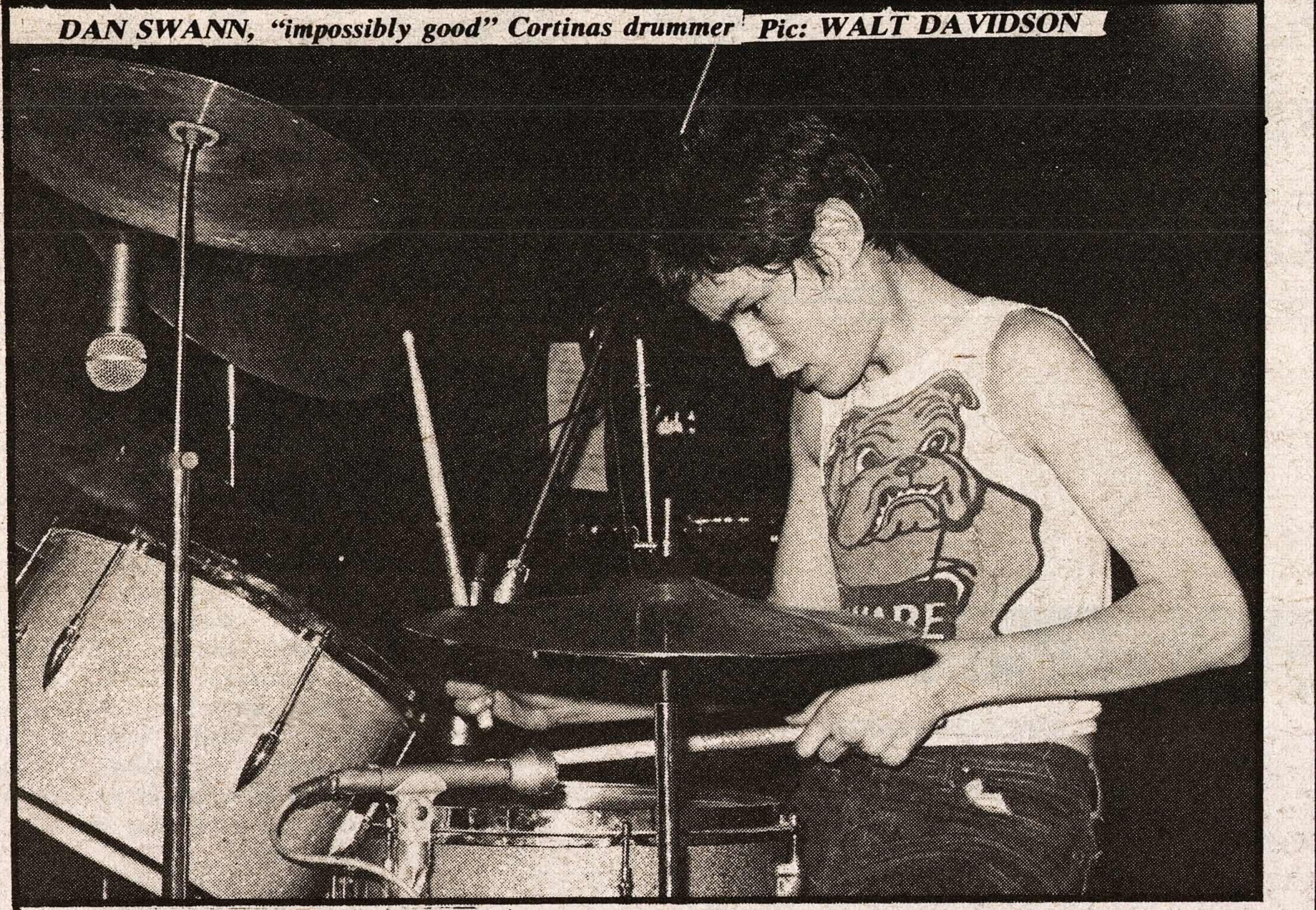


DAN SWANN, "impossibly good" Cortinas drummer Pic: WALT DAVIDSON

This young chap has a single out soon on Polydor. Even he thinks it's strange

The Cortinas

BRISTOL

"WE CHOSE the name because it represents something really cheap'n'nasty," says Jeremy Valentine.

Bristol's 'Chutes club is suffering from the sort of overcrowding situation where you find yourself having to make lots of new friends — but last November, when the Cortinas were supporting Looney Tunes here, only a handful of people turned up. Thus, with only one other Bristol gig since Christmas, the Cortinas have had much crowd-pulling mystique and notoriety thrust upon them — and undoubtedly the majority of the people here tonight have come out of simple curiosity or maybe to laugh at a strange bunch of kids.

I'm sure they were all surprised to discover that the Corinas are better than their reputation.

Cramped together on a stage that is little more than a glorified balcony, the band roar off into "Tokyo Joe" (different to and before Ferry's) with the smooth power of an Olympus rather than the feeble whimper of an earth bound Ford engine. On the left is bassist Dexter, who drives, pummels and pushes out thick clusters of pogo prompting notes that slide into Dan Swann's drumming like embracing teeth in wildly whirring cogs. Swann is almost impossibly good; he's the youngest member of the band, with a physique that suggests he has to hang onto lamp posts in strong winds, yet behind his kit he delivers scintillating, spark showering salvos of rhythm with an incisive edge and crispness superior to the heavy-handed pounding of a lot of older rock drummers.

On the right is rhythm guitarist Nick Sheppard, whose leaping about and haggard good looks (in the Keef tradition) provide an important secondary focal point — and whether he's crouching over his amp coaxing out well controlled feedback or flying through the air, his aggressive riffing is never out of step with his partner, lead guitarist Mike Fewins.

Now Fewins is W-E-I-R-D: in terms of conventionality he makes Ron Mael look like Steve Hillage, as he stands back in the shadow of the PA almost entirely hidden in a large, dirty old raincoat with the blank inoffensive expression of a junior civil servant.

He holds his guitar like you might imagine Mary Whitehouse would, but his brief inventive solos step off the frets with the darting Crippen-like lethal cool of a viper.

Leader of the Cortinas in every way is vocalist Jeremy Valentine, with the imposing appearance of a cross between Ian Dury and Gary Glitter. He sings his lyrics in a dramatic shouting non-voice, creating the maximum effect with the minimum effort. On his tie is a small silver saxophone badge, he learns/plays saxaphone with the Bristol schools Jazz Orchestra and takes this musicianship seriously — "It's something I can do when I'm thirty".

"Fascist Dictator" maintains the pace in a similar frantic fashion — "the B-side of our single", as cheers and laughter go up all round, "believe it or not". Believe it. After inquiries and offers from Stiff, UA and EG The Cortinas have signed with Polydor "because they pay more, including travel and hotels while we're recording."

Valentine is an intelligent and honest person ("We're not pretending to be working class dole queue members. We're middle class and we go to school") and he in particular seems to feel the strain of riding along on the crest of the New Wave straight into the sort of contracts that not very long ago had seemed beyond their most extravagant dreams. But now he seems happy with

JEREMY VALENTINE, a middle class person

this relatively lightweight deal with Polydor of one single plus options on further material — necessarily short term since they all want to stay on at school to take their A-levels.

They got together a year ago to play R&B "because we had nothing to do" and later joined the New Wave because they were sympathetic to its attitudes and opinions. Although they admire all the new British and American bands, it's influences like Valentine's love of jazz and '60s soul and R&B and their collective musical skill which make them stand out above most of their (more aged) contemporaries.

The next storming song is "Playing In A Subway". Last year when they just couldn't get any gigs, they set up their gear in a subway (plugged into a nearby friendly boutique) in the middle of Bristol. The *Bristol Evening Post* was informed and at a time when everyone from *Exchange And Mart* to *Angling Times* was running front page stories on punk rock, *The Post* called in the police in order to get a better story.

"Go away", (or something like that) said the police to The Cortinas. "No," said The Cortinas to the police. "Go away or we will arrest you." Away they went — after all their pocket money doesn't quite extend to Sir Peter Rawlinson.

In the middle of a song a pained expression will suddenly take over Valentine's face as if he's just realised the full extent of the band's position, his feelings of respect for music battling along with his wariness at the ease with which they have achieved so much, against his love for the Cortinas and the celebration of hedonistic youth that rock always has and always will represent.

The only non-original in their set is a superb version of "Gloria", during which Valentine introduces everyone as "Johnny!!" A nice sense of humour bubbles all over their set in fact; Valentine nonchalantly chewing on a Tampax or introducing a song: "This is a psychedelic number and we're gonna play it till you all fall asleep", or their Ramones-type number whose sole lyrics are "I wanna have it with you". Affectionate parody.

The final number is "Television Families", the probable A-side of their single. A faster than fast song with (gasp) a tempo change and really neat bass, drum and guitar breaks. The Cortinas average age is 16, but they play stuff that is far, far beyond the ability and imagination of most punk groups. For a special encore tonight they do "No Fun" — "just for a laugh" — but bursting with style and a nice irreverent ending. The only British New Wave groups who have excited me as much are The Damned and Ultravox.

If the Cortinas can withstand the pressures that from here can only get greater, if they can stay together and maintain their intelligent perspective, if they remember to distrust men from Greek Street bearing gifts of certain substances, if they can overcome all the inevitable ifs, then within three years The Cortinas will be quite simply astounding. Their seemingly endless reserves of energy and the atmosphere they generate make me believe they could be one of *the* bands of the '80s.

Is there life in cars? Beep-beep, beep-beep YEAH!

David Housham

The Motors

HOPE AND ANCHOR

IT WOULD BE nice to report that The Motors, as befits their name, got off to a roaring start at the Hope but, alas, they barely managed to warm up before shuddering to a halt.

In part, the engine failure was attributable to the apathy of an insultingly sparse audience, but the main fault lay with the band themselves. Not for one moment did they justify the brouhaha surrounding them.

Like The Tyla Gang and The Rumour, The Motors have a nucleus formed from remnants of Ducks De Luxe — and isn't it a wry comment on the music biz that people who wouldn't have sent The Boogaloo Babes dead flowers a few weeks back are now falling over themselves to put roses on their graves?

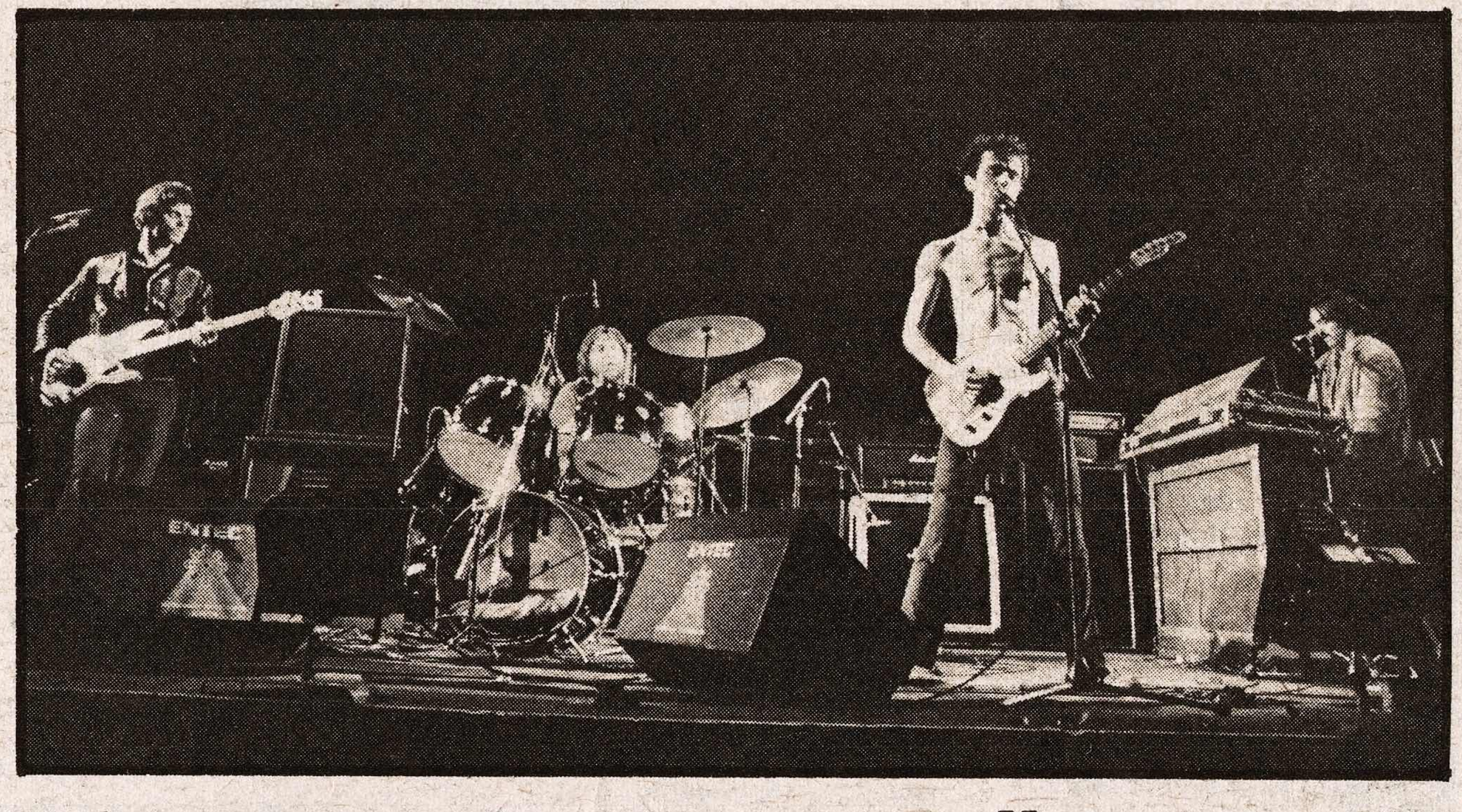
Nick Garvey (rhythm guitar and vocals) and Andy McMasters (bass and vocals, though if my memory serves me well he was an ivory.tickler for the Ducks) are the standard bearers from the old band, and they're supplemented by a young, bespectacled drummer who's a real slogger but nimble with it, and a versatile, if uncharismatic, lead guitarist.

What the whole mob lack is a keen sense of musical dynamics and pacing. Their entire set is incessant cacophony. Too much bang bang, not enough kiss kiss (*pace* Pauline Kael).

It can't be that Garvey and McMasters, with years of experience behind them, don't appreciate the value of a varied menu (McMasters in particular was adept at providing the Ducks with breezy mid-tempo pop tunes like "Love's Melody" to counteract the riddum'n'blooze which was their trademark) so they must simply be wary of picking up 'boring old fart' associations through playing too sedately.

Someone should tell them that if the New Wave means anything it means not sounding like a clapped-out, cut-rate Status Quo, cuz right now that's the only description that fits.

Jeff Morgan



These young chaps have an album out soon. It would be strange if they didn't

The Stranglers

MANCHESTER

HUGH CORNWELL's straining through his symbolic masturbation-strangulation piece, and The Stranglers' acutely deranged wall of sound is scraping my head raw like I don't know what (yes, I had a good time).

The white froth collected at Cornwell's mouth always used to end up on some fredface in the front rows, but this time Cornwell side-steps and drops it on the stage.

"Hey, you mellowing out after the Rainbow?" I ask later. "Naah, but we gotta watch what we do cos people will cry, 'You're just doing a Pistols'."

You really can't be too careful what you get up to these days, right, or you too can be a sideshow. Truth to tell, The Stranglers — on the run-up to the big breakthrough, album and Roundhouse headline date this month — have mellowed out about as much as a five-ton slab of concrete. Their set lately is a lot tighter and concerned totally with impact — no stretched rolls like the old "36-24-36", just in and hit.

"Grip" still starts the show. The single may be unashamedly commercial, with that sax and mellotron upsetting the monochrome aggression with pastel shades of red and green, but Cornwell's non-bullshitting unmusical voice upsets the artsy-fartsy arrangements so that it works, and it gets suitably uncontrollable at the end. Certainly a rare treat to hear at eight on the radio, stuck between David Soul and Manhattan Transfer. Live it's surely one of the great kick-off crushers, rivalling Patti's "We're Gonna Have A Real Good Time Together".

It's followed by two more score-draw leg muscle challengers, "Sometimes", and "Bitchin". At the end of those two — on the floor, bleedin' and screamin' for more. Good band, The Stranglers (it's all been said before).

"Hangin' Round", maybe the next single, pretty well typifies The Stranglers' knowing primitivism. Skeletal framework, very monochrome, Burnel's bouncing screwball bass fights Black's braincell pulping constant bash, Greenfield's keyboard spills all over the place, and Cornwell's guitar adds plenty of interference plus some sassy lead.

Plus everything's CATCHY. It's ridiculous. I remember the first time I saw The Stranglers; two weeks after I'd suddenly burst out with some riff or chorus.

Sitting on the beaches
Staring at the peaches

Doo-dee-doo-doo . . . nasty riff, "Peaches".

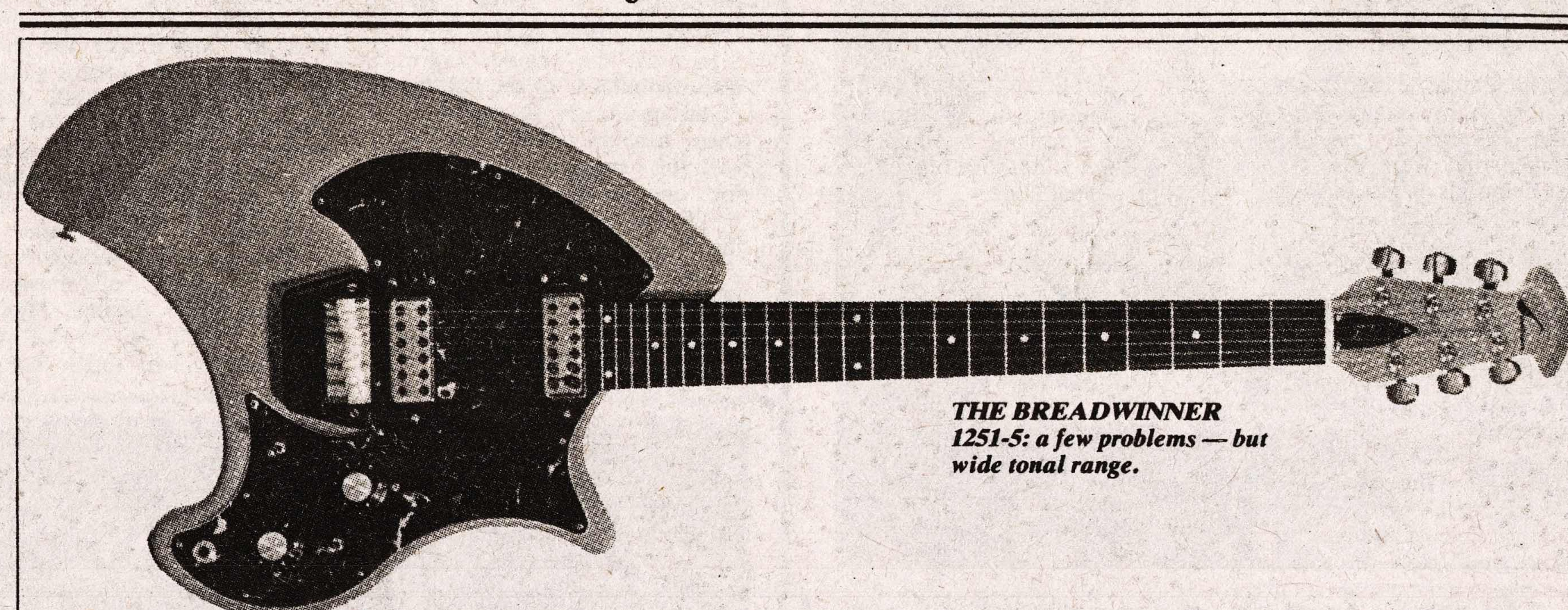
At Manchester they didn't play "Walk On By" or "Go Buddy Go" but there was still so much good stuff.

If you still haven't caught up with The Stranglers live, don't let it get you down too much, just get a grip on yourself (ouch!).

Paul Morley

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

INSTRUMENTS: By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY



THE BREADWINNER 1251-5: a few problems — but wide tonal range.

The well-deserved Ovation

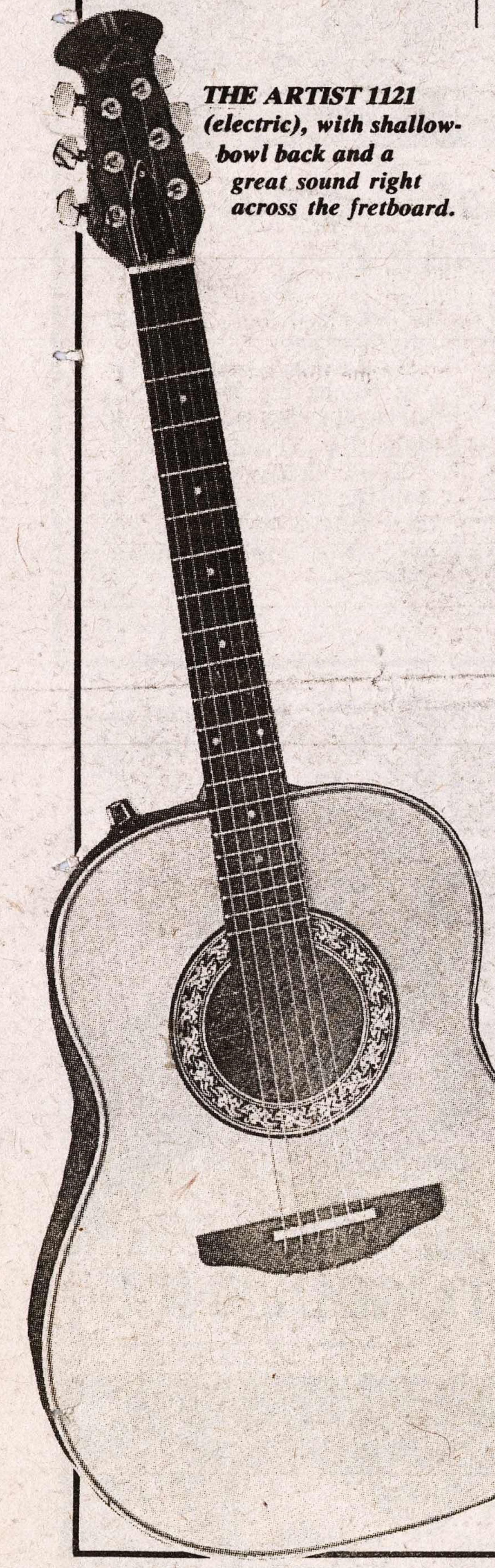
Acoustic guitars with fibreglass backs and superlative musical qualities have been Ovation's most celebrated contribution to the rock world. But the company also includes electric solids in its catalogue, and this feature takes a fresh look at what's on offer.

IF YOU think record company advertising has some kind of monopoly on the making of outrageously grandiose claims on behalf of out-ragously mediocre product(s), then you oughtta check out musical instrument advertising some time. Every other ad proclaims some kind of titanic breakthrough or other, and most of the time it don't make a damn bit of different to the sound of the instrument in question.

Genuine breakthroughs are rare indeed, and one of the most important of the last ten years was the Ovation round-backed acoustic guitar.

What Ovation had done was to build an acoustic guitar which had, instead of the conventional wooden back, a bowl-shaped fibreglass back which contained and projected the vibrations of the strings far more effectively than most conventional guitars.

An Ovation acoustic guitar was almost unnaturally loud, producing a volume and clarity that was previously only available from much larger and more cumbersome guitars. It was also extraordinarily durable, making it an ideal road instrument.



THE ARTIST 1121 (electric), with shallow-bowl back and a great sound right across the fretboard.

I mean, if *you* owned a vintage irreplaceable Martin guitar, you wouldn't want to subject it to the tender mercies of airline baggage crews and the constant changes in temperature and humidity that you get when you tour a lot. Right? Especially when an Ovation could take all that and come up smiling.

There was a lot more to Ovations than that, though. The bowl and the top were designed to vibrate at complementary speeds, thereby eliminating a lot of the unwanted frequencies and harmonics that you get even from otherwise unimpeachable instruments. Plus there hadn't been an acoustic guitar made that amplified as well as the Ovation, which was due to the installation of a battery-powered FET (field emitting transistor, if my memory serves me well) preamplifier.

When you plugged in an Ovation electric acoustic guitar what you got was the sound of the acoustic guitar — nothing more, nothing less — at electric volume.

Despite all that, Ovations weren't just technology. An instrument can be the most advanced design in the world and if it doesn't feel comfortable and respond well then musicians just won't touch it. The Ovation Artist (electric) that I tried during a visit to the offices of Rose-Morris (who distribute Ovation in this country) felt as comfortable and familiar as my own Harmony Sovereign acoustic (which I've had for nearly three years) from the moment I picked it up.

Though the Ovation sound isn't as crisp and tangy as that of a good Martin (but then, what is?), it still sounds great all the way across the fretboard — chords, runs, high lead work, bass-string blues riffing: the lot.

It's ridiculously easy to play, and the fact that it's expressly designed for playing through amplifiers or for direct-inject recording (i.e. it can be plugged straight into the recording desk rather than recorded with a microphone off guitar or amp and then re-routed) means that these days you see more Ovations on stages than just about any either brand of acoustic guitar.

In the last few years Ovation have to move into the solid-body electric guitar market, though their electrics haven't had anywhere near as much success as their acoustics. Their initial entries were the Breadwinner and Deacon models, which have sold reasonably well but haven't caught on to any great extent with big-name rock and roll guitarists (with the exception of Steve Marriott, who has endorsed the Deacon as "the most versatile electric guitar I've ever owned").

It has been remarked that Jimi Hendrix sold more Stratocasters than the entire Fender sales and marketing team, and the likes of Eric Clapton and Jimmy Page have undoubtedly done the same for the Gibson Les Paul. Fans with musical aspirations undoubtedly set their sights on the instruments played by their faves, and Fender and Gibson get advertised at just about every major rock and roll gig anywhere in Britain, America and Europe.

The Ovation electric range is about to be expanded by two new guitars, the Preacher and the Viper, and two models of the Magnum bass, which looks like an extremely well-designed instrument. The Preacher was the only one that had actually arrived, though, and the available model was fresh off the plane and hadn't yet been "set up" (i.e. fully adjusted for playing), so it's difficult to offer any constructive opinions beyond that it's a comfortable instrument to play and that the tone is very impressive.

So I ended up checking out the Breadwinner (the Deacon is essentially the same instrument except that the metal parts are gold-plated and the finishes are a little flasher. It's a trifle misleading to catalogue the Deacon and the Breadwinner as different instruments, since they are as similar as — say — the Les Paul Custom and De Luxe).

The model I tried was, in fact, one of the first Breadwinners brought into the country. It was thus fully "played in" and had recently been on loan to Pink Floyd; who had allegedly been very impressed with it. Me, I was in the proverbial two minds.

First of all, the shape. As you can see from the photo the Breadwinner looks like it was designed by Jack Kirby as one of the Silver Surfer's more arcane accessories. "If you think the body design is too radical," runs a rather defensive note in the catalogue, "remember seven years ago some people said the same thing about roundback guitars. If you think the body design is a functional, non-symmetrical shape that has balance and grace — it is nice to know that there are other free-thinking people with an open mind for new innovations."

Fair enough, especially since Gibson launched some extremely weird-looking (and good-sounding) guitars in the early '60s — the Explorer, Firebird and Flying V come to mind — and the Deacon/Breadwinner body is nicely balanced, not too heavy and certainly not particularly cumbersome.

Shape is, after all, a matter of taste, and it's undoubtedly nice to see a guitar that doesn't look like a variation on the Big Five (Fender's Strat and Tele and Gibson's Les Paul, SG and 33-series designs are the most copied guitar designs currently extent). Besides, spaceshipoid guitars have been part and parcel of rock and roll ever since the Stratocaster was introduced in the '50s.

The only problems with the design of the Breadwinner are to do with the placing of the controls and the stud of the strap.

The controls are close enough to the bridge for lightning adjustment, but this accessibility means that power-chord freaks will find the picking hands banging into the dials and switches at every downstroke.

The stud placement means that whenever you start playing very high up on the neck (a riff in A starting on the 14th fret, f'rinstance), you'll find your left hand getting caught up in the end of your strap.

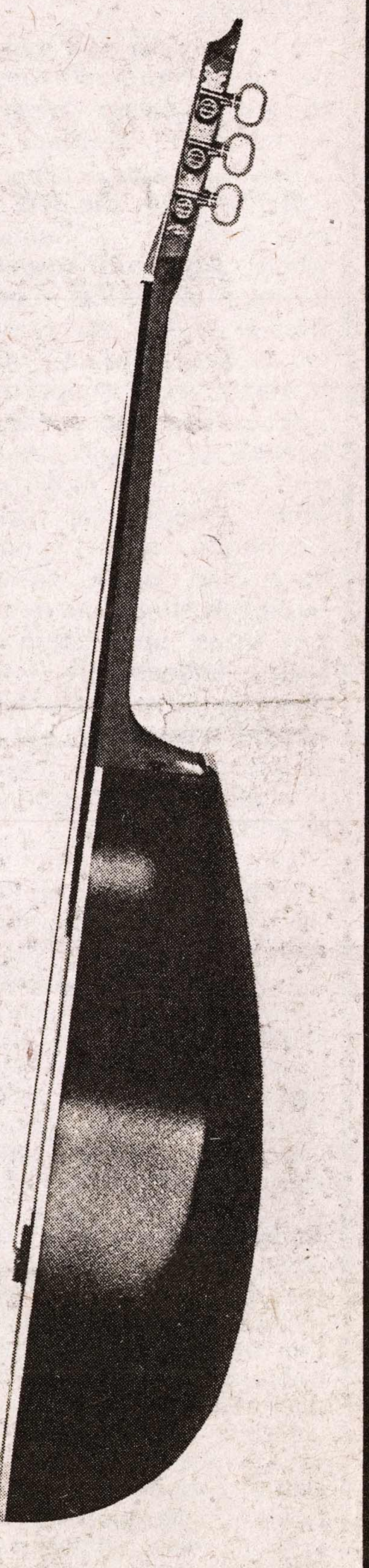
The Breadwinner's main calling card, however, is the extremely wide tonal range provided by the FET-boosted pickups and the unusual but worthwhile inclusion of a mid-range boost/cut switch.

The latter gives you a far better approximation of an acoustic guitar sound than you get from most solids, and adroit manipulation of the selector switch and tone/volume dials gets you a very fair approximation of Fender's single-coil pick-up trebly slash and of the Gibson humbucker malt-whiskey sound, though it lacks the warmth of the classic guitars of our time. The neck is pretty good; not startling but good.

The Breadwinner retails at £425 (the Deacon sells for £515, and the Electric/Acoustic Artist for a staggering £539.95), and if you're planning to spend that kind of money it'd be well worth your while to check out the Ovation range.

I very much doubt that the supremacy of Gibson and Fender will ever be seriously challenged by anybody but the most dedicated custom-builders, but the likes of Dan Armstrong, Travis Beans, Ovation and Leo Fender's new Music Man company are certainly providing many viable alternatives to the grand old marques that dominated the '60s.

Incidentally, both the Artist and the Breadwinner were tested through Marshall's 30w Master Lead Combo, which'd be a steal at £250 to anyone who has £250. It's got infinitely more muscle than its wattage would suggest, and it's a telling reminder of exactly what kind of power and response made Marshall famous in the first place.



Side-shot of the CLASSIC, showing fibreglass bowl design.

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Clutched from the jaws of obscurity:

'Frisco yeehaw comes out kickin'

Clover

THE NASHVILLE

THEIR PENULTIMATE gig at the Nashville confirmed that Clover, having already won an appreciable following in London, are destined to cut it at the top, a position they have every right to aspire to and will have no difficulty sustaining. They are simply one of the finest bands playing the club route of late.

Brought over from San Franciscan semi-obscurity as a result of an impression made on Jake Riviera and Nick Lowe when they were escorting the Feelgoods on last year's American venture, Clover have so considerably impressed with a brand of West Coast R&B, country funk in the mode of Little Feat (though that implies no comparison), and a general ability to make their audience feel euphoric, that a return to the Bay next month is going to leave a gap in the calendar which no local group is remotely capable of filling.

Rather than rely on any nostalgia value, they have sensibly worked up a new batch of superb material, and tightened up night by night to the point where they have now a lease of life unknown when their first album and "Forty Niner" were released. The level of musicianship is pure class, with a confidence in presentation and delivery that belies their status. I'd caught them twice in the week, at Kings College and here — both shows were intimate without being sloppy, and both reeked of professional style.

Get the picture. To the old basis of John McFee (lead, steel and fiddle), John Ciambotti (bass), and Alex Call (rhythm), ousting Mitch Howie and replacing him with Mickey Shine on skins, they added Sean Hopper's keyboards and Huey Louis on lead vocals and harp. It's a lethal combination, tighter than Paul Getty. The set is so well paced, with ample evidence of the talent of everyone concerned, that it would be unfair to award points — but to hell with that.

For starters McFee is unique, bringing a range of attack to his share that isn't outdone by the competition anywhere in London at present. His lines have the simultaneous grace and ass kicking precision of Skunk Baxter himself, pedal steel played with imagination for once — so many other people make the instrument squeal and moan — and his lead guitar is more potent than the Nashville's beer.

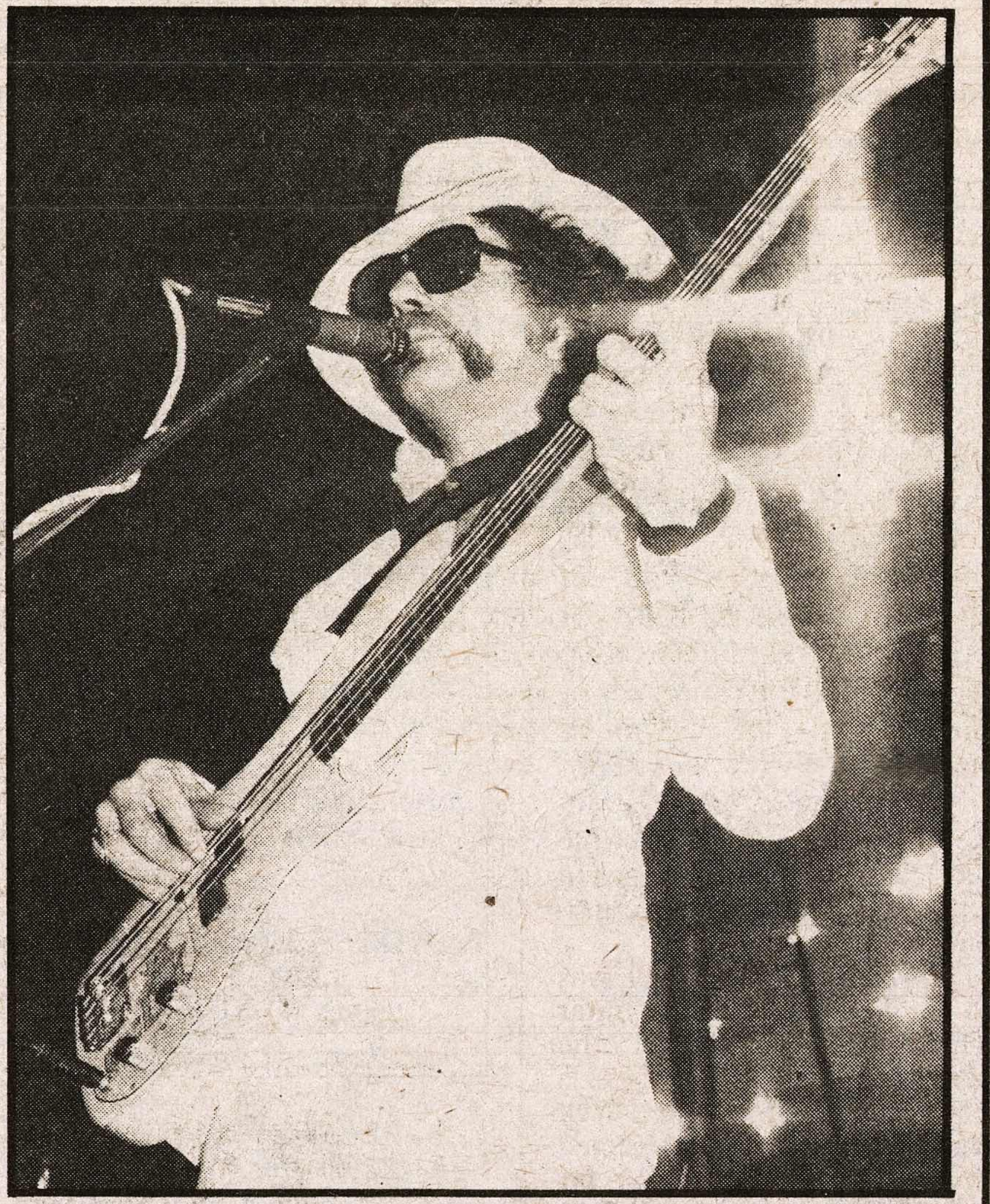
Alex Call is a revelation live. Looking like the young Boz Scaggs (he is a ringer for the ole critter) and with a voice akin to Boz too, from smoothiechops heart-wrenching to upbeat rock and roll, he provides a visual centre to the band.

To his left gum-chewing, bass-smoking Ciambotti resembles a refugee from Mean Streets, makes his lines stick. To Call's right Louis works up the vocals, rough and hard but with an overspill of good humour and several burning blows on the harp.

Because of the quality of the songs the band have it easy, and the audience responds. It has no option, being neither senile nor deaf. Kicking off with "Child Of The Streets", it's clear they either have the new album or make this one a regular visit, as howls of approving recognition set the tone for the evening.

The locked guitars of Call and McFee brood into "Love Love" and breeze through "Fairweather Fan". Even "Take Another Look", which is by no means a highlight on the record, and "Chicken Funk", a pretty lame single considering how it rocks out live, make it perfectly clear that Clover have their approach tuned to delivering. "Chicken Funk" comes complete with neat soft shoe shuffle demonstration a la J. Geils. You didn't get that with the single.

A Clover clams up *Pic: NANDO*



Clover's harmony singing is a stunning feature of their variation in technique. Despite Call's cold they made the acappella on "Keep On Rolling" sound like Boston barbers were going out of fashion, and then switched straight into a lament for San Francisco — "Streets Of London" (mercifully nothing to do with McTell's dirge).

They were called back for two genuine encores: the customary "Chain Gang" and the jam out "Checkin' Up". Ex-Lizzy Brian Robertson came on and traded licks which I thought took away the focus a shade too much, but nobody else seemed to mind.

Next time they return Clover's sheer excellence should have them on bigger stages. No question. Are they good? Is the Pope a Catholic?

Max Bell

Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators

PUTNEY

ANNE BAKER has her back to the outfront Bacchanalians, twitching her shapely derriere industriously. Placing her Apache beret firmly upon her head, she turns not only to provide a view of her cool Nordic phiz, but also to help shape Telephone Bill's ritzy harmonies.

Later she'll be playing bluegrass mandolin or getting involved in a bout of infectious doo-woprecy. For, like her four male side-kicks in Bill — a Cambridge outfit formed from Grand Ole Opry Show renegades plus two previous members of Duke, Duke And The Dukes — the ex-deb from Philadelphia (yeah, really!) swops her role with some alacrity.

All of which means that guessing who's on bass with Telephone Bill at any given time makes the classic Abbott and Costello routine seem pretty tame and uncomplicated by comparison.

What's that they're playing now? I know that melody but there's something odd about it. Cor, I know . . . it's "Proud Mary" being played like a cross between The Dead March from Don Revie and a cut from the latest Bill Monroe elpee, with a hint of hornpipe thrown in for good luck.

What's next? Well, it's an instrumental soiree — 'cept that this one features a line-up of three mandolins, stand-up bass and mouth harp. I reckon there must be a cure for it.

And, of course, there is — in the shape of a guitar and a mop of reddish-brown hair known as Bonnie Dobson. Guesting, she leads Telephone Bill through a gorgeous song titled "Squadron Leader", in a manner befitting Judy Collins or Joni Mitchell, Bill adding harmonies as though they and Bonnie had been rehearsing for yonks.

A couple more Dobson specials — both fine — and then it's back to the bewildering juxtaposition of styles that is Telephone Bill. One moment they're the Pied Pipers, The Modernaires, or any of those other superior '40s vocal groups (no, Ada, the Andrews Sisters weren't superior, only popular!), supersmothing it on "Lazy River" or on the immaculately fashioned Bill anthem, "I Wanna See Your Telephone Bill (It's Got The Key To Your Heart)", a song which may possess a somewhat ludicrous title but is, nevertheless, a genuine all-round goody of some consequence.

The sounds continue to confuse and bemuse — there's a lightweight vaudevillian blues-bash via "Tain't Nobody's Bizness", a Bessie Smith fave rave; a countrified "Pinball Wizard"; a mock-serious "Stardust" with Mitchell Parrish's famous lyrics being neatly turned with such phrases as "our parrot's died where roses bloomed"; and "Orange Blossom Special" featuring the bewildering bowbending of one-time child prodigy, fiddler Gerry Hall; and, finally, "Hollywood", another Telephone Bill Fan Club special that has the resident beer-swillers raising their glasses in exultation.

Meanwhile, I try to come up with the name of any band that has ever sounded remotely like Telephone Bill and I eventually settle for Spanky And Our Gang. And I have all of Spanky's albums.

Fred Dellar

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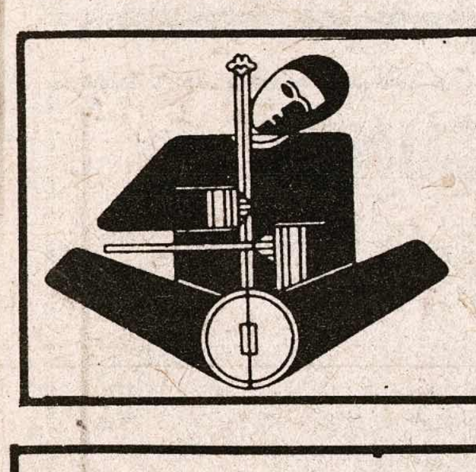

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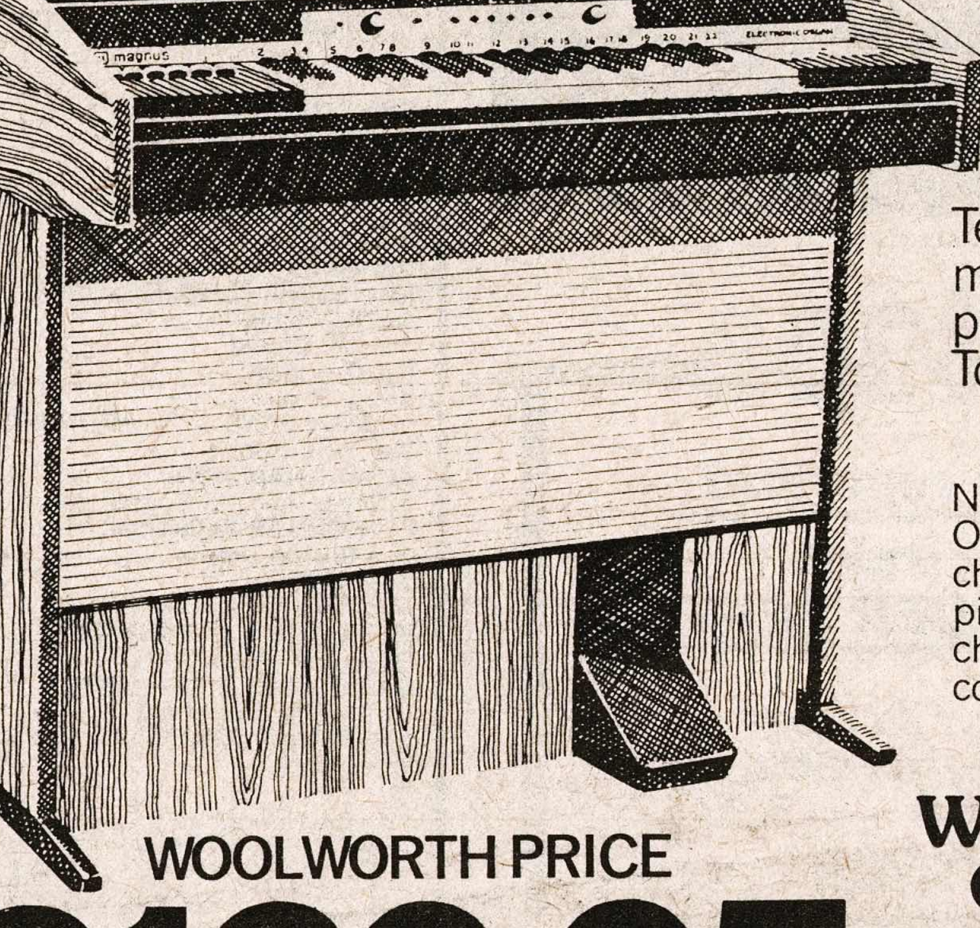

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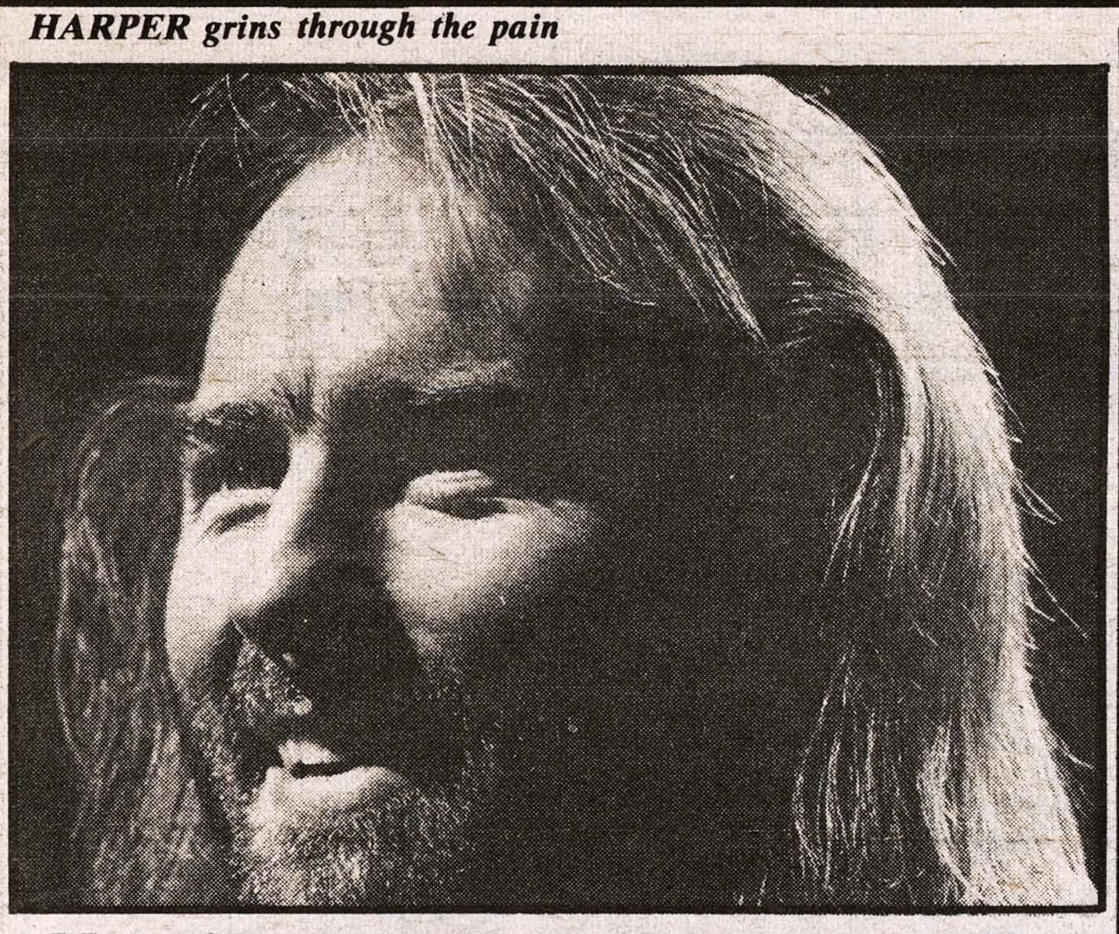
HARPER grins through the pain



Not since Uncle Lou's days as The Zombie From Beyond The Grave has a rock show held such a morbid fascination. TONY STEWART writes from Another Land:

The malady lingers on . . .

Roy Harper

AMSTERDAM

LAST NIGHT'S gig in Eindhoven had been a miscalculation on everybody's part.

It was a hurried and indiscriminate booking, slotted in after the original date in Rotterdam had been cancelled. But with a sudden burst of highpowered radio advertising the Dutch promoter had managed to entice along a few hundred people, on the promise it'd be the greatest free *event* of the year. The audience guardedly waited for the claim to be fulfilled.

But Harper and his band Black Sheep (formerly known as Chips) might just as well have sat silently on stage, rather than work their hardest, because the audience were as lifeless as a field of dead daffodils.

Roy tried, unsuccessfully and perhaps wrongly, to bore them into submission. His between song raps were long and tedious, and at one point he even recited half of his epic "One Of Those Days In England (Parts 2 — 10)" before actually playing the song. But instead of listening intently, as Harper obviously hoped they would, the audience grew bored: the drunks at the back became rowdy, and the stoned sitting near the front hardly had the energy to roll another spliff.

Even though Harper's verbal ramblings accounted for too much of the set, the music was still excellent. But after the tour traumas already suffered, the band's spirit was dampened even further when confronted by such indifference. And that's why their second (and last) Dutch gig at the Paradiso is so important.

After all, other acts would have quit by this stage. Harper collapsed in Germany, and is still ill ("I feel like I've had flu for the last three months"), and it's taken longer than expected for the band to begin working properly together. Yet until Eindhoven the Euro-kids had reacted favourably, sometimes ecstatically, even when the show didn't merit such acclaim — and that, in itself, was enough encouragement to continue.

But also in the back of everybody's minds is a vague premonition that these could be Harper's last concerts because of his deteriorating health — though you get the feeling it's only when the hearse takes away his body from a hall that they'll give up completely.

This determination is reflected in Harper's show. Fortunately the crowd at the Paradiso are more receptive to *good* music than their Eindhoven brothers and sisters.

Harper's illness comes at what we might laughingly call an unfortunate time: he's out on the boards for the first time in two years, his record company, EMI, have had the sense to invest more generously in him, but most important of all there's a significant musical change in his approach, typified by his latest LP, "Bull In A Ming Vase."

On first hearing the album you might accuse Harper of compromising, or even (God forbid) castrating his own musical strength, so that he's now a shadow of his former self. If you were to develop this theory to its most outlandish conclusion then the reason he has taken up with a rock band again would be because he can't cut it on his own.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

Instead the services of Henry McCullough and Andy Roberts (guitars), Dave Lawson (keyboards), Dave Cochran (bass) and The Admiral John Halsey (drums) add a welcome instrumental depth to his material without distracting from Harper's vocal intensity and conviction. Other critics have already commented that this makes his music more *accessible*, but it would be more accurate to say that we're dealing here with a wolf in sheep's clothing. Harper isn't milder, just a bit cleverer.

He demands the band embellish his material with considerable expertise and a versatility that finds them driving hard in the electric passages, while remaining equally entertaining when Roberts and McCullough pick up acoustics.

The most fitting example of the general rapport between Harper and Black Sheep is the simple fact McCullough actually gets to play one of his own songs, "Take Me Home' — and if some record company had any sense it would be released immediately as a single.

But Harper still never loses his essential character. At times Halsey might become just a little enthusiastic, with the result that the songs splinter, or the passion in Harper's voice might manifest itself as a screech, but he remains a sometimes angry, often reflective, occasionally humorous songwriting singer. And he retains this unique character throughout a set which draws heavily from his "Bull" album.

But it's songs like "Cherish The Lonesome" and "One Of Those Days In England" which, by comparison, remind you that along with Ian Anderson and Ray Davies he is one of the few remaining true blue English performers.

Tony Stewart

Something stirs in the granite heart of Newcastle. The explosion is beginning. Totally unaware, the NME slouches in the local pub, sipping t'ale and taking in the sounds. A special report entitled:

IT'S ROCK'N'ROLL TYNE AGAIN

AFTER FAR TOO long in the musical wilderness, things are starting to move again in Newcastle. Frustrated with the stranglehold of Mecca ballrooms and working men's clubs, a small conglomerate of local bands put their machine heads together and decided that the only way to get things done was to do it themselves. Landlords were approached, gigs were arranged and the punters gradually but noticeably responded.

All this was eight or nine months ago. Since then the whole scenario has escalated until now you can catch a live band most every night of the week (a common enough occurrence for our cosmopolitan counterparts but something of a novelty in the frozen north) with more residencies evolving daily.

Not happy with simply setting up, plugging in and getting down, the majority of bands involved have strived (with success) to create an overall atmosphere that is definitely symbolic.

Chris Murtagh, bass player with **Moonlight Drive** has *Line-Up*, a musician's register — and **The Scratchband,** whose appetite for involvement has been instrumental from the outset, are finding now that co-ordinating gigs and finding outlets for new bands is fast assuming the proportions of a full-time job.

Media support has been strong, with Dick Godfrey's indispensable radio show *Bedrock* and constantly improving local music mag *Out Now* holding their end up by informing people of what's on and where, as well as interviews and reviews of local outfits in action.

Perhaps the most encouraging aspect of the entire evolution is that the majority of active bands in the area (there's about three dozen of them) are really very good indeed.

Pick of the crop is undoubtedly the superb **Steve Brown Band** whose instinctive grasp of rhythm and unabashed energy elevates then above the others. The partnership of bassist John Farmer and drummer Jeff Barek is a match made in heaven, and when vocalist Mr. Brown himself breaks sweat it all happens.

Far from being a one band show, there's also a promising punk crew **Penetration,** an extremely skilful funk ensemble **Cheap At The Price** and the infectious R&B grove of the **Young Bucks.** Add to this a handful of individual and inventive rock combos like **Kip, Hot Snax** and **Third Edition** and you've got a fair bit to write home about.

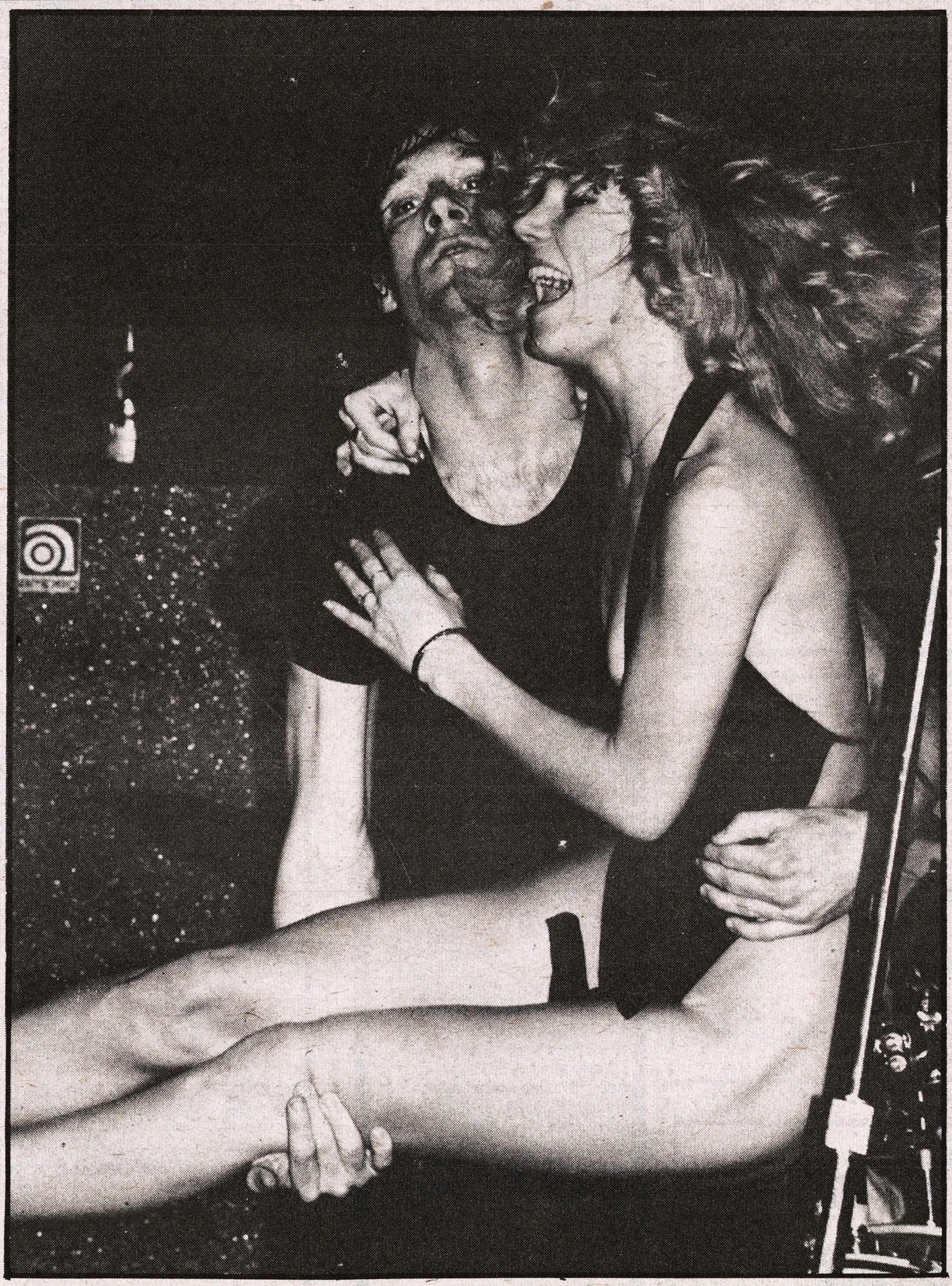
For curiosity value there can't be a band in the country to touch **Bleezer Hack and the Midnite Tokers.** Likened to Grateful Dead by their rapidly expanding army of fans, they don't gig as frequently as their compatriots, preferring to create audio-visual 'events' which demand hard work and hours of rehearsal.

With Bleezer Hack performances invariably becoming word of mouth sell-outs, the band, all 13 of them, are currently planning a privately distributed EP incorporating favourites like "Roll Up And Get Busted", "Legalise It" (revamped) and "I Wanna Be Taken To The Station And Beaten Till I Tell Them Where The Drugs Are". On a good night this lot make Cheech and Chong look like the McWhirter Brothers.

Lynchpin of the entire crusade could well be the news that, after years of dormancy as a bingo hall and later a bus driver's canteen, the legendary Club A Gogo is to reopen under new management in late summer. It's often been said that with all this new activity the city needs a regular centre of operations, and, with impresario Greg Burman planning to do exactly that, the 'work to make it work' philosophy of the musicians can only increase in strength, albeit years behind.

Then again, when your local football team hasn't won the Cup since '55 you come to expect these things.

Norman Baker



Above: LANCE LOUD and SABLE STAR make the most of the photographic finesse of JOE JEVENS. Sorry, STOE STEVENS . . .

. . . meanwhile MILES catches THE MUMPS New York style — and enjoys it

The Mumps

MAX'S, NEW YORK

OKAY, IT WOULD be easy to be funny about The Mumps — in fact the minute I saw them on stage I noted "Lance Loud of the Mumps is a big lump with a silly grin" as an opening for my piece. I still used it *(Eh? — Ed.)*, but the fact is that the more I think about them, the more I like The Mumps — and that's not because I like Lance's sister . . . in fact she's not even in the group.

I think it's because their act is like something from an X-rated children's hour show. There's an almost pathetic honesty and need to be loved about them — they say that Paul Rutner is the only one of the five who's not from a broken home.

What worries me is why, since every other talentless punk band in New York has been approached by a record company, no-one has signed them?

Lance is even half famous. A few years ago a US TV company went to the Loud family home and filmed everything they did for six months. The resulting series was called *An American Family*. During the time they were filming, the parents' marriage collapsed and Lance came spectacularly out of the closet, waving a limp wrist right there on prime time TV.

The Mumps feature an appropriately zombied guitar player and a tinkling piano player called Kristian, who I'll swear was playing Brian Jones riffs and who, the other night, attacked the keys with a knife and fork.

Their best number is "Photogenia", which has a great ending: "Flash! Pose!" and they all do, outrageously. If all their material was this good they'd have no troubles at all.

They have a curly-haired pretty-boy bass player, Paul Rutner, who makes Peter Frampton look decrepit. Paul's all skinny and Rubens-lipped, he looks about eight years old. He plays like it too, but the ladies in the audience don't care — they just think he's cute. He pouts, dewy-eyed, as Lance does a muscle-bound version of "Teach Me".

Lance is a pretty-boy too — but not as pretty as the bass player. Lance has wide blue eyes — he does special eye exercises *(Eh? — Ed.)* — and has a big open friendly Los Angeles grin like Bruce Forsyth dipped in Vitalis, coated in glitter dust and surprised on Muscle Beach *(Huh? — Ed)*. You can't help liking him.

He tried to be shocking: "That song inspires so much anguish in me that I need a bucket on stage to dump in." His mother, Pat, turns to Bobbie with a look of mock horror — that's right, we're at the Loud family table; they're his biggest fans. I'm told that the audience claps just as loud when Pat's not there.

They do a very New York Christopher Street number, "Who's Got The Power To Dominate?" — it's terrible mock reggae but it's fun.

All this time I've been aware of an amazingly beautiful girl standing in the audience to stage right. As she begins to loosen her clothing I alert Captain Snaps to this fact, but before Joe has time to shoot she leaps onstage to do the funky chicken clad only in a skimpy leotard. It was burlesque meeting Muscle Beach as Lance culminated the act by picking her up like Tarzan heisting Jayne. It was great.

She was Sable Star — I asked her and she said, "I'm Sable Star and I used to be a famous groupie!" And she did. If Lance can persuade Sable to join the group, then success is assured. Even if he can't, I don't think it'll be too long before he appears in our album columns because The Mumps are too good to waste. Maybe I should record them myself . . .

Miles

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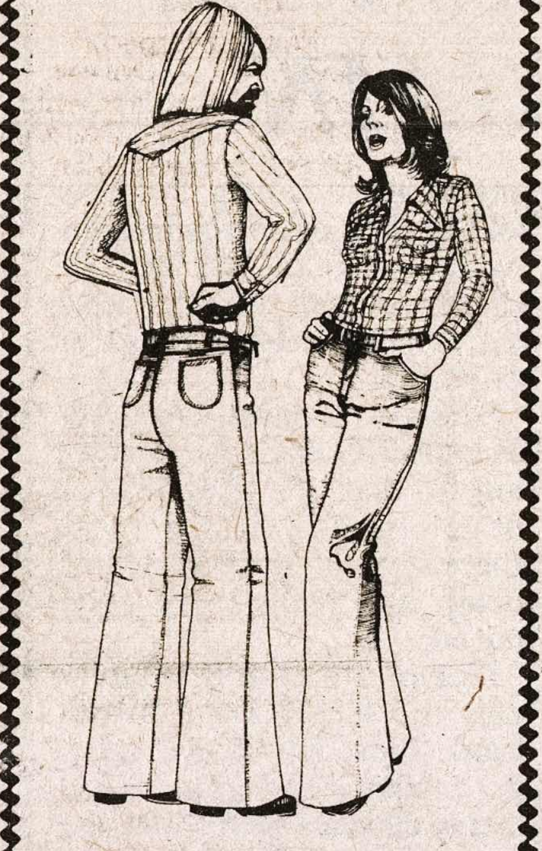

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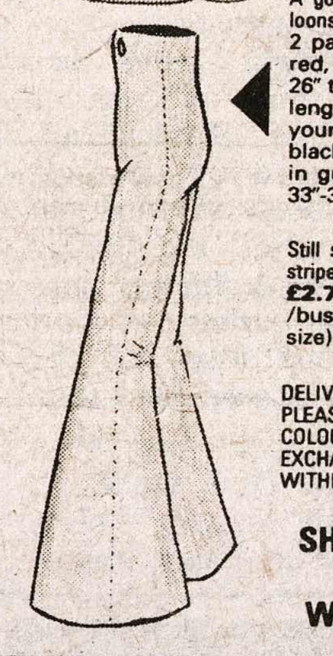

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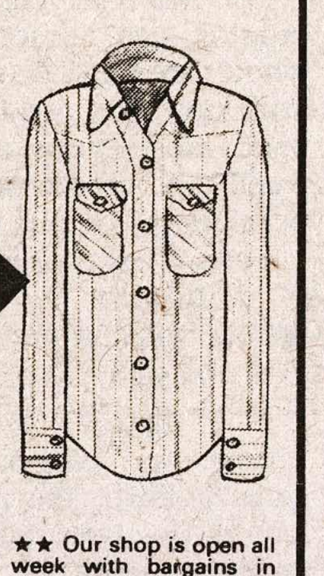

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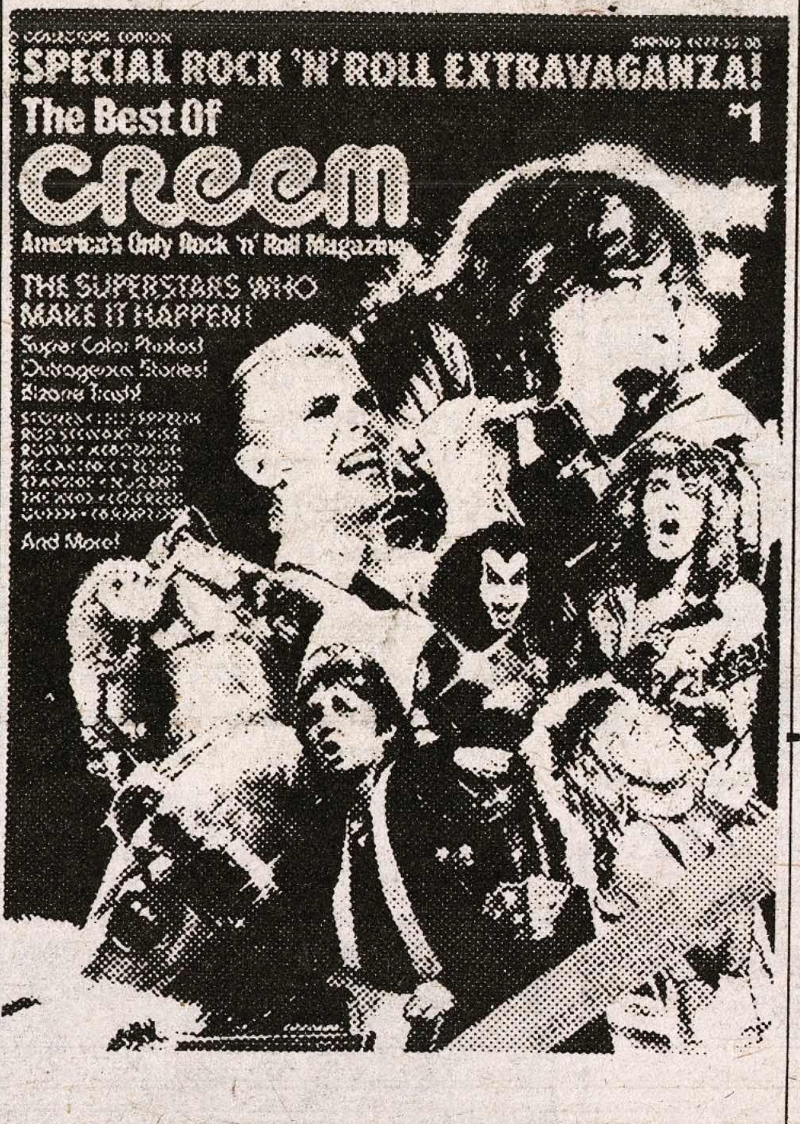

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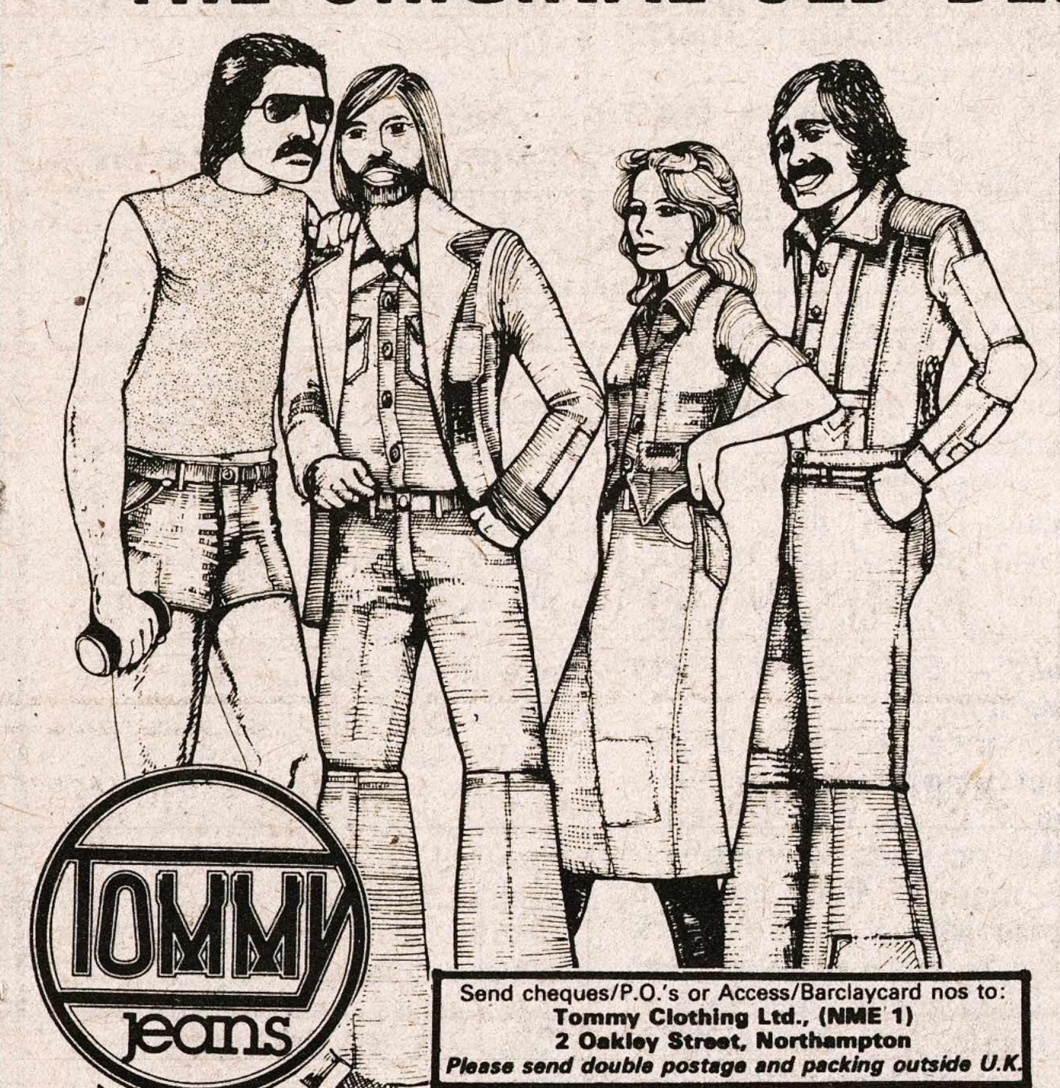

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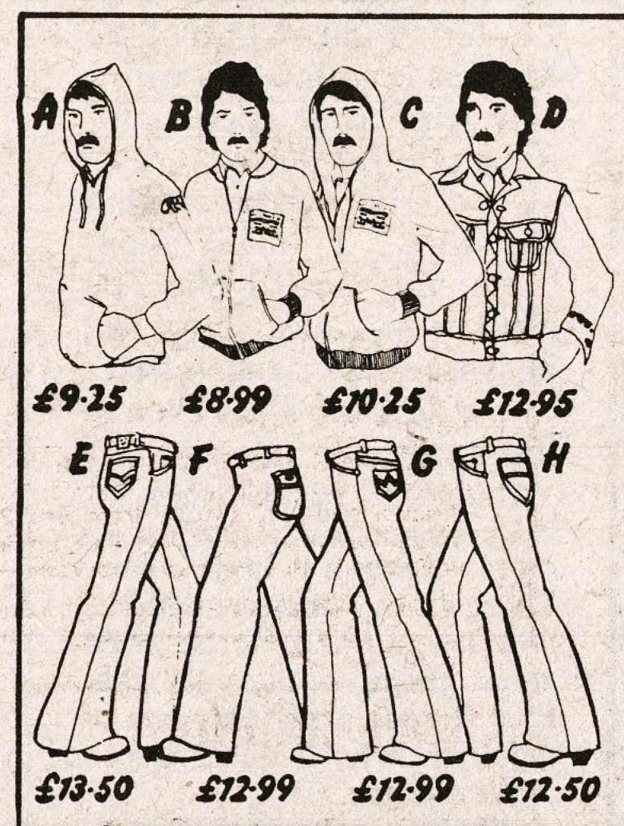

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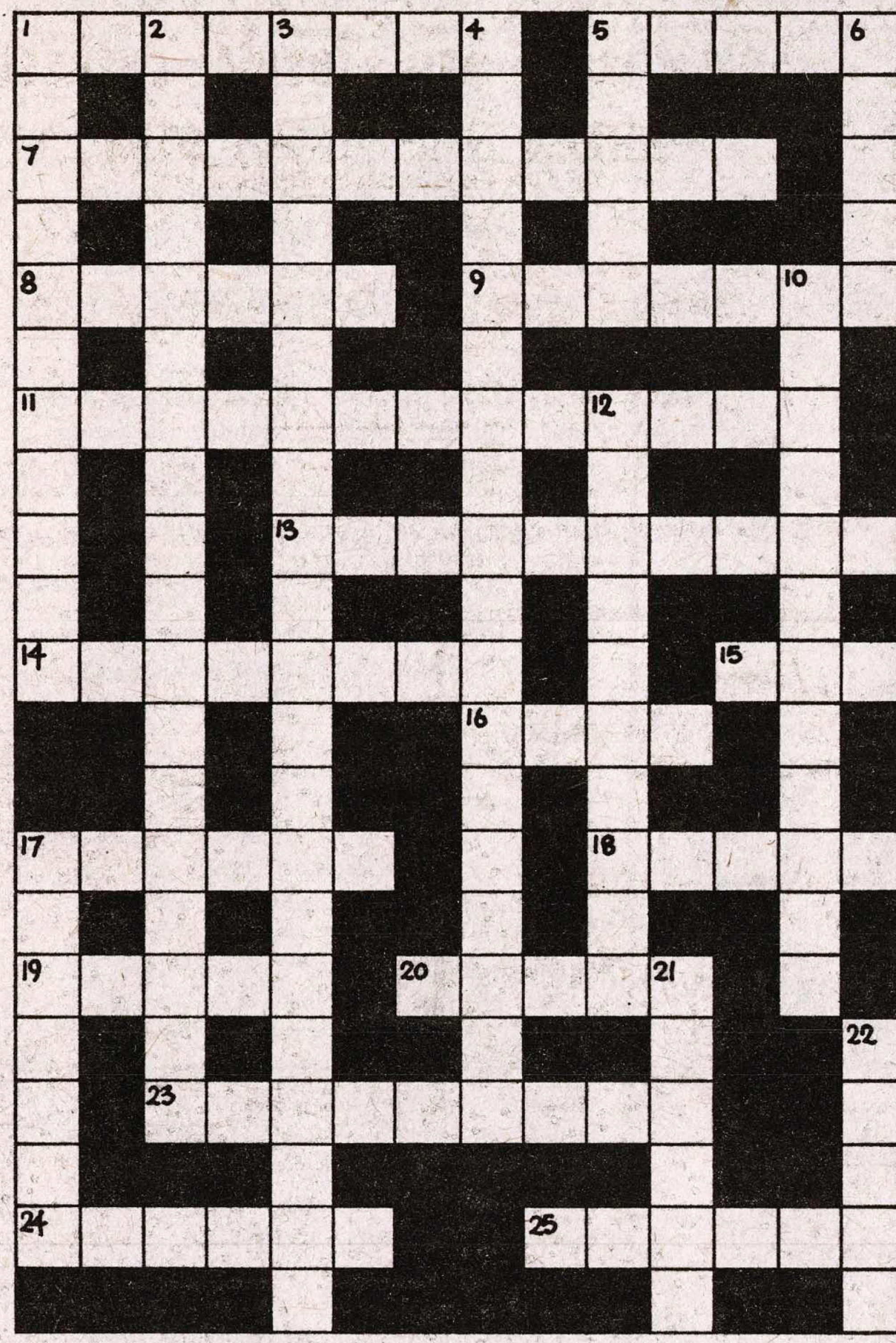

ACROSS

1 James Jewel Osterberg plays the fool (3, 5)
5 For the drummer's roll-ups?
7 Richman, poor man — contemporary romance from the Home Of The Hits (6, 6)
8 Harmonic duo in forever lyrical!
9 Jeremy / . . . . / Tracy
11 Donald's tin rat (anag. 5, 8)
13 The cream of America's '70s bands, formed mid-1970 by two renegades from the Mothers (6, 4)
14 '68 hit for Flo & Eddie as The Turtles
15 Wings 45
16 What *kind* of madness, Keith?
17 *"Your serpent, Mr Gilliam!"*
18 Our dictionary says *number of persons or things standing near together*
19 & 6 Stones single — some said it was about Claudie Lennear
20 Pioneering Krautrock kombo
23 In whom the spirit of bone-crunching heavy rock forever resides, now coming up to 15 years in the noise business, let's hear it for . . . . . (6, 3)
24 & 22 Mercury & Co in homicidal (not to mention treasonable?) mood
25 What do you reckon *(geddit? geddit?)* of the Feelgoods' drummer?

DOWN

1 Moving force behind "Marquee Moon" (3, 8)
2 Sarfend's second best-known rock export (first being the F. Goods) (5, 3, 3, 3, 4)
3 Dynamic dishy duo — the Woodward and Bernstein of rock? (5, 4, 3, 4, 5)
4 Long-standing reggae faves (5, 3, 3, 7)
5 The vegetable for Abba! *(This clue by Sheer Desperation Inc.)*
6 See 19
10 Hari Georgeson L.Pee (5, 7)
12 Of "Raw Power" and "Fun House" (3, 7)
17 Not so much a type of music, more an excuse for musicians to drag themselves from one bar to the next! (3-4)
21 Did someone say they were Britain's first-ever punk rock band?
22 See 24

ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 "Chanson D'Amour"; 6 Fanny; 8 "Crocodile Rock"; 11 Charlie (Watts); 13 Bobby (Keyes); 14 "Back In The USA"; 16 Bootsy (Collins); 17 Robin Gibb; 19 Neil (Diamond); 21 Chieftains; 22 "Pigs"; 23 "(In The) Midnight Hour"; 25 Them; 27 Altamont; 30 Ronnie (Scott); 33 Keyes; 35 "A Day (At The Races)"; 36 "Hair"; 38 Hopkins; 39 Diamond; 40 Tex.

DOWN: Chuck Berry; 2 Anna McGarrigle; 3 Soul; 4 Nice; 5 "Another Time Another (Place)"; 7 Nicky (Hopkins); 9 O'List; 10 (Smokey) Robinson; 12 Ian Whitcomb; 13 "Blood On The Tracks"; 15 "(Gimme) Shelter"; 18 Nash; 20 Emerson; 22 Peter (Noone); 24 "Gimme (Shelter)"; 26 Mallard; 28 Keith (Emerson); 29 Graham (Nash); 31 Noone; 32 "Place"; 34 Scott; 37 Joe (Tex).

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SO, ANOTHER GENERATION discovers the commonplace, and presents it to their more gullible peers as The Golden Realisation. Now that the statements made in the '60s have been worn smooth by wavelets of rock platitude, we should have expected — Here comes The New Wave, Just Like The . . . .

And presented once more with such self-righteousness and "honest comment".

For those who virtually recall the love and peace of the '60s, the truth lies in the current re-enactment of their own naivety; the familiar desperate thrashings for a group identity setting "us" apart from "them". Same. Same. Same.

But, to the specific, and Tony Parsons' Clash article in last week's *NME*.

Sucked in by the opportunity to become an authentic (not true) spokesperson, he splashes his duped wanderings over a two page feature. Self-mutilation is really "in"; Teds, students and Anglo-Rednecks (liked that, needed to be said) fear not. He illustrates, I suspect unintentionally, that, like all true-life dramas, these present cautionary events have their tragic side. The pre-occupation with violence, etc., indicating the true sterility of The Blank Generation, a sort of meaningful National Front.

But the greatest indictment is the writing off of "them" as "Human Freight", which although keeping the symbols comprehensible should be recognised as an emotive trick . . . can you remember those truly wonderful Canadian Club drinks ads — who wants to be a turned-off artifact when by the purchase of this unique consumer good (substitute the new Clash LP) one can be recognised as worthy of a Tony Parsons or Julie Birchill interview.

However, for the moment it would be unfair to belabour Tony too much. Wherever one reads about the New Wave one finds the old platitudes, the coy relationship with big business, protests of being "the misunderstood", and pure elitism. Like the '60s the same message, just a different in cipher.

Yes, life is hard in twentieth century UK — same discovery, some hardship.

A word to Tony Parsons; if you want to move into the Nick Kent league (you show potential) then you should study his writing closely and pay particular attention to:

1 Stating your own level of commitment: ie. controlled subjectivity.
2 Your use of words: "difficult" words do not mean good writing ("Totally eclectic" — I know there's inflation but you were stretching that a bit far).
3 Your sense of humour.

Leave over-identification to *Sounds* and quasi-sociology to Caroline Coon and *MM*. Learn that each generation gets fooled twice.

Unfortunately, you get the last word.

DISGRUNTLED,
Cheltenham.

LET'S PRAISE the real father of English punkrock. . . .

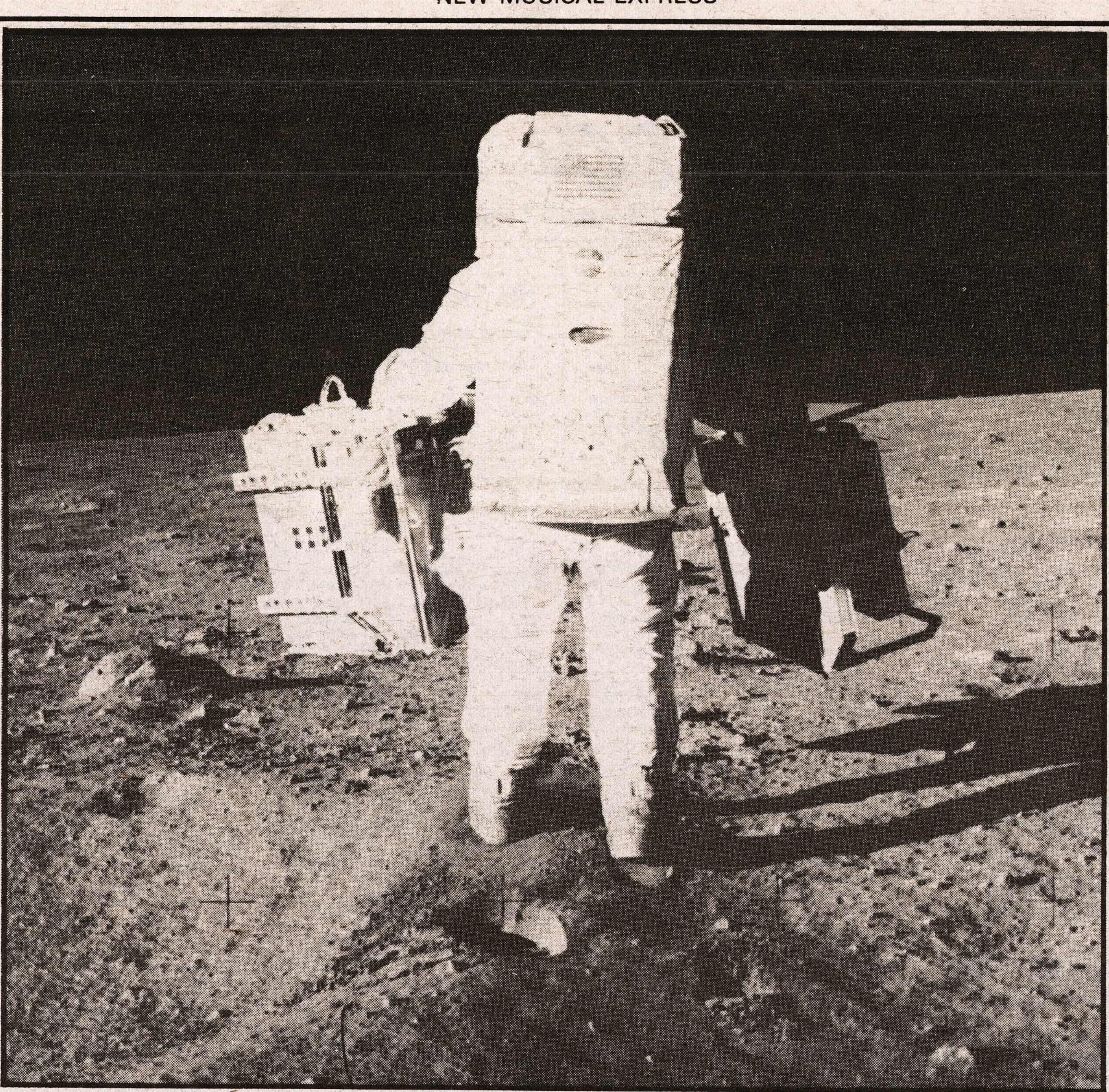
British music-magazines and Arista always want to praise Lou Reed as the Father of Punk — but the original English punkrocker started as early as 1958 with naughty horror shows and only 16 years old.

Since then he has started pirate radio stations, stood for election to the British Parliament with a youth programme, driven a Rolls Royce painted like a Union Jack, made fantastic records like, "Jack The Ripper", "I'm A Hog For You", and "Rock The Election" — and he is still around, 35 years old with his coffins and black shades, still looking too young for old ladies and still misunderstood — 19 years of fantastic performance without a single entry in the charts — that's Punkrock! — so kids open up your bloodshot eyes and look around, he is still among us!, the greatest of them all — yes of course, Screaming Lord Sutch.

THOMAS GJURUP
4000 Roskilde
Denmark

● **So Sutch has told us — often!**

AFTER WITNESSING Johnny Thunders & The Heartbreakers live, my much revered Carly Simon, Loudon Wainwright, Jefferson Airplane, Buffy Sainte Marie, N.Y. Dolls, Phil Ochs and Patti Smith albums are presently smouldering nicely on a low light.



"WILL THE LAST PERSON LEAVING THE BAG PLEASE TURN OFF THE LIGHTS!"

Don't talk to me about any band but the Heartbreakers because I just won't listen — these boys are newer than the New Wave and (surprise!) they *can* play!!

What's even more amazing is that the Heartbreakers' music is both memorable and professional, something which is seemingly least expected from a New Wave band.

The seventies start here.

STEVEN MORRISSEY
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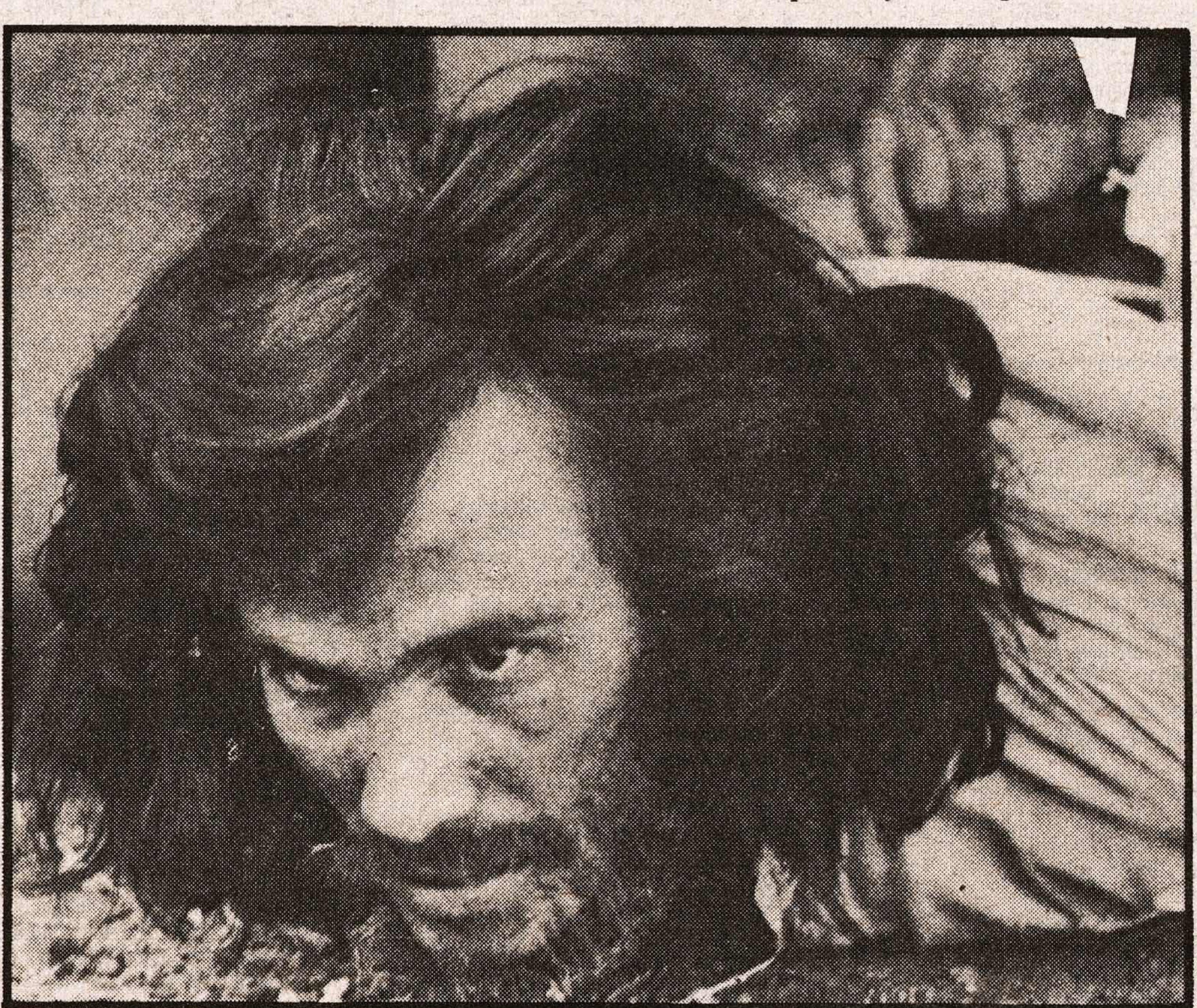
P.S. I work for the Inland Revenue — am I still allowed to be a punk?

● **You lie. You work for Johnny Thunders & The Heartbreakers.**



"Somebody already nicked the bulb."

I WOULD LIKE to make a few points about the exclusive review by Mr Murray on Jeff Beck & The Jan Hammer Group's "Live" album.

First let me say that I know Jeff Beck is Mr Murray's numero uno guitarist from past articles and reviews of the man's career (with perhaps no small competition from Jimi Hendrix), and I myself rate Beck as the finest there is (with no small competition except from Rory Gallagher). That's by the way.

However as an equally devoted advocate and admirer of Beck's licks and recorded wonders, I read with interest though disappointment about the latest album; I thought it was going to be called "Live Wire"? I considered "Blow By Blow" a fine album, especially courageous for no vocal save the inevitable guitar bag. While "Wired" contained reasonably good music it was, I felt, merely an extension of "Blow By Blow", Part Two if you like, which brings us to "Live".

I have not heard the album yet but can get a fairly graphic idea from the review. I confess to missing the rock 'n' roll Beck, be it Stewart/Wood era, Bogert & Appice or the truly fine and underrated Tench/Middleton band. A different direction was explored but a rut has been the result and I agree wholeheartedly with most of Mr Murray's observations, namely the annoying effort of trying to distinguish guitar from synthesiser, lack of emotion despite the highest standard of musicianship displayed.

My only complaint was the way the review was presented. While conceding that Mr Murray detailed all the main points at fault, I object to him consistently coupling Beck's albums with others (this time Mike Bloomfield), last time, with "Wired", it was the Leslie West Band. While not saying outright this is the way to do it (he plays the blues and makes it, Beck employs ongoing fusion and blows it), the implication is there.

Next time I hope Jeff Beck will have opted for a new direction, and hopefully as a result, Mr Murray will have no need for an uncomplementary review of his album, coupled with some other guitar player's latest offering.

GORDON IRWIN,
Newtownabbey,
Co. Antrim.

● **Mr Murray was unavailable for comment.**

LONG TIME ago the great Gasbag used to be amusing, alive and entertaining, the readers obviously bouncing joyfully off the flamboyant and imaginative new wave of writers. Yes, Kent, Murray and sometimes a couple of others, you were the very first punk journalists. The music, perhaps indirectly, followed.

It is sad that the letters page has become turgid, inverted, complex, obscure and awfully boring. And I say it is, once again, a reflection of the editorial content, which is good only in flashes.

The wild bunch seem jaded and the newcomers are but pale imitations of the originals. Only Mick Farren — who used to sound very insincere and affected — is hitting the target after a tremendous improvement.

NME hit a peak about two or three years ago when it was exciting, witty and important in the rock and roll scheme of things. Rock stars fade all the time. It has happened to you.

ROBBIE BRECHIN,
Bucksburn, Aberdeen.

● **Thanks for small mercies — MF**

UNFORTUNATELY I WAS unable to get hold of tickets for the Floyd's Wembley concerts this time round. However, I would like to comment on a few of the points raised by Mick Farren's review. Before doing so, however, let me state that I have seen the Floyd recently — at Knebworth (pretty scrappy) and at Wembley in '75 when they premiered "Dark Side Of The Moon". On this latter occasion, they were pretty mindblowing — the best performance I've seen/heard by any group.

Just (very minor) criticism: maybe Mick Farren could have checked up on the spelling of Dave Gilmour's surname before going to Wembley?

Next, M.F. seemed rather hung up on being overpowered by the Floyd's visuals, so that he "almost forgot to listen to the music". Maybe if he'd tried listening to "Animals" and "Wish You Were Here" a few times beforehand, he might just have discovered that the visuals are totally *complementary* to the Floyd's music. Pink Floyd are about creating a mood: the best moods are induced by inputs through more than one of our senses.

Third point: I would have thought that someone whose work is so perceptive and acute as Mick Farren's usually is, would have realised that you can't judge music by someone like Pink Floyd on the basis of one hearing and random half-earfuls at other people's parties. Each time I heard a new Floyd album — for at least the first 6 or so hearings — I've thought it was a) MOR i.e. no great depth or originality, or b) gimmicky. It's only after some time that you notice all the subtleties, links between secondary themes, and so on.

So M.F. finds contemporary Floydian lyrics/music depressing? I wouldn't say "Careful With That Axe" — despite its brilliance and power — is particularly cheerful. No, I'd just say that contemporary pennings by Roger Waters are slightly more realistic: as he himself said in an interview in "Streetlife" last year "life isn't fair, it is?"

However, if Mick Farren thinks all of "Animals" is morbid, might I suggest he look at the lyrics for "Pigs On The Wing Part III"?

DAVE EVANS,
Weymouth, Dorset.

● **I knew it wouldn't last, but hang on, I never said the Floyd aren't brilliant at producing a mood. I just said the mood was depression. — M.F.**

I DON'T know whether he / she has ever seen a so-called New Wave band, live or nor. But surely no judgement can be passed in the matter until he has.

I write because I know about these things:— when punks first hit the scene (man) I wrote many condemning letters about punks to the *NME*. Fortunately, none was published. I say fortunately because I have now been converted — well, not so much converted as had a new dimension added to my character.

While I have my fingers on the typewriter, referring to the letter from "The Wild One", he seems to have inadvertently confused hippies with Hells Angels.

Get it right, mate.

MAJOR N. J. HASSLES NE HENRIETTA TRIP (Mr.),
Woollam Crescent,
St. Albans, Herts.

● **And just to clarify matters . . .**

I ENJOY flagellation, necrophillia and bestiality.

Am I flogging a dead horse??

B. T. SCUFFHAM,
Camberley, Surrey.

● **Each to his own weirdo.**

Edited this week by Mick Farren

TEAZERS

A Weekly Cure For All Ailments

AT LAST, A NEW slab of vinyl from **L. George** and **L. Feat.** It's called "Time Loves A Hero", is produced by **Ted Templeman** with **Neon Park** cover artwork, and you can buy it after April 15. Not before time.

Track listing: "Time Loves A Hero", "Hi Roller", "New Delhi Freight Train", "Old Folks Boogie", "Red Streamliner", "Keepin' Up With The Joneses", "Rocket In My Pocket", "Missin' You" and "Day At The Dog Races".

We don't want to start no more rumours of nuffin' (see page 10) but we hear there's been something or a Mop Top re-union 'tween **Harrison** and **McCartney.** One-time **Beatles'** publicist **Derek Taylor** played cupid so the story goes, re-introducing Paul and Hari after all turned out for one of **Frank Sinatra's** recent Albert Hall concerts. Paul spent a weekend at George's Friar Park abode where, we are told, he was surprised to find that Hari has a home studio and has been a vegetarian since 1965. Serves McCartney right for cancelling his subscription to *NME* . . .

Fleetwood Mac's Stevie Nicks has a speech therapist and her own make-up mistress on her band's current UK tour. The lady has nodes(!) on her vocal cords and needs her therapist to correct the pitch of her voice. The make-up lady presumably paints the nodes an attractive shade of light tan to match the otherwise flawless line of Stevie's elegant Californian neck . . .

British yummy not good enough, huh? The ladies of **The Heartbreakers (Johnny Thunders'** combo) have been flown over from Noo Yawk to act as, uh, stablisers on the lads' lifestyles as they reside in London in their efforts to Make It . . .

Just as actor **Ronald Fraser** was introducing **Paice, Ashton & Lord** at the Rainbow on Friday, **Tony Ashton** made an unscheduled and v. painful fall off the stage — thus gaining immediate membership of the v. exclusive Uncle Frank Ass-Over-Tit-Into-The-Orchestra-Pit Club (Chairman and Pres: **F Zappa).** Ashton, who was stone sober at the time, played on in "agony". Afterwards he got well and truly soused to ease his "pain" . . .

Alan Longmuir — the one who left the **Bay City Rollers** because he was too old, fed up, etc — is said to have a solo single ready for release on Arista. You remember the BCRs. They were the group Fleet Street useta write about before they discovered P*unk Rock and the S*x P*stols . . .

A chance (but just a chance, kids) that *Supersonic* is lost to our screens forever. Following the final programme in the present series, shown last Saturday, director **Mike** ("Cue the Apocalypse") **Mansfield** says he doesn't know if it'll ever return. Mansfield will, however. He starts a new show in May . . .

While we think of it, what's happened to **Randy Newman** (*now more than ever, the world needs Randy Newman*)? It's been something like two and a half years since "Good Old Boys" . . .

That promised re-union between **Joe Cocker** and his former musical director **Chris Stainton** (the one Joe talked about in *NME* earlier this year) is not to be. Cocker tried to see Stainton several times when he was in the UK but was unsuccessful, even though on one occasion he spent a couple of hours waiting outside Stainton's home . . .

Andy Fairweather Low guests on new **Roger Daltrey** elpee . . .

A v. laid back version of **Del Shannon's** "Runaway" on the new **Bonnie Raitt** album due out April 15. Among other upcoming vinyl artifacts: **The MC5's** "Kick Out The Jams", **Tom Waits'** "Small Change" and a re-issue of **The Byrds'** re-union elpee. We'll take the 5's, have the Waits on approval and pass on The Byrds . . .

Rumours rife that the *Sniffin' Glue* editorial partnership of **Mark P** and **Harry T. Murlowski** may be splitting soon, which could leave *SG* in danger of folding. Reason for the feuding, reports **Hideous Bill Gangrene,** is that Mark 'n' Harry hate each other's guts and suchlike — none of yer old-fashioned "policy differences" around *SG.* If the mag does go, then Mark P's got his sights set on career opportunities in journalism while Harry tells us he's interested in High Finance . . .

Meanwhile, Legendary New Wave Fan, **Sue Catwoman (Mark P's** lady) is recovering in hospital after an operation. **Hideous Bill** and the gang send their best . . .

Alkatraz, currently touring U.Rope, tell us that the ladies of Finland are v. nice but are outnumbered at gigs by the gays, whose fancy has been taken by **Will Youatt.** The guitarist has been chased out of several bars and is now in need of roadie protection (that's protection *by* the roadies, not *from*, y'unnerstand!) . . .

Old Wave / New Wave: Sixty-three-year-old U.S. band-leader **Woody Herman** under intensive care in a Kansas hospital after being injured in a car smash; in London, **Dee Generate's** dad, **Mr Generate,** victim of bottling affray following **Eater's** gig at Roxy Club last Friday . . .

Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers in line for summer tour of U.K. . . .

At their gig at The Nashville last week, **Clover** joined onstage by **Southside Johnny & The Asbury Dukes,** a couple of **Graham Parker's** boys, and ex-**Lizzy** person **Brian Robertson. Phil Lynott** simply ligged along . . .

After all that **Rough Diamond(s)** injunctions hoopla, the latest legal name game concerns British band **The Babys,** who are currently being given a grand promotional push in the USA by their record company, Chrysalis. An American act, **Baby,** has been granted a temporary restraining order preventing Chrysalis using the words "Baby", "Baby" or "The Babys" in advertising or promotion until a federal judge can decide who owns the name. The American claimants, Baby (or not as the case may be), are signed to Chelsea Records and say they registered the name more than four years ago . . .

Is **Tim Renwick** leaving **Sutherland Brothers & Quiver**? . . .

Apart from recording "Works" over the past two years, what else have **E£P** been up to? "I watch my krugerrands going up and down on the international market," **Carl Palmer** told the *Daily Express.* "And I study gold prices — though it's not such a good time to buy right now" . . .

No krugerrands and very little ££££££s for **David Bowie,** though — not if you believe wifey **Angela** who says The Thin White Dukedom is close to penury. "Darling, we're broke," shrilled Angie to the London *Evening Standard.* "David has been robbed blind. There were millions but other people got them, not us. It's the usual story with pop musicians. David has taken people to court but in the end he found it too unbearable to get involved at that sort of game — it simply puts you on their level" . . .

Spencer Dryden has ceased drumming responsibilities with **New Riders Of The Purple Sage** in order to become their manager. Britain's **Mick Fleetwood,** on the other hand, manages to do both! "Once again Britain leads the world," writes a deranged Lt-Colonel (rtd.) from Eastbourne . . .

Ex-**Kursaal Flyers** guitarist **Graeme Douglas** played on both sides of **Eddie And The Hot Rod's** new single and co-wrote the B-side, "Ignore Them", with Rods' manager **Ed Hollis.** Douglas is hoping to get clear of CBS and residual Kursaals ties this week, and will probably join the Rods fulltime . . .

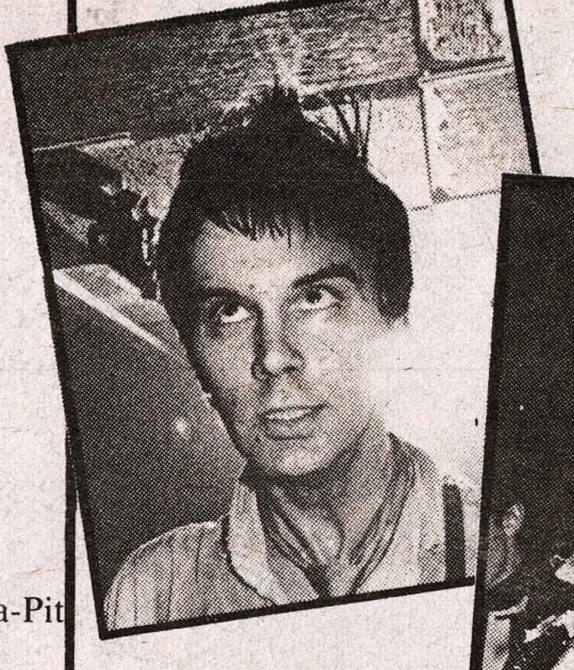
Still with Sarfend Scenemakers, **Mickey Jupp** one tip to take **Wilko Johnson's** place in **Dr Feelgood . . .**

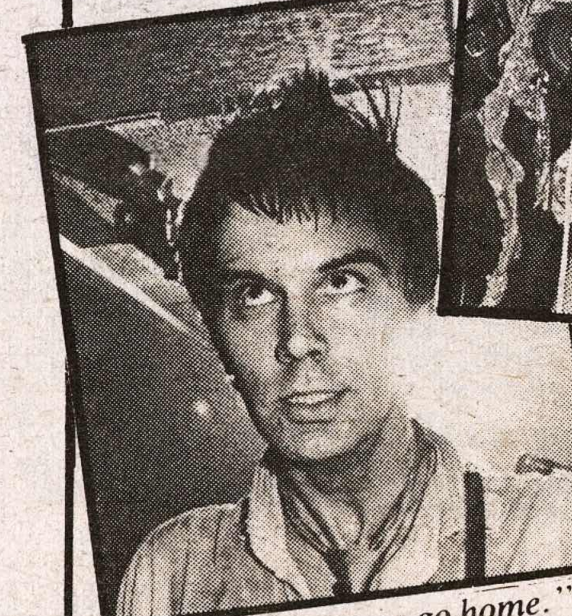
Odd-Coupling Of The Week: Runaways mentor and all-purpose West Coast loony **Kim Fowley** has just finished co-producing an album for **Helen Reddy,** whom Fowley describes as "the queen of housewife rock." Fowley says he did it for fun, and with typical modesty announces that it'll be "the surprise album of the year" . . .

A New Wave treble: **Clash's** "White Riot", **The Damned's** "Damned Damned Damned" and **Television's** "Marquee Moon" all figure in the *NME* charts this week. See page 2. . .

The spirit that founded The Empire: Plucky Brit Tony Ashton nurses painful bonce but plays on in agony after falling ass over tit into Rainbow orchestra pit. See column 1.

This is American starlet Kay Lenz, 24, of the ITV soap opera ***Rich Man Poor Man,*** *and Mrs David Cassidy since her and her beau took their wedding vows in Las Vegas over the weekend.*





This is Walter Lure of Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers, who are Not Getting Enough. Walter's got a hankering for some Noo Yawk girlie action (see column 1).

"Walter angel, I'm yours. . ."

"Aiiiiiiyh. I wanna go home."

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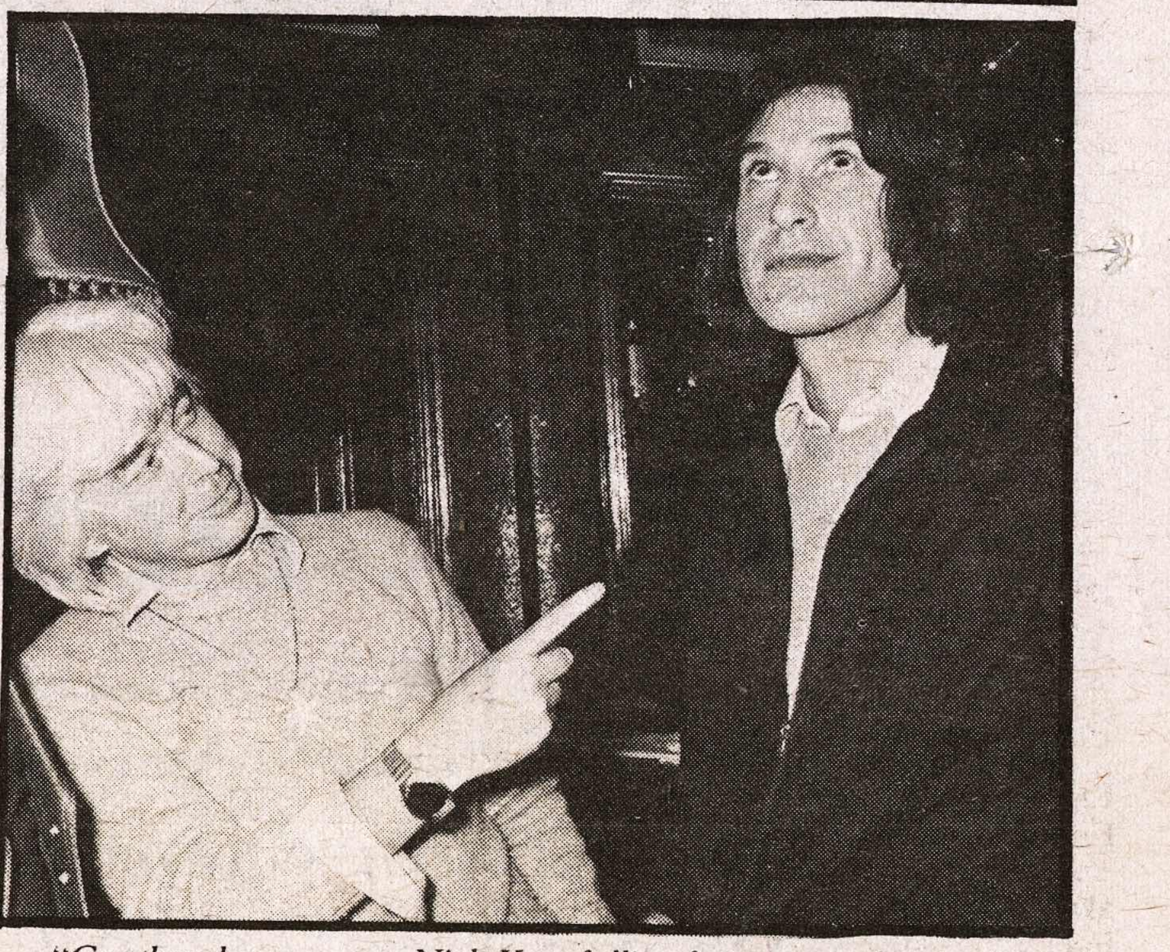

"Cue thunderstorm, cue Nick Kent falling from a great height, cue plague of locusts, cue fanfare, cue announcement: ***THE LIFE AND TIMES OF RAY DAVIES AND THE KINKS — FIRST OF A TWO-PART SPECIAL IN NEXT WEEK'S NME,*** *cue end of T-Zers, cue some more ham and tomato sandwiches, cue Steve Emberton photo credit, cue The Apocalypse, cue the Household Cavalry, cue a large vodka and tonic, cue here for next week's NME, cue. . ."*

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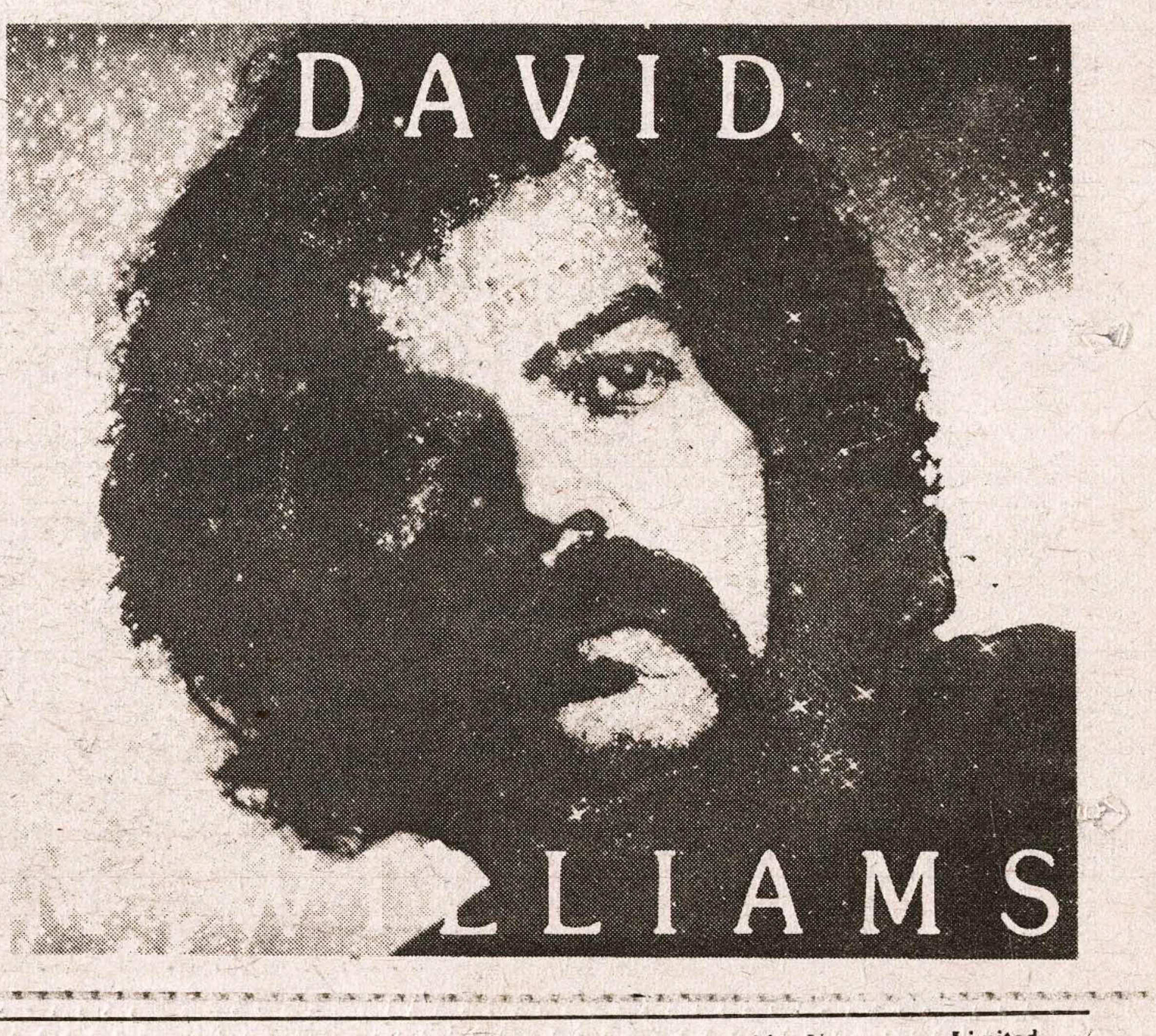

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